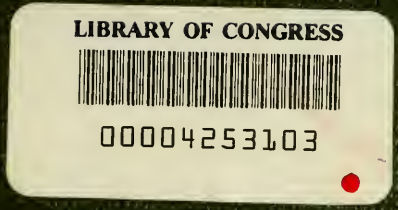
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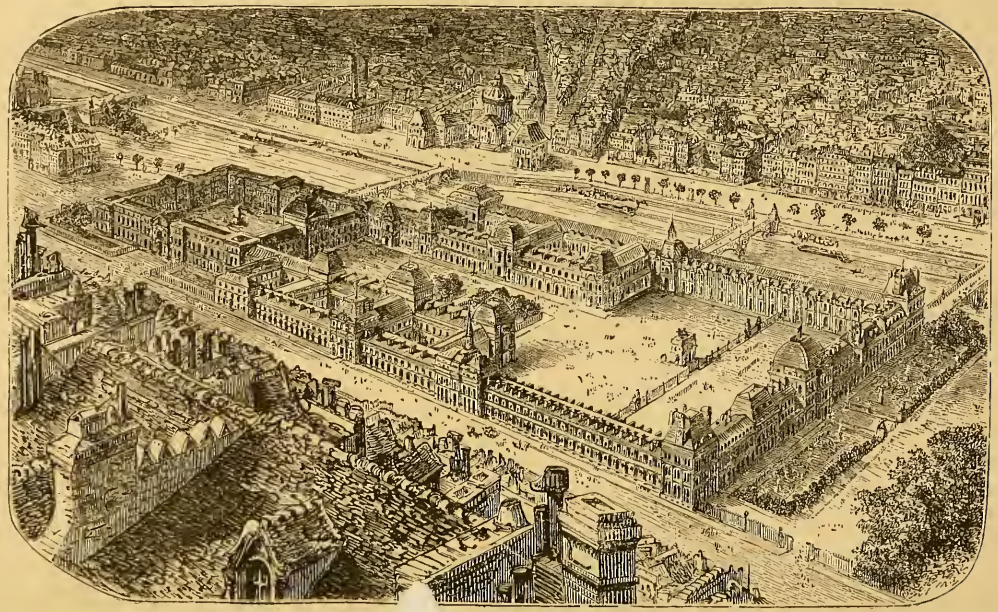

Bird's [illegible] View of the Louvre.

Apollo Gallery—St. Cloud.

PARIS

BY

SUNLIGHT AND GASLIGHT.

A WORK DESCRIPTIVE

OF THE

MYSTERIES AND MISERIES, THE VIRTUES, THE VICES, THE SPLENDORS, AND THE CRIMES OF THE CITY OF PARIS.

BY JAMES D. McCABE, JR.

AUTHOR OF "THE AID-DE-CAMP," "PLANTING THE WILDERNESS," "THE GREAT REPUBLIC," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH OVER 150 FINE ENGRAVINGS.

BY GUSTAVE DORÉ, A. DE BAR, FICHOT, HUBERT CLERGET, LANCELOT THÉROND, AND OTHER CELEBRATED ARTISTS OF FRANCE.

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PREFACE.

"Good Americans go to Paris when they die," says a witty writer; and it may be added that a great many, both good and bad, manage to get there in the flesh; but all these constitute a very small portion of the immense number of our countrymen who would like to go if they could, but who will never see the beautiful city. For their benefit I have written these pages, that they may have some opportunity, at least, of forming a correct idea of the city which holds so prominent a place in the world. I have tried to draw the picture fairly, to describe Paris as I saw it, and where I have been unable to write from my own experience, I have drawn upon other writers, credit being given in each case for the assistance thus obtained.

This great city, so wonderful in its beauty, so strange to eyes which have looked only upon the new world, is perhaps the most attractive of all the "sights" of Europe. Its magnificence is unparalleled, its contrasts are the most striking, for nowhere else do you see such lavish displays of wealth, such hideous

depths of poverty. Its historic associations are fascinating beyond expression, and the charm is heightened by the beauty of those marvellous, time-hallowed monuments of the past by which you are surrounded. You cannot move a step without seeing some grand work of art, or some spot made famous by the great or terrible deeds which it witnessed, for Paris is not only the city of beauty and luxury, but also the chosen seat of romance, of mystery, and, alas, of crime. Coming fresh from the new world, where everything is yet plain and practical, you are plunged suddenly into the midst of romance, beauty, gayety, and a thousand wonders, which fairly bewilder you. You pass so rapidly from the bright, merry life of the Paris of to-day, to the crumbling, mysterious monuments of the Paris of centuries ago, that you seem to be living in two different ages of the world; and then to come suddenly out of some palace in whose gorgeous halls kings have revelled, into some dirty, dark quarter where bitter poverty stares you in the face at every step, and appalls you with its terrors, is a change sufficiently marked to make any man doubt the evidence of his senses.

Everything in Paris is so strange to an American, so attractive to a lover of the beautiful and wonderful, that it is easy to understand why so many of our countrymen fall victims to the fascinations and temptations which surround them, and which I have endeavored to depict in these pages. By day and by night the beauty and luxury of the bright city enchant

you, and, yielding yourself to these influences, you soon enter upon an existence compared to which your old life in your far off home, seems cold and hard. It has been my effort to bring these pleasures home to my reader, as he sits by his own fire-side, with the broad ocean between him and the scenes described, and to enable him to enjoy them without either the fatigue or expense demanded of an active participant in them.

Paris is so different by day and by night, that I have deemed it best to present it to my readers in two distinct aspects; and wishing to make the view complete, I have added a brief glance at the most prominent suburban attractions which constitute the beautiful "side shows" of the great panorama of Paris.

I hesitated for some time before venturing to touch upon the subject of immorality in Paris; but to write of that city without discussing the "Social Evil," which nowhere pervades all grades of society to such an extent as in Paris, would be to leave my work unfinished. Therefore, I have endeavored to state the case as fairly as possible, to show how the fearful taint pervades all classes of French society, to present to the reader some of the most prominent forms in which licentiousness exhibits itself in public, and to show how parents expose their children, and husbands their wives, to dangerous contact with this vice.

The city is full of "strange sights and sounds," and its streets are thronged with queer people, such as are never seen in our own land, but which remain indelibly

stamped upon the visitor's memory. It is hoped that these pages will enable the reader to understand and appreciate them, for there is no city in which he who loves beauty and romance can find such a rich treat as in Paris.

These things I saw with American eyes, and if the view I have given is not as thoroughly French as the lovers of the gay city could wish, this must be my reason for writing as I have; for Paris is not all beauty, all pleasure. It has some ugly defects, some hideous wrinkles, to which I could not shut my eyes.

Those who have seen the city will, I feel sure, confirm the statements contained herein, and will acknowledge the truthfulness of the picture I have drawn, whatever they may think of the manner in which the work is done; and I trust they may find themselves repaid for their trouble in perusing these pages, by being assisted by them to recall the many pleasures which they will testify can be enjoyed only in Paris by Sunlight and Gaslight.

J. D. McC., Jr.

New York, *Dec* 25, 1869.

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PARIS

BY SUNLIGHT AND GASLIGHT.

INTRODUCTORY.

SHOULD you ever go to Paris, reader of these pages, there is one part of your experience which you are not likely to forget, and that is the journey from England to the Continent. Some persons escape it altogether by taking the French steamer from New York, and landing at Brest, thus avoiding the sail in the English Channel; but the majority, in fact ninety-nine out of a hundred, never see the Continent without first passing through the tortures of the Channel.

In going from England to France, one has the choice of several routes, all, however, requiring him to spend more or less time on the terrible Channel.

First of all there are the boats of the General Steam Navigation Company, which, starting from London Bridge early in the morning, reach Boulogne in ten hours, and Paris in sixteen hours. The first six hours of this voyage are pleasant enough, as they are passed in sailing down old "Father Thames" as far as the North Foreland, and through the Downs. The rest of the passage, however, is simply frightful. The boats are dirty, close, and terribly lacking in accommodations. The cargo frequently intrudes upon those portions of the vessel, which are supposed to be reserved for

passengers, and oftentimes there is scarcely room to stand, far less to move, about the decks. These boats, however. are rarely patronized by any but those endeavoring to practice economy, or whose means will not allow them to adopt a more comfortable mode of transit. The fare is lower than by any other line, being about twenty-five shillings, English money, for cabin passengers. There are also steamer lines from London to Dunkirk and from Southampton (which is reached by rail from London) to Havre. They are all disagreeable, and not to be thought of by those who are free to choose one of the lines now to be named.

The best and most popular routes are three in number, viz.: by way of Newhaven and Dieppe, by Folkstone and Boulogne, and by Dover and Calais.

By Newhaven and Dieppe. Trains for Newhaven leave London Bridge and Victoria Station twice a day. At Newhaven, which is two and a half hours ride from the Metropolis, the traveller is transferred to a line of wretched steamers, and condemned to six hours of misery in crossing the Channel. He is then landed, half dead, at Dieppe, a famous French watering-place, and can reach Paris in four and a half hours by the express train, which leaves on the arrival of the boat. The total time between London and Paris by this line, is from eighteen to twenty-four hours, and the fare for first-class passengers, is thirty English shillings.

By Folkstone and Boulogne. The little town of Folkstone lies twelve miles southwest of Dover, and is reached in about two hours from London, by rail. The trains leave London Bridge and Charing Cross Stations both morning and evening, and should the traveller feel inclined to break the journey at Folkstone, he will find several excellent hotels there for his accommodation. The Channel passage by this route is made in about two hours, the distance being only twenty-

seven miles. The boats are the largest and best plying between France and England, and afford many comforts which are unknown on the others; though to one accustomed to American Steamers, they are wretched enough. From Boulogne it is a five hours ride to Paris, so that the whole journey between the two Capitals can be made in ten or twelve hours.

Being always more or less subject to sea-sickness, I chose the part of prudence, and selected the route *by way of Dover and Calais,* which, although the most expensive, has the atoning merit of requiring the shortest Channel passage.

It was a lovely August morning when the porter roused me from my heavy slumbers by his vigorous raps at my door. I had gone to bed on the previous night footsore and weary, for I had spent the day in wandering over the rough London streets, through the beautiful old Abbey and the gorgeous Parliament Houses, and had lingered late into the night at my window, which, perched high over the neighboring chimney tops, looked down on the lines of lights stretching away from Trafalgar Square to Westminster and the Thames, and fading in the distance back of old Lambeth Palace. Below me, the gloomy outline of Northumberland House blackened against the night, and down Whitehall I could dimly make out the spot where the "Royal Martyr" met a death more worthy than his life had been. Far in the distance the faint shadow of the old Abbey rose softly through the mist, and over the darkness and the roar of the city came floating to me the sweet music of its silvery chimes, which, dying away, mingled their last faint cadences with the hoarse clangor of the Parliament bells. In the back-ground the double row of lamps shone brightly on Westminster Bridge, and glittering down the long line of the Thames, multiplied themselves in its broad bosom, which gleamed like a sheet of

glass, its hideous filth concealed from my view by the kind mantle of the night. I stood long watching this wonderful sight, and when I sought my bed it was to dream of it.

The porter's raps dispelled these dreams, however, and his very un-English voice informed me that if I wished to take the morning train for the Continent, I had no time to lose. Instantly the Parliament clock confirmed his statement by ringing out half-past six—and the train started at half-past seven.

I had arranged for breakfast before leaving the hotel, and I got what I verily believe to have been the scraps saved from the dinner of the previous evening. The table was dirty, the cloth dirtier. The waiters had evidently passed the night in their clothes, and had not yet performed their morning ablutions. I swallowed as much as I could, paid my bill, and left the Charing Cross Hotel with a feeling of devout thankfulness that I was not compelled to remain there longer.

Emerging from the hotel upon a broad platform, seamed with a dozen lines of rails, and covered with an immense arched roof of iron and glass, I found myself in the Charing Cross station. My baggage awaited me in charge of an obliging porter. Being informed that by having it "registered" I would avoid trouble and detention at the Custom House in Calais, I paid sixpence for a ticket containing my name and a printed number, and saw a corresponding ticket pasted on the end of my trunk, which, after being duly weighed, was placed in the luggage van. Then, following the porter, whose politeness cost me a shilling, I seated myself in a dirty box called by courtesy a "first-class compartment." It was divided into six seats, three on a row at each end, with a door like that of an American hack on each side. Each door contained a sliding window, above which was an arrangement of slats for ventilating the compartment.

I was travelling in company with a friend, and being the first in the coach we promptly secured the most eligible seats. Then entered our only travelling companions, a tall, fine-looking Englishman and his wife, the latter unusually pretty and dainty for an Englishwoman. The man was a curiosity, a full blown, genuine cockney. Through the whole ride he was insufferably rude to "the savage Americans," as he seemed to consider my friend and myself, so that I could not resist a feeling of malicious satisfaction as I saw him, when about half way over the Channel, stretched out on the deck, with his head in his nice little wife's lap, and a basin, pretty well filled, close at hand.

A vixenish little screech from the queer locomotive, and we were whirling out of the station and crossing Hungerford bridge. The next minute we were dashing at full speed over the tops of the houses, at an elevation sufficient to enable me to look down into the quaint old chimney-pots as we whizzed by them. Then pausing under a shed, we took up the coaches waiting for us at the London Bridge station, and again crossed the Thames and drew up in the huge Cannon street station, having made a circuit of three miles from Charing Cross. It was the work of a minute to connect the coaches waiting for us here, to recross the river, and commence in earnest the journey to Dover.

In a quarter of an hour we were out of the city, and were skirting the barren fields which extend along its south-eastern border. Then, the scene suddenly changed and we swept into the hop fields of Kent, as pretty a rural district as England can boast. The farm houses were the very embodiment of comfort, and the farms themselves in the most thriving condition.

A ride of nearly two hours brought us to the hilly region bordering the Channel. To our left on a neighboring height

were the remains of an old earthwork of considerable size, once a Roman fort, and now known as Cæsar's Castle. The chalky nature of the land here made itself quite evident, and the fertile patches which had so aroused my admiration became fewer and farther between. Suddenly we shot into a long tunnel, and all was darkness. When we emerged into the open air again the "white cliffs of Albion," were on every side of us, and at our feet the waves of the English Channel were dancing in the sunlight. The train paused at the extremity of the magnificent stone pier, and the guard, unlocking the door of our compartment, permitted us to descend. We passed down the wooden stairway, through a double line of policemen and officials belonging to the railway and the British customs, and went on board the steamboat.

When I bought my ticket, I was told that the Channel boats were "new and *magnificent* steamers," and I expected to see a craft which would at least afford some justification of this description. "New" the boat may have been, but "magnificent" it was not. Imagine a craft similar to the sidewheel tow-boat used in the Atlantic harbors and rivers of the United States, and you will have a very fair idea of the magnificence of the boat on which I now found myself. It was long, narrow, and lay low upon the water. There was no cabin or shelter of any kind on deck, and but a miserable, cramped hole below, too close and hot for mortal man to exist in. The bulwarks were low and afforded no protection against the waves and spray, which in rough weather, or even during a heavy swell, drench the decks from stem to stern. The whole craft was dirty, close, and nasty. And yet it was a first-class steamer, the majority of whose passengers were the most favored classes of Europe—Dukes, Marquisses, Earls, Counts, and their families—men and women

of the best walks in life, who seemed to think this abominable little craft the very perfection of naval architecture.

I turned from the boat in disgust, and by the aid of my glasses obtained a fine view of the town to our left, and the grim old castle with its outworks, and the formidable system of defenses on the heights above us. To our right rose up the hideous cliff which Shakspeare has immortalized in King Lear. The town lies in a valley close to the shore, and is enclosed by an amphitheatre of hills, of a white, chalky appearance. The population is between twenty-five thousand and thirty thousand. The houses are built chiefly of a light colored stone, and are quite handsome and attractive.

While I was engaged in studying the scene before me, our steamer suddenly cast off her moorings, and shot out from the smooth water behind the pier into the blue water beyond. Instantly a change came over the boat and all on board. I had often heard of the "chops of the channel," but had no idea of them as they really are. The motion of a steamer in these waters is most peculiar and utterly indescribable. It seems as if every part of the vessel is trying to get into the air at the same moment. Imagine yourself tossed in a carpet, shaken by a dozen stout men, no two of whom shake it at the same instant, and you will have a very fair idea of the motion one experiences on the "magnificent" steamers plying between Dover and Calais.

By the rules of the boat all first-class passengers must stay abaft the wheel, for these are side-wheel steamers. The second and third class are placed forward. As regards accommodations, they fare alike. A row of wooden benches lines the bulwarks, on which those who do not care to throw themselves on the hatches or lie along the deck, seat themselves very much after the manner of passengers in the New York ferry boats. As the steamer leaves the pier, the sailors

bring around tarpaulins with which they cover the sitters from their waists down, and for which little attention each passenger is expected to pay one shilling. The next care of these brave salts is to furnish each passenger with a china bowl, the very sight of which is calculated to disturb one's stomach. If there are not bowls enough to go round, china vessels of a different pattern, and usually kept out of sight amongst decent people, are passed about with the utmost *sang froid.* Then commences the interest of the trip.

There are commonly several hundred persons on each boat during the summer season, and the first victim of the Channel usually commands universal attention. Pity, sympathy, terror and disgust are plainly depicted on every countenance, and the thought uttermost in the mind of each is "who will be the next," each one dreading the fate he knows to be inevitable. When half way over "the groans of the Britons" arise in one grand chorus, and the activity of the sailors is taxed to the utmost extent in emptying the bowls, which have a habit of not remaining empty. Sometimes an unfortunate sailor, emptying his bowl on the windward side of the ship, causes a shower of true British bile to drench the unfortunate passengers, and calls down upon himself a score of curses in the pure vernacular. Crash, comes a wave against the side or over the bow, and the landsmen are soaked to the skin. The South Eastern Railway Company, who own the boats, do not regard the convenience of their passengers as worthy of consideration, but deal out to them unsparingly the greatest amount of discomfort of all kinds at the highest prices.

"You don't have such boats as this in America?" said an Englishman, standing at my elbow.

"No, thank Heaven, we do not," I answered.

He looked at me hard for a moment, and then turned

away, and when I saw him again he was leaning over the side, cordially endorsing my opinion of the boat.

Fortunately the passage from Dover to Calais occupies but one hour and twenty minutes. Out of the three hundred passengers who crossed with me, scarcely a dozen escaped seasickness. The imaginative reader can picture to himself the beauties of the scene, with nearly three hundred people, ranged in long, close rows, each engaged in filling his bowl.

Profiting by my former experience at sea, I put my aristocratic feelings in my pocket, and stationed myself amidships, half-way between the first-class and the steerage. Here I obtained the full benefit of the fresh sea breeze, and an occasional dash of spray in my face was most grateful to me. I had the good fortune to escape the fate of my companions, and had no use for the bowl.

The day was bright and beautiful, but a light haze overhung the French coast, and hid it from our view. I watched the white cliffs of England grow fainter and fainter, and as they melted away, the coast of France became more and more distinct. Soon the white lighthouse at Calais rose boldly before us, whiter even than the snowy sails that crowded the Straits of Dover, and in a little more than half an hour we shot by the end of the long-wooden pier, under the walls of the grim fort that frowned at us with its rows of black guns, and glided peacefully through the port of Calais, and made fast to our landing pier.

The town lay before us, surrounded with its venerable-looking wall, pierced with a hideous gateway, the work of the great Richelieu. The harbor was full of queer fishing smacks, and odd-looking steamers; and the pier was lined with fishwomen in their short red petticoats, gray stockings, and coarse gowns; and theatrical sailors with high boots, and frocks like their wives' petticoats. Soldiers, on duty and

off duty, were scattered about the pier; and, at every step, an officer of the Customs stared you out of countenance. As we passed ashore our tickets were claimed, and we were directed towards the railway station, which stands at a short distance from the pier where we landed.

Thanks to my having registered my luggage, it was conveyed ashore and put on the train without charge or trouble to me, and without being opened by the Customs officers—all registered baggage being examined only at the end of the journey.

I secured my seat in the coach, and strolled over to the restaurant, or *buffet*, to obtain breakfast, for my London meal had left me very hungry. The room was large and tastefully fitted up. A row of small round tables ran along each side, with a third row in the middle. The lunch counters were loaded with the most tempting viands, and everything was clean and fresh and appetizing. The linen was snowy white, and the silver was resplendent. My time was limited, and I made several efforts to secure a waiter by calling him. Failing in this, I seized a nervous-looking garçon as he passed me, and in bad French shouted my order in his ear. He looked at me with a dismayed expression, and dashed off like a madman. I made sure that I would get no breakfast from him, and was on the point of assaulting another waiter, when he rushed back as furiously as he had left me, bearing the viands I had sent him for. It was a delightful meal, too, and the wine was very good. I ate heartily, enjoyed everything, and paid only a franc and a half (thirty cents, American money,) for the whole of it. If ever you go to Calais, reader, try the *buffet* in the depot. It is one of the best in France, and very cheap.

The whistle of the locomotive warned me that the time of my departure was at hand, and I hastened back to the car to

claim my seat. The guard banged the door after me, and seizing a small hand-bell from a neighboring bench, rang it vigorously. This, I found, was the signal to the engine driver to start the train—European nations having not yet reached that high state of civilization which requires the use of a bell cord on the railroad trains.

Travellers on the French railways cannot fail to be impressed with the excellent discipline which prevails in every department. The utmost care is taken to ensure perfect regularity and accuracy in the minutest detail, and so rigidly is an exact performance of duty required of every employee, that it seems strange that accidents should ever occur. The road beds are built with great care, and are so well ballasted with broken stones, that they appear as firm as the solid rock itself. Thanks to the excellent manner in which the track is laid, it is always possible to maintain a higher rate of speed than upon our own roads; and there is an almost entire freedom from the terrible catastrophies which annually decrease the number of railroad travellers in our own country. The American railway managers have much to learn from their European brethren. Great pains are taken to keep the track clear of persons and animals. Every road crossing, every deep cut or tunnel, every bridge and viaduct, is carefully watched. This duty on many of the French roads is performed by women, who are found to answer quite as well as men. You see them as the train whizzes by their posts, standing in front of their little houses with their furled flags in the right hand, and the left thrown across the breast to the right shoulder, in the position of a soldier's salute when standing with "ordered arms." They wear a short petticoat, a long cape of dark blue cloth, and a glazed sailor hat with the name of the road in gilt letters on the front; and altogether have a very soldier-like appearance, besides fur-

nishing an excellent argument to the friends of women's rights.

The carriages are great improvements on the English coaches. They are scrupulously clean, and are always neatly and oftentimes handsomely fitted up. They hold eight persons, affording an abundance of room for each and all.

Of late years there has been a growing demand for some simple and ready means of communication between the coaches and the guard's van. I was much amused at the system which has been recently adopted by the Northern Railway Company. Between every two compartments there is a triangular box covered with glass on each side. Within this box is a small cord, attached to a metal ring at its lower end, the remainder of the cord passing up to the roof of the carriage. Over this little box is a printed card informing travellers that the cord thus enclosed communicates with an electrical apparatus in the guard's van. By seizing the ring and jerking the cord an alarm is sounded with this machine. Passengers in trouble or in danger are requested to *break the glass plate with their elbows*, and pull the cord; but severe penalties are threatened against those who needlessly stop the train. This is certainly better than having no alarm at all, but the system is still very defective. Few persons taken suddenly ill, or assaulted by a robber, or attacked by an assassin—and crimes have become frightfully common of late in these coaches—can accomplish the deliberate, not to say dangerous feat of *breaking the glass with their elbows*, and pulling the cord. By our American system it is always possible for any one to seize the cord running through our cars. The European coaches being less lofty than our own, the cord, if arranged upon our system, would be still easier to reach.

After leaving Calais, the road mounts to the high ground

which lies back of the town, from which a fine view of the place, as well as of the Channel may be obtained, with the English coast looming up in the far distance. It is a queer old town, viewed from any quarter. Founded in the Eleventh century by the Counts of Flanders, it first appears in history as the place from which Louis the Dauphin set sail to claim the English crown, which the disaffected nobles of the latter realm sought to transfer to him from the brows of King John.

In 1346 the victorious Edward, fresh from the field of Crécy, laid siege to the place, thinking to find it an easy prey. Eustache de St. Pierre held the town for his King, and held it too for eleven months against the English army, yielding at length rather to starvation than to the power of the enemy. If St. Pierre and his comrades thought they could rely upon the generosity of their foe, they were sadly mistaken, for it required all the eloquence and beauty of the good Philippa of Hainault, to turn her royal husband from his barbarous intention of hanging these leaders for their heroic defence. Yet he was more merciful than was their own King, who not only refused to reward them for the stout service they had done him, but allowed them to beg their bread in misery and want through his kingdom for the rest of their days. The town remained in the hands of the English until 1558, when it was recaptured by the French under the Duke of Guise. Richelieu attached much importance to its possession, and built the key of its defences, the strong citadel, by which the train passes in leaving the town.

Emerging from Calais, the road passes through the great manufacturing suburb of St. Pierre les Calais, whose population outnumbers that of the old town itself, and passes over the sandy and chalky region bordering the Channel. Since 1867 the mail trains to Paris follow the new line from Calais

to Boulogne, and thence to Paris by way of Abbeville and Amiens.

Eleven miles from Calais, the train stops at Caffiers, which is four miles from the village of Ouessant, or Witsand, from the harbor of which, now filled up with sand, Cæsar sailed for the Conquest of Britain. Six miles further on is the village of Ambleteuse, now a deserted port, where, on the 5th of January 1689, James II., of England, landed, a fugitive from his lost kingdom. Six miles further still the line passes near to the beach of Wimereux, where, on the 6th of August, 1840, Louis Napoleon landed with a little band of devoted followers to make the desperate attempt upon the crown of France, which led to his long and weary captivity at Ham. Then passing through two long tunnels, the last of which is cut under the upper town of Boulogne, the line crosses the Liane by a viaduct four hundred yards long, and reaches the station for Boulogne, on the left side of the harbor. From the car window one may catch a hasty view of the harbor, the upper and lower towns, and a part of the system of defensive works. The most conspicuous objects are the fine dome of the Cathedral and the "Column of the Grand Army," the erection of which was begun by Napoleon I., to commemorate the assembling here of the great army of one hundred and eighty thousand men, with which he intended to invade England. His mighty combination came to naught, however, by reason of contrary winds and the vigilance of the English fleet, and like another mighty Emperor, who eighteen centuries before had massed a hundred thousand men on these same heights for the conquest of the "sea girt isle," the great soldier abandoned his great design. Unlike Caligula, however, he did not content himself with a few trophies gathered on the sea shore, but drew his spoils

from that brilliant campaign which closed with Austerlitz and the Peace of Pressburg.

But a brief halt is made at Boulogne, and then the train pushes on, through the pretty valley of the Liane, and passing the hills by means of a tunnel, enters the forest of Hardelot, after which it traverses a barren region, and reaches the sea and the shallow estuary of the Canche, at the old port of Etaples, whose two talllight houses give a picturesqueness to an otherwise dreary scene. The line now follows the coast, at a distance of several miles from the sea, the country between being low, sandy, and marshy. At Noyelles it strikes the banks of the Somme, at the mouth of which is the town of St. Valery, from which, according to some writers, the fleet of William the Conqueror sailed to invade England. Other historians assert that the great Duke sailed from St. Valery en Caux, in Normandy.

Passing Noyelles the line runs close by the ford of Blanquetaque, so called from the white rocks in the vicinity, by which Edward III. and his forces crossed the Somme just before their victory at Crécy. The English passed the ford at low tide, and the rising waters brought the pursuing French army to a halt and compelled them to continue their march up the left bank, while the English retreated up the right shore.

Nine miles farther on is the town of Abbeville, with a population of over nineteen thousand inhabitants. The railway leaves the town on the left, and the thick rows of poplars which line the old ramparts, prevent one from seeing much of the place. The towers of the half dilapidated church of St. Wolfram form the most conspicuous object seen from the coach. Twelve miles distant is the battle field of Crécy, which may be visited from this place.

The line now skirts the left bank of the Somme, which is

here more like a canal than a river. It is a pretty little stream, flowing through a flat country, its banks being lined for several miles with rows of tall and graceful poplars, which almost meet above the middle of the stream. Four fat monks were rowing a flat-bottomed boat against its lazy current, when I first saw it, and several of the same order were strolling under the trees along the shore. Large peat deposits occur on the river above Abbeville, and furnish the greater part if not all of the fuel used in the neighborhood. On either side of the Somme, at a distance of six or eight miles from it, the country rises to a considerable elevation, and encloses a wide valley through which the little stream flows sluggishly.

Eighteen miles from Abbeville is the old town of Picquigny, famous for the treaty concluded here in 1475 between Edward IV. of England, and Louis XI. of France.

Nine miles farther is the fine town of Amiens, the *Samarobriva* of the Romans, and the old Capital of Picardy. It is now the chief town of the Department of the Somme, is heavily engaged in manufactures, and has a population of sixty-one thousand souls. It has given many noted persons to the history of France—among others Peter the Hermit, and Gabrielle d' Estreés, the mistress of Henry IV. The fair frail Gabrielle was not the only means of connecting the name of the Bearnois with Amiens, for in 1598 he won the town from its Spanish usurpers at the point of the sword.

One sees very little of the place, however, for the line traverses it by means of a series of tunnels and deep cuttings. A halt is made in a fine station, for the purpose of changing locomotives, after which the train ascends to the high chalk lands of Picardy. At every cross road stands a rustic crucifix, some of them not bad as works of art; and at Boves, five miles from Amiens, may be seen the ruins of an old castle

where, during the siege of Amiens, Henry IV. passed in the society of the beautiful Gabrielle the hours he could snatch from the duties of the camp.

At *Clermont-sur-Oise*, a brief halt is made, long enough to enable one to catch a glimpse of the castle on the hill, above the town. This, though now used as a prison for women, was a famous fortress from the tenth to the sixteenth century. It was twice taken by the English—in 1359 and 1434—and in 1595 Henry of Narvarre wrested it from the troops of the League.

Creil, on the right bank of the Oise, is the next station of importance. Here the Oise is crossed by a fine stone bridge, and the traveller is whirled by the quarries of St. Maximin, which for centuries have furnished the light colored stone, of which the greater part of Paris is constructed. Then crossing the valley of La Nonnette by the splendid viaduct of Chantilly, the train halts at the Chantilly station for two or three minutes. The country from here on to Paris is very beautiful. It is highly cultivated, and forms a perfect garden, dotted thickly with towns and villages. Near Epinay the railway passes the Fort of La Briche, one of the chain surrounding Paris, and touching the right bank of the Seine, leaves the town of St. Denis on the left. A brief stop at the station for this place enables one to gain a hasty view of the old Abbey, the burial place of the French Kings. The line now crosses the Canal of St. Denis by an iron bridge, and traversing the plain of St. Denis, passes the fortifications, leaving the hill of Montmartre to the right, and at five o'clock in the afternoon the train halts under the great shed of the Northern Railway Station, at Paris.

You cannot go wrong in this depot, for there are soldiers and officials enough scattered along the platform to prevent your going any way but the right one, so you pass along the

flags to a little gateway, where your passage-ticket is claimed by an official in uniform, and you are shown into an immense hall, the outer doors of which are closed and locked. Here you await the examination of your baggage. The trunks brought by the train are arranged in rows in a large hall, and when all is in readiness, you are permitted to enter and claim your property. You surrender your ticket of registration to an official, who compares it with the duplicate pasted on your trunk, which is then delivered to you. A polite and smiling Customs official accosts you with "Monsieur, have you anything to declare?" An interpreter is close at hand, if you cannot understand French; but it is safe always to reply, "*Rien du tout*" ("nothing at all") to the first question of the inspector, unless you have tobacco or liquor in your baggage, when they should be pointed out, as a failure to do so will certainly cause their confiscation, and may subject you to penal consequences. You raise the lid of your trunk, the inspector, who is usually a clever fellow—just the opposite of the New York inspectors—peeps in mysteriously, shuts down the lid, chalks a couple of hieroglyphics upon it, and, smiling, nods you a "*Bon jour, Monsieur*," as he passes on. Instantly the station porters pounce upon you, strap and lock your trunk, and seizing it rush towards the street. Upon reaching the gateway, they pause to ask the very necessary question, "Where do you go, Monsieur?" and slinging your traps upon a cab, repeat your directions to the driver, hustle you inside, bang the door, and then, doffing their caps with a true French grace, which wins your heart, smilingly ask for their "*pour boire*," (drink money). In England, you would swear at the beggars, but you cannot resist such elegance, and dropping a few sous into the outstretched hands, you sink back in your cab, and are driven rapidly through the streets of the "beautiful city."

PART I.

PARIS BY SUNLIGHT.

I.

THE CITY OF PARIS.

I.

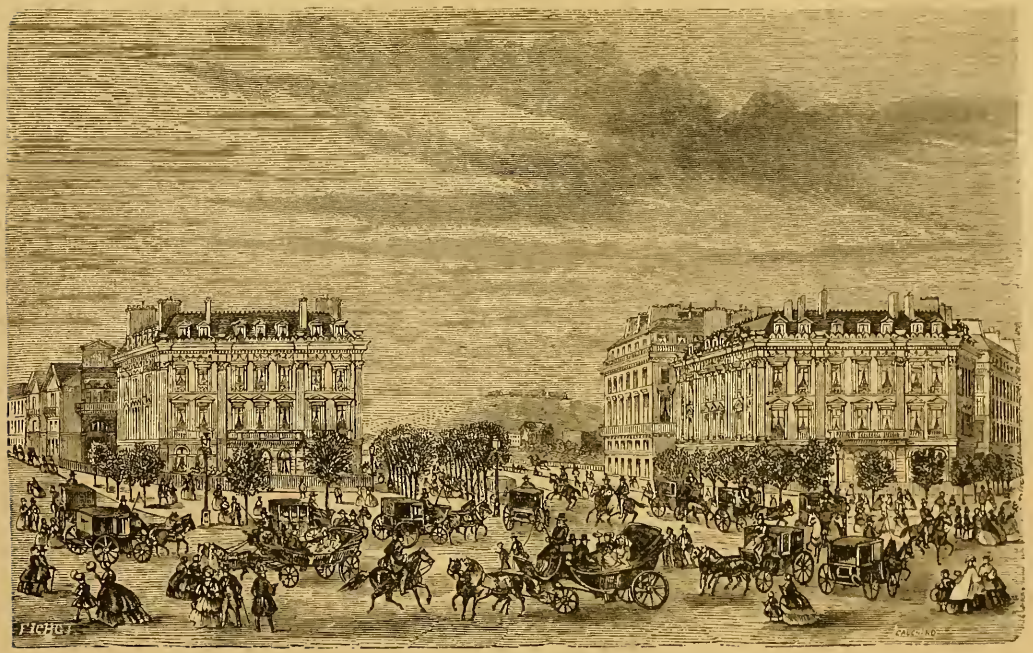
HISTORICAL.

When Julius Cæsar had conquered Gaul, his attention was called to a small island lying in the Seine, a little over a hundred miles from its mouth; and one fine morning, nineteen hundred years ago, he sent his trusted lieutenant, Labienus, to conquer the city of mud huts which covered the island, and which constituted the chief town of one of the Gallic tribes. By whom this town was built is not well known, but tradition assigns its establishment to the Phœnicians, who designed it for a trading port. The Romans subdued it after a fierce struggle, and from that period the place became a prominent point in the world's history. The conquerors gave it the name of Lutetia, and called its inhabitants Parisii; but they found it hard to draw the wild and brave savages into a complete submission to their laws or customs, so early did Paris exhibit that dogged resistance to all constituted authority which is to-day its chief characteristic.

Under the Romans, who appreciated the military and commercial importance of the place, Lutetia, which occupied the present *Isle de la Cité*, became a well-built town. As it grew in importance, it was made a city by the Emperor Julian, and took the name of Parisis. Julian also

granted it extensive privileges. A palace was built on the south side of the Seine, on the site of the present Hotel de Cluny, and a fleet of Roman galleys was stationed in the river, with their headquarters here. It was the favorite residence of Julian, who, from A. D. 355 to 361, occupied the old Palace of Thermes, the ruins of which may be seen in the gardens of the Hotel de Cluny. Constantius Chlorus lived here, and also several other Emperors. As the great Empire grew weaker and more corrupt, Paris became more and more alienated from it, and consequently received less of its protection. In 465, Childeric, less merciful than Attila had been, stormed and took it; and in 506, Clovis established himself in the Palace of Thermes. He embraced Christianity, which St. Denis had preached here nearly a century before, and broke the last bonds which tied the Franks to Rome. But none of his Merovingian or Carlovingian successors resided in Paris, and the city began to fall into decay. The hardy and piratical Normans found it an easy prey, and several times assailed it, sacked it, and retired down the Seine to their own country loaded with rich spoils. Their victories were not always easy, however, for in 885 the city resisted them in a siege of eight months' duration. Otto, Count of Paris, came to the aid of the city in the same year, and was made King by the grateful Franks; and in 987, his descendant, Hugues Capet, took up his residence at the Palais de la Cité, which occupied the site of the present Palais de Justice, and established the French Monarchy which ended with Louis XVI.

Philip Augustus was a true king to Paris. He greatly enlarged the city, and founded the Cathedral of Notre Dame. In his reign Paris was surrounded by a wall, which, beginning at the north end of the present Pont des Arts, passed around by the Porte St. Denis, Church of St. Louis, and



A Fashionable Street in Paris.

the Quai des Celestins to the Seine, and on the south from the Tour de Nesle, where the Palais de l'Institut now stands, to the Place St. Michel, and thence by the Fosses St. Victor and St. Bernard to the Seine. This wall had five hundred towers and one hundred and thirty gates, and was considered a miracle of architecture. The powerful Templars erected a strong fortress on the site of the present Marché du Temple (Temple Market), and the city became the most splendid in Europe, though, viewed by the light of to-day, it was dirty and wretched then. Peter Lombard and Abelard made it the centre of the intellectual world, and drew to it scores of young and ardent students. Philip Augustus also reorganized the University, and gave to it those principles which made the Latin quarter famous. Saint Louis (IX.) continued the good work. Coming to the throne in the early part of the Thirteenth century, he built the Sainte Chapelle, organized a regular police system, founded a school of surgery, and many beneficent and commercial institutions, and his chaplain, Robert de Sorbon, established the famous School of Theology which still bears his name.

While John II. was king, and while he was held captive by the English, the city was governed by Etienne Marcel, provost of Paris. He enlarged and restored the fortifications, and held in check the turbulent people, whose brawls and lawlessness, not only during his reign, but for long years after, made the streets unsafe for honest citizens after nightfall. Charles V. came to the throne in 1361, and drove the English out of France. He added several large buildings to the city, and built the Hotel de St. Pol for a royal residence. At a later period this strong work was changed to a prison of state, and called the Bastile. The city was very gay in this reign, and chariots and four-wheeled equipages were introduced. Gambling and riotous living became a

distinguishing feature of Parisian life, and drew crowds of free livers from all parts of the world. A new wall was built around the city, enclosing one thousand and eighty-four acres. But this did not serve to keep out, during the sad reign of Charles' mad successor, the scourge, the famine, and the English, who entered the city triumphantly and proclaimed Henry V. King of France and England, amidst the rejoicings of the people. The Parisians of that day must have been a fickle set, for no less hearty were the rejoicings with which they greeted the entrance of their own king, Charles VII., after the expulsion of the English in 1436.

The streets were dark, narrow and filthy, and the city was the most unhealthy in the world. Forty-five thousand persons died in Paris in 1438, and wolves prowled through the streets, and in 1466, Louis XI., a wise as well as a cruel king, invited malefactors and vagabonds from all parts of the globe to fill up the gaps which the scourge had made. The readiness with which his invitation was accepted is shown by the fact that at the close of his reign (1483) the population numbered 300,000 souls; and a troublesome population it was, too, as the king frequently found to his cost. Louis XI. did much for the commerce of the city, and established its first special school of medicine. He was a firm and liberal friend to industry of all kinds, and protected the infant art of printing against the superstitious prejudices of the age. The first attempt at lighting the streets was made under his patronage, and he established the first postal system of the realm.

The reign of Francis I. saw a rapid advance in the magnificence and wickedness of the city. The grim old castle of the Louvre was pulled down, and the present palace commenced. The Hotel de Ville and a royal free college were begun, and new streets opened. The reign of Henry II. saw the founding of the Palace of the Tuileries, and the magnifi-

cent institution now known as the Imperial Library. The religious wars, and especially the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, in the reign of Charles IX. (1572), threw a gloom over Paris, and checked its progress. Henry IV. laid siege to it, inflicted upon it a loss of 13,000 persons, and captured it in 1594. His genius soon worked wonders for it. It again became the great centre of Europe. Henry enlarged the Louvre and the Tuileries, established the Place Royale, and built the Pont Neuf.

Under Louis XIII., Richelieu made the city magnificent. He established the French Academy and the Jardin des Plantes, and the College of Louis le Grand, and built the Palais Royal. In this reign several fine bridges and quays were built, also the Palace of the Luxembourg, and the Faubourg St. Germain was filled with splendid private hotels.

Louis XIV. continued the good work. He built the Hôtel des Invalides, the eastern colonnade of the Louvre, the Portes St. Martin and St. Denis, laid out the boulevards as promenades, planted the Champs Elysées, enlarged the gardens of the Tuileries, established the Place Vendôme and the Place des Victoires, the opera, the observatory, the various academies (except the French Academy), the *Comedie Française*, thirty-three churches, a number of hospitals, the Gobelin tapestry works, and built eighty new streets. The streets were permanently lighted in this reign by lanterns hung from posts, omnibuses of a rude pattern were introduced, and the first *café* opened.

Louis XV. though he disliked and avoided Paris, found it a magnificent city. It had (A. D. 1715), a population of over half a million, and covered an area of 3,919 acres. It contained 500 great streets, 100 squares and parks, 9 bridges, and 22,000 private houses, and had 9 faubourgs attached to it. It was the capital of art, science, literature, and politics

for all Europe, and the chief resort of persons in pursuit of knowledge or pleasure from all parts of the globe. It was likewise the great centre of wickedness and dissipation, of which the orgies of the Regent Duke of Orleans were the climax.

The reign of Louis XVI. witnessed the opening of a new era. When the *Octroi*, or City Customs wall was built, near the close of this reign, it was found that the city covered an area of 8,124 acres, and contained over 50,000 houses, 967 lighted streets, 64 churches, 11 abbeys, 133 monasteries and religious houses, 15 seminaries, 10 colleges, 26 hospitals and asylums, 60 fountains, and 12 markets. The churches, convents, and their gardens occupied one-third of the whole city.

In the dense, foul quarter which huddled under the very shadow of the Louvre, a wild storm had been brewing for generations. When the explosion came, the whole of the French social edifice went down before it. The Revolution not only changed the destiny of France, but made a different city of its capital. It swept away the ancient landmarks as well as the ancient system of the city, and made way for a new Paris, and the reign of new ideas. Its work was not to build up, but to pull down, to remove that which was foul and poisonous in the city itself as well as in the body politic. When it had done this, God stayed its hand, and swept it away and made room for the new era whose mission was to create, not to destroy. On the 25th of December, 1799, Napoleon Bonaparte was chosen First Consul, and on the 18th of May, 1804, became Emperor of the French.

Napoleon made a new city of Paris. The Revolutionary Government had confiscated the property of the convents, and out of the vast area retained by the State, Napoleon resolved to construct a series of ornaments which should forever endear his name to his people. He swept away the old Convent of the Feuillans, and opened the Rue de Rivoli from

the lower end of the Tuileries garden to the present Pavilion du Rohan. He broke up the dens in the Place du Carrousel, and formed the splendid square in which he placed his triumphal arch. He pulled down the old Convent of the Filles de St. Thomas, and created that great heart of commercial France, the Bourse; commenced the Palais du Quai d'Orsay; completed the Louvre gallery, and began that on the opposite side of the Place du Carrousel, and opened eight new markets. He began the magnificent triumphal "Arch of the Star;" and added a long series of improvements to the city, too numerous even to mention here.

Paris enjoyed many years of prosperity under Louis Philippe, and a number of handsome edifices were erected. The Hôtel de Ville was completed, as were also the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, the Madeleine, and the Palais du Quai d'Orsay; the Louvre, Notre Dame, and the Palais de Justice were restored and improved, and the present fortifications and detached forts of the city constructed.

The Revolution of 1848, and the efforts of the Republican Government to put down the mob, damaged the city considerably, but the public buildings were saved from the fury of the insurgents by inscribing upon them those magic words, so full of meaning to a Frenchman — "Liberty, equality, and fraternity!"

On the 2d of December, 1851, the power of France passed into the hands of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, who became Emperor by the universal suffrage of the people, on the 2d of December, 1852. This was the beginning of the most brilliant era in the history of Paris.

Being the only French Sovereign ever born in Paris, it is natural, perhaps, that the Emperor should entertain a warm affection for his birthplace, and that he should desire to make it the most magnificent capital of Europe. He had

scarcely mounted the throne when he began a series of public works, which have produced an almost entirely new city. One of his first acts was to order the completion of the Louvre and its union with the Tuileries. Since the beginning of his reign Paris has been entirely changed. He found it a mass of crooked streets, dark, dingy buildings, dirty and unwholesome, and he has made it one of the cleanest, handsomest, lightest, and healthiest cities in Europe. Broad, finely-built avenues have been cut through the densest and foulest portions of the old city, letting in air and sunlight, and the dingy rookeries of old Paris have given way to long lines of handsome modern buildings. In the old city proper—the city of Philip Augustus—these changes have been especially marked. Numerous gardens, squares, fountains, and public buildings, besides innumerable edifices erected by private capital, have taken the place of the former haunts of vice, suffering, and disease. Between the years 1852 and 1859, four thousand three hundred and forty-nine houses were demolished, and nine thousand six hundred and seventeen new ones were constructed in Paris, the constructions being chiefly the result of private enterprise; and since then the work has gone on with unflagging activity.

The new streets are amongst the most important works of the Emperor. They are broad and straight, having been cut through houses and other streets, even hills having been levelled in their construction. By 1863, twenty thousand metres (nearly twenty-two thousand English yards) of these streets had been constructed, and ten thousand metres more (nearly eleven thousand English yards) had been laid off for future openings. Much of this work has been completed, and the remainder is in progress. As fast as the streets are opened, they are built up with new and handsome edifices, and are furnished with broad, firm pavements. Gas and

water are at once introduced along the streets and into all the new buildings. The drainage of the city has been improved by a connected network of sewers undermining Paris on both sides of the Seine. These sewers discharge their contents into the river at Asnieres, through a grand trunk sewer nineteen feet broad, fourteen and a half feet high, and two and a half miles long.

New bridges and quays have been constructed along the river, and old ones repaired. The *Pont Napoléon III.*, *Pont de Solferino,* and *Pont de l'Alma*, are the work of the present reign, and are amongst the most splendid bridges in the world. The old bridges have been greatly improved, and some, the *Pont au Change*, *Pont St. Michel, Pont d'Arcole*, and those connecting the *Cité* with the *Isle St. Louis*, have been almost entirely rebuilt. The tolls have been bought back by the Government and the bridges made free. A large part of the embankment, on both sides of the river, from the *Pont de Constantine* to the *Pont de l'Alma*, a distance of nearly five miles (including both banks), has been supplied with new walls of massive stone masonry, and the whole river line has been provided with good wharves and broad towing paths. The limits of the city have been extended to the fortifications, taking in the suburban towns and villages collected about the old *octroi* wall.

Everything has felt the good effects of these changes, this untiring energy on the part of the Government. Property has appreciated in value at an enormous rate. Paris is no longer the gloomiest and dirtiest of European Capitals, but, as has been said, has become the most magnificent. Its sanitary condition has improved as rapidly. In 1846 the death rate was one in twenty eight; in 1863 it had fallen off to one in forty. Light, cleanliness, and fresh air, priceless gifts of Napoleon III. to his birth-place, have accomplished this.

Another benefit is that the new streets and better style of buildings have broken up the crowded haunts of the *Ouvrier* class. These people, who formerly huddled together in compact masses, and in dwellings resembling our New York tenement houses, have, in this way, been steadily driven off into the cheaper and healthier quarters of the outer boulevards. There the workman finds a cleaner and a better home than that from which crash of falling stones and timbers drove him. Being able to live more economically than in his old haunts, he can afford more comforts, more luxuries for himself and his family, and finds in the end that his condition has been bettered in spite of himself. Nor is this the only good result. Saint Antoine has been stripped of his power. The working classes are scattered to the suburbs, and the danger which formerly existed from their being concentrated in the heart of Paris, is to some extent, if not entirely, removed. The new streets are too broad for barricades, and the convenient old cobble-stones and flags have given way to pavements of asphaltum and macadamized roads.

The Emperor has met with great opposition in carrying out these improvements, but he has persevered, and now Paris reaps the benefit of them. They are the result of a wise and liberal policy. The Republic of 1848 did nothing towards bettering the condition of the city. Paris had a large surplus revenue, which, it was evident, would increase with its prosperity. The Emperor wisely determined that this surplus revenue, or, in other words, that which remained after the expenses of the municipal government were paid, should be applied to beautifying and adorning the city. He was convinced that to leave the work entirely in the hands of the municipal authorities would be to defeat his plan, and resolved that the new works should be carried on by the State and the City conjointly—that the State should retain a

control over the works sufficient to compel the City to accomplish the task assigned it. The great bulk of the expense is borne by the City, the State contributing less than one-third of the amount, which is fixed by law at 18,000,000 francs per annum, the State's contribution being 5,000,000 francs.

II

STATISTICAL.

PARIS, the metropolis of France, is situated on the river Seine, in the department of the Seine, and in the ancient province of the Ile de France. It lies in 48° 50′ 49″ North latitude, and in 2° 20′ 15″ East longitude from Greenwich. In 1860, the city limits were extended to the fortifications, taking in all the faubourgs and quarters lying without the old *Octroi* wall. These fortifications are a little more than 22 miles in circuit, and are pierced with 66 gates or entrances, called *barrières*. The city limits, thus enclosed, cover an area of 19,260 acres, or 30 square miles. The population in 1867, was 1,825,274 inhabitants. At present it is about 1,900,000.

The general government of the City is administered by the Prefect of the Department of the Seine, assisted by a Municipal Council of sixty members, and by the Prefect of Police. These officials are appointed by the Emperor. For administrative purposes, the City is divided into twenty arrondissements, or quarters. Each arrondissement has a Mayor, two Deputy Mayors, and a Juge de Paix, (Justice of the Peace,) subordinate to the Prefect of the Seine; and is subdivided into quarters, each of which is provided with a Commissary of Police, subject to the Prefect of Police. The Prefect of Police has the sole charge of all measures for preserving the health, cleanliness, and order of the City.

In 1859, the aggregate length of the paved and macadamized streets was 300 miles, of which, more than 240 miles were provided with asphaltum or stone-paved sidewalks; and more than 200 miles were bordered with trees, gardens, or planted squares. The streets were lighted with 15,160 gas-lamps. The aggregate length of the sewers in that year was 122 miles. At present it is 250 miles. There are between 4,500 and 5,000 policemen on duty in the city, and 2,900 Municipal Guards. A military corps, consisting of 1,300 officers and men, perform the duties of firemen. There are 8 prisons in the city, which are managed in a humane manner. Besides 70 places of worship connected with public establishments, religious communities, etc., there are 72 parish churches; and 18 places of worship for persons not Roman Catholics. There are 19 religious communities of men, and 53 of women. There are 22 civil, general, and special hospitals, 19 public *hospices*, 27 asylums and almshouses, and 3 military hospitals. The medical service in these is performed by the most eminent surgeons and physicians in France; the nursing in part by the sisters of the different religious orders. The City of Paris supports in these establishments, nearly 18,000 free beds, at an annual expense of $2,000,000. Besides this, it furnishes medical attendance to more than 125,000 poor.

There are 30 large public libraries in Paris, of which 8 are open to every one. The Imperial Library is the largest in the world. It contains more than 1,000,000 printed volumes, 300,000 pamphlets, 150,000 manuscripts, 300,000 maps, charts, and topographical views, 1,300,000 engravings, and a cabinet of medals and coins numbering 150,000 specimens.

There are twenty-eight theatres in the city. Of these five are devoted to musical performances. The Grand Opera,

which is famous for its *ballet* and gorgeous scenic effects, is the principal. On a rainy Sunday night, the theatres of Paris seat about 30,000 spectators. In addition to the theatres there are about one hundred and fifty other enclosed places of amusement, such as circuses, concerts, café-concerts, concert-gardens, etc., which have an average nightly attendance of 24,000 persons.

In 1858 the Parisians consumed 32,250,000 gallons of wine; 1,780,000 gallons of alcoholic liquids; 7,049,856 gallons of cider, perry, and beer; 205,513,877 pounds of butcher's meat: and 17,451,084 pounds of other solid animal food.

In 1859 the total exports of the city were valued at $76,300,000, and its total foreign and colonial imports at $28,600,000, American money.

In 1865 there were 55,096 births in Paris, of which 27,927 were boys, 27,169 girls, and 15, 867 were illegitimate. Of the illegitimate children, 3,961 were acknowledged by their parents. In the same year there were 16,540 marriages. Of these, 13,578 were between young men and maidens; 894 between single men and widows; 1,490 between widowers and maidens; and 578 between widowers and widows. The number of deaths was 52,422.

The revenues of the city are drawn principally from the *octroi* or tax levied upon all articles of consumption brought into the city. This impost yields about 100,000,000 of francs annually. The sum of 300,000 francs is raised annually by a poll-tax of ten francs upon 30,000 Parisian dogs.

The climate is pleasant as a general rule. The mean temperature is about fifty-one degrees F., limited by the summer and winter extremes of ninety-six degrees above and one degree below zero. Falls of snow are rare and slight. The average number of rainy days is one hundred and five per annum, and the average annual fall of rain twenty-two inches.

II.

MORNING IN PARIS.

HAVE you the courage to wake at six o'clock? It is an early hour for Paris. Rise, open your window and look out. The streets that were so gay last night are deserted and silent. No one is abroad but the rag pickers just finishing their rounds, and the street sweepers engaged in cleansing the pavements from the filth and dirt of the previous day. A solitary *Sergent de Ville* sleepily watches the operation, and turns impatiently to look for the comrade who is to relieve him.

Dress, come out into the street. It is still silent and deserted, but the morning is bright and beautiful. A broad stream of fresh water, pure and limpid enough to drink, is flowing down the gutters, washing them clean and cooling the air. Pass from the Boulevards into the private streets, and you will see no more life than here. Down in the *ouvrier* districts people are just thinking of stirring, for many a weary step may lie between the workman's home and his place of toil.

At seven o'clock, the business of the day opens. First comes the milkwoman in her cart drawn by a queer little horse, and establishes herself under a *porte-cochère*, where she arranges her cans, and awaits her customers. She will sit here for two hours dealing out her supply to all applicants; and be sure you will get the pure product of the cow in buying her wares, for dire are the penalties with which the au-

thorities punish the heinous crime of mixing water with milk. Indeed, your true Parisian has no use for water, unless perhaps to mix it with sugar, and sip it at night on the boulevards. In a little while the housemaids come tripping out for the day's supply of milk. They had their share of last night's dissipations, but they are as fresh and as bright as the morning itself. In their pretty dresses and coquettish little caps, they make as attractive a picture as one could wish to see. They are all friends of the milkwoman, and besides telling her their own matters, retail the domestic affairs of their betters so faithfully and thoroughly, that she knows the secrets of all the families in the street. Back home trip the pretty creatures, the fire is lighted in the stove, the kettle boiled, and the real day begins with a cup of *café au lait*, without which no Parisian can enter upon his labors.

Come back into the Boulevards and the adjoining streets. Just opposite the Madeleine the omnibuses are taking their station. Procure your ticket, and mount to one of the open seats on the top. Pass with your vehicle along the splendid street, by the Grand Hotel and the New Opera, through the Italian boulevard, and the Boulevard Montmartre, by the Portes St. Denis and St. Martin, and you will find yourself in the fine square of the Chateau d'Eau. A pretty place, truly, but blood flowed like water here, when the last French King went down before the people. The omnibus stops for a moment to take up the early passengers awaiting it at the *bureau*, and you notice the fine barracks of Prince Eugène, that splendid building of light stone on your left as you turn into the Boulevard du Temple. Never mind the streets Keep your eyes, as long as you can, on the long rows of stands with their beautiful plants and bouquets in the flower-market of the Chateau d' Eau, or rather gaze long at the still prettier girls who keep guard over these dainty wares, even

at this early hour, and nod to their soldier lovers at the barrack windows. Down the Boulevard du Temple you rattle at a merry pace. Here once stood the six theatres, whose tragic spectacles gave to the street the nickname of the "Boulevard of Crime." But they have passed away, and the houses along your route are now the residences of staid, steady citizens, people of wealth and position. Few strangers come this far, unless bound on the errand which has brought you out this morning. They stick to the "true Boulevards." beyond the Porte St. Denis, and only *bona fide* citizens dwell here. Down through the Boulevard des Filles du Calvaire, you enter the fine Boulevard Beaumarchais—the great mocker lived hard by, and the street is cut through what was once his private domain, and is called after him. It saw hard fighting in 1848, and long years ago witnessed the loves of Ninon de Lenclos, whose house stands just out of the boulevard, in the Rue Tournelles.

That high column of bronze, surmounted by a golden victory, marks the sight where the Bastille once stood, and the long street on your left as you descend from your omnibus in the Boulevard Richard Lenoir, leads into the famous Faubourg St. Antoine, now stripped of its terrors.

Your ticket of correspondence entitles you to a place on another omnibus, which carries you, if you so will it, up the Rue St. Antoine into the splendid Rue de Rivoli, past the Hotel de Ville, the grim old tower of St. Jacques, the Louvre, and the Palais Royal, through a maze of narrower streets into the Boulevards once more, and sits you down at the Madeleine again, as the clocks are striking ten.

The Boulevards are alive now. The shops are open, the shutters are down, and the Cafés have gotten themselves in readiness to receive their guests. The lines of carriages are in their places on the streets, with the drivers half-dozing on

Boulevard du Temple, showing the Theatres.

the boxes. The newspaper stands solicit your custom, but you pass them by, unless you are bent on acquiring the news of the market, for nobody but men of business read the morning journals. The gay, gossipy sheets of the evening alone can charm your Parisian. Street peddlers—you may know them by the brass labels containing their number and license, hanging from their necks—accost you at every step, urging you to buy their wares. They know that this is the hour for strangers and sight-seers, from whom they hope to reap a rich harvest.

Your boots are dirty. Do you want them brushed? Call that quiet, respectable-looking man sitting at the street corner. He is the very pattern of politeness, and you pay him more than his charge of three cents for the splendid shine he imparts to your foot-covering. Don't wait for a boy, for you will find no juvenile boot-blacks in Paris. Men do the work here.

There are no women out yet, or only those who earn their living by honest labor. Your fine lady, and the dwellers in the *demi-monde* have not yet roused them from their slumbers.

You are hungry, for it is nearing eleven o'clock. Had you been a genuine Frenchman, you would have had your *café au lait* upon rising, and could now wait with true Gallic stoicism until high noon for your breakfast. Stroll about, attend to whatever business you may have, and at noon go to the Palais Royal, or one of the high-priced *Cafés* of the Boulevards, for your breakfast. It will cost you from a franc and a half upward. If you are moderate in your desires, three francs will buy you a good breakfast in the restaurant of the Grand Hotel.

III.

FRENCH COOKERY.

I.

THE CAFÉS.

What an American would be without his iced drinks—what an Englishman would be without his "half-and-half"—that would a Frenchman be without his coffee.

The *Café* is an institution peculiar to Paris. It is neither a restaurant, pure and simple, nor a bar-room, but is a kind of happy medium between the two.

The first *Café* was opened in Paris towards the latter half of the seventeenth century. It was established temporarily during a great festival, and, being a novelty, of course succeeded for a time. At the close of the festival, however, the proprietor found his custom falling off so rapidly that he was forced to remove to a cellar in the Latin Quarter, and finally to sell out. His failure, however, did not imply a dislike for the beverage on the part of the French, for coffee-drinking became a habit with them from that time forward. It was hawked about by street peddlers, very much as cocoa-water is sold now.

In 1689, another, and a more successful effort to introduce it was made. A Sicilian opened a coffee-house opposite the Theatre Français, and his establishment became the rage. He was followed by an Arminian, who added a fresh novelty—

the habit of smoking while taking coffee. This fellow was a shrewd one, for he also provided his rooms with the leading journals of the day, which he allowed his guests to read gratuitously. Since then the *Café* has been the chief resort of all classes who have a little or a great deal of leisure time on their hands. Statesmen have come here to dream over their plans—poets have found their inspiration here—vast schemes of finance and trade have taken solid shape out of the fumes of the invigorating cup—and revolutionists and conspirators have with equal facility drawn from it the vigor and diabolical clearness which has enabled them to do their work so well.

In 1672, Paris contained three *Cafés;* in 1754, about seven hundred; in 1789, at the beginning of the great Revolution, eleven hundred; in 1825, three thousand; and to-day, four thousand.

The true *Café*, as I have said, is neither a bar-room nor a restaurant. Few persons seek it for the purpose of procuring a "good square meal," and still fewer to obtain intoxicating liquors. It is simply a parlor, an elegant, lounging place, where friends may meet, intrigues be commenced and carried on, and the latest and most popular journals be read for nothing. Strangers, indeed, may get drunk here, and call down upon the place the vigilance of the police, but a Frenchman rarely does. He comes here to meet his friends, to see the world, to hear the latest gossip, or to arrange some future meeting with some demure-looking lady, who sips her coffee so quietly and so modestly that you think her the only honest woman present.

Coffee, tea, chocolate, beer, wines and liquors, form the staple wares of these establishments. They are all of the first quality, and the charges are high. Coffee sells at forty centimes (eight cents) the glass; beer and liquors bring from

forty to fifty centimes (eight to ten cents) the glass; and wines command all prices, none of them cheap, by the bottle or half bottle. Ices sell for one franc, twenty-five centimes (thirty cents) for a small glass, and are far inferior to those of our own country.

The majority of the *Cafés* have been compelled, by the growing demand, to furnish, besides these dainties, many of the substantials, such as chops, eggs, steaks, etc., but the prices are much higher than in the restaurants. Breakfast is a very light meal with the Parisian. He waits until dinner before he thoroughly satisfies his appetite, and, as few persons, save those with an abundance of money, dine at the *Cafés*, one does not find in the majority of them the variety so conspicuous in the restaurants.

I once got a dinner in the *Café d'Orleans,* in the Palais Royal. The following, which is a true copy of my bill, will show that it was not a very elaborate banquet, and will at the same time convince the most skeptical that it was not cheap:

Bread	1 franc.
Wine	3 francs 50 centimes.
Soup	60 centimes.
Butter	20 centimes.
Roast Beef	1 franc 50 centimes.
Peas	1 franc 50 centimes.
Café	40 centimes.
Fruits	3 francs.
Total	11 francs 70 centimes.

In all, about $2.35, gold; or, with specie at a premium of thirty-five, about $3.17, currency. It is needless to say that I did not repeat the experiment; and, I may add, that I got as good a dinner the next day in one of the Palais Royal *restaurants* for five francs.

Interior of a first-class Café.

In the morning, between the hours of eleven and twelve, the *cafés* are thronged with men of business. Idlers come in later. It is only in the evening that they are in their glory. The *Café de la Rotonde*, in the garden of the Palais Royal, has the exclusive privilege of placing chairs and tables within the garden in the open air. It is a little circular pavillion at the northern end of the garden, and pays high for its privilege. Its receipts are heavy, however, for the grounds are a favorite resort in the bright summer evenings, and your Frenchman cannot sit still without a cup of coffee before him. This establishment, and the *Café d' Orleans*, in the glass gallery near the Theatre Français, are the best the Palais Royal can boast.

As soon as the sun sets the *cafés* of the Boulevards are all aglow. They are all handsome establishments, gorgeous with plate-glass, frescoes, and gildings. Scores of lights dazzle the eye, and multiply themselves in the long mirrors. In the summer no one thinks of sitting indoors, and the sidewalks, or *trottoirs*, are lined with little tables and with chairs. Persons of all classes sit here, smoking, drinking, chatting, reading the journals. Here is a true democracy—the only social equality to be seen in Christendom. The Senator and the Blouse sit side by side, and the Duchess and the Lorette rest their dainty cups on the same table. The utmost good humor prevails on all sides, and the truest courtesy is extended to all alike. Your Frenchman holds that it is not only the right, but the duty of every man to enjoy himself to the extent of his capacity, and the Peer feels that at the *café* his right, in this respect, is based solely upon the foundation upon which the *Ouvrier* rests his—his ability to *pay* for his pleasure. Nothing can be more interesting or more brilliant than these brightly lighted streets with their gorgeous *cafés*, their crowds of pleasure seekers sitting or strolling about, scores of

splendid equipages dashing by, and the whole air musical with laughter and merry voices.

But what astonishes an American most, is the length of time a Frenchman takes to swallow a cup of coffee. Your Parisian will not touch anything he cannot spend at least an hour over. In the summer of 1869, some enterprising Yankee opened a genuine American soda-fountain, on the Boulevard des Italiens. At first, being a novelty, it was all the rage, and the hopes of the proprietor rose high; but his custom suddenly waned as rapidly as it had come. He tried various plans for reviving his trade, but without success, and when I last saw him he spoke of closing his doors. The reason of his failure will be plain to all who know the people he had to deal with. The Parisians did not object to the soda-water; on the contrary, they were much pleased with it. They found, however, that to enjoy it they must drink it at once. This set them to thinking. A glass of soda-water cost the same as a cup of coffee. There were no tables on the Boulevard at which to sit and drink it; no journals to read while it was being sipped; and, finally, no sugar and matches to steal when the beverage was imbibed. These were great objections, and as my soda-water friend could not surmount them, I think he will be forced to write "Ichabod" over his doors and turn his face to the setting sun.

Many of the best writers of France deprecate the popularity of the *café* on the ground that it promotes dissipation and idleness, with all their accompanying vices. So far, so good; but there is another vice still more prevalent, namely, theft. Let any man, however honest at the outset, frequent a Parisian *café* for six weeks, and he will wind up by being a thief. See that table over yonder. Three men sit at it. One is a Marshal of France; another, a Senator; and the third, one of the brighest lights of the Church. They have finished

their coffee, and are idly smoking, and watching the crowd. At length the Marshal draws out his watch and, noting the lateness of the hour, proposes to depart. The waiter is called, and the bill paid. On the table there are three small plates, each of which contains two long lumps of white sugar, and in the centre is a box full of matches. No sooner is the waiter's back turned than these men, so high in Church and State, pocket the sugar and divide the matches between them. It is the work of an instant, and then they rise to go. Now, my dear friend, restrain your horror, and refrain from calling the waiter. Look around you and you will see a score of people engaged in the same practice. Matches and sugar are legitimate plunder here; but it would make you laugh to see the guilty look which mantles the culprit's face when the waiter turns suddenly and catches him at his little game. Try the same thing at Delmonico's, and—unless "Del" is in a particularly good humor—you stand a chance of making the acquaintance of Justice Dowling the next morning. Yet "Del" says he keeps his house in the French style. Maybe so, but then his ideas of *meum* and *tuum* have become Americanized.

Amongst the Boulevard *cafés* the following are the most prominent:

The *Café Napolitian*, in the Boulevard des Capucines, is famous for its ices and sorbets. The *Grand Café*, in the same street, at the corner of Rue Scribe, is, perhaps, the most magnificent in Paris. One can get a good breakfast here, at a tolerably reasonable cost. The *Café de la Paix*, and *Café d'Angleterre*, in the same Boulevard, are also fine establishments. In the Boulevard des Italiens, the *Café Anglais*, and the *Café Riche* are famed for their *petits soupers* after the Opera. They are also good dining-houses, but the charges are high. *Tortoni's* has been for nearly half a century,

one of the most famous establishments in the city. Its ices are unsurpassed, and it furnishes good, but costly dinners. It was formerly a rendezvous for stock-brokers and speculators, but the *Café Riche* has drawn away many of this class.

The *Grand Café de Paris*, in the Boulevard St. Martin, has attached to it a fine billiard hall containing twenty-two tables. It is nightly filled with visitors.

The *Café Turc*, in the Boulevard du Temple, is a gorgeous oriental palace, with long galleries and beautiful gardens.

The *Café de la Regence*, in the Rue St. Honoré, opposite the Palais Royal, is the great rendezvous of chess players, and is voted rather stupid by those who do not care for the game.

The *Café Procope*, in the Rue de l' Ancienne-Comédie, in the Faubourg St. Germain, is the oldest in the city. It was a famous house in its early days, for it was the favorite lounging place of Voltaire, Piron, Diderot, Fontenelle, and the wits and geniuses of that century.

Other establishments there are in all parts of Paris, ranging from the palaces of the more fashionable streets, to the simple but neat and cleanly single room of the poorer quarters; all having the same object in view, to provide a place for passing one's leisure time, and hearing the news of the day at a moderate cost.

II.

THE RESTAURANTS.

VERY few of the Parisians take their meals in their own homes; the majority seek them at the restaurants which abound in all parts of the city. They do this for two reasons: first, because a cheaper meal can be obtained in this way; second, because it involves less trouble and a simpler domestic arrangement at home. Judged by our American ideas,

it is a very troublesome and uncomfortable thing to live in this way, but French notions differ from our own.

"Paris," says M. Adolphe Joanne, "boasts restaurants of all classes, of all prices, exactly suited to the tastes and the resources of all. Whether one eats to live, or lives to eat, he is certain to be satisfied here. True, some delicate stomachs assert that the culinary art is in its decadence; and it is possible that it has reached its limit of progress; but such as it is, it is still an art, and in this art Paris has no rival. The traditions of Vatel, of Carême, of Brillat-Savarin, are still fresh there; and it is still the city in the whole world where one can obtain the best dinner for his money."

The restaurants of Paris are divided into two classes. those which furnish a meal at a fixed price, and those which charge separately for each article ordered, or "*restaurants a la carte*," as they are called. Each class has its advocates, and much can be said in favor of each. To my mind, however, the whole question is one of means. If you do not object to spending a round sum of money, you can beyond a doubt get the best dinner at a "restaurant à la carte." If, however, your object is to economize, shun all such places, and order your dinner at a fixed price.

Restaurants with a fixed price are numerous. The *Diner de Paris*, No. 12 Boulevard Montmartre, has also an entrance at No. 11 Passage Jouffroy, and furnishes excellent breakfasts for two francs, and equally good dinners for four francs. This is the best as well as the most expensive of these establishments. There are others scattered over the city, the best being in the neighborhood of the Boulevards and in the Palais Royal. The prices range all the way from two francs to one franc twenty-five centimes for a breakfast, and from four francs to two francs for a dinner; dinners from two and a half francs upwards, including a small bottle of

wine. Should you wish wine of a better quality, an allowance is made for the ordinary wine supplied with the dinner, so that the better bottle costs you only the difference between the price affixed to it and the price of the "*Vin ordinaire.*"

The great advantage of living in this way is, that it enables one to determine his expenses accurately, which is impossible in living "*à la carte.*" At the better class of these restaurants the meals are good enough for any one, and at all, except the very lowest, a plentiful allowance is served out.

The traditional cheap restaurant, that which has been established from time immemorial in the Palais Royal and its vicinity, is the class furnishing dinners at two francs or two francs and a half. These are termed in popular parlance, "Forty Sou Restaurants." The dinner here includes a soup, fish, roast beef, or mutton, or some other kind of meat (you can take your choice), vegetables, bread *ad libitum*, and a dessert. For two and a half francs a half bottle of red wine and a plate of fruit—usually the white grapes of Fontainbleau and a peach—are added.

Other restaurants there are, which furnish meals at a still lower rate. They are patronized by those who cannot afford to do better. If you are influenced by a similar necessity, go there, but ask no questions as to what you are eating. Follow St. Paul's injunction to the letter, and you will never regret it. Your meal will be palatable, and you can eat it, only don't seek to analyze it if your stomach is delicate. Breakfast may be had at these places, which are clean and neat in themselves, for fourteen sous (fourteen cents American money), while the price of dinner ranges from sixteen sous (sixteen cents), to twenty-five sous (twenty-five cents). From the advertisement of one of these places, I take the following bill of fare:

Breakfast at fourteen sous. A dish of soup, a plate of meat,

a plate of vegetables, a simple dessert, bread at discretion, and a quarter-bottle of red wine. By the payment of two sous extra, a half bottle of wine or a bottle of beer may be had.

Dinner at sixteen sous. A dish of soup, a plate of meat with vegetables, bread at discretion, a quarter-bottle of wine, and a dessert. A second plate of meat may be had on payment of two sous extra.

Dinner at twenty-five sous. A dish of soup, a choice of three plates of meat and vegetables, bread at discretion, half a bottle of red wine, and a dessert.

I have seen dinners advertised at eight sous, and I once turned into an eating house in the old city for the purpose of trying it; but my stomach rebelled at the sights and sounds around me, and I came away without making the experiment.

The "*Restaurants à la Carte*" are decidedly the best in Paris, and of these the "Restaurant of the Grand Hotel," which is open to the public as well as to guests of the house, is, in my humble judgment, the best. As I have said, the prices at all these establishments are high. I take the following from an old roll of bills. Here is the cost of a simple breakfast at the Grand Hotel:

	f. c.
Bread	1.00
Coffee	50
Beefsteak, with potatoes	2.25
Total	3.75

Here is another breakfast at the same place:

	f. c.
Bread	1 00
Coffee	50
1 plate of fried sausages	1.00
Total	2.50

Here is a dinner at the same place:

	f. c.
Bread	30
Soup	75
Beefsteak, with potatoes	2.25
Vegetables	1.50
Wine	4.00
Fruit	2.00
Total	10.80

With a friend at dinner at the same place, the bill was as follows:

	f c.
Bread	60
Wine	7.00
Soup	75
Fish	2.50
Roast Beef	2.00
Vegetables	2.00
Fruit	4.00
Total	18.85

From these statements, the reader will see that a dinner for two is cheaper than a dinner for one person only. Indeed, the allowance is so liberal that a dinner for two is really enough for three, and it is a common thing for friends to dine in this way, and thus reduce the expense per head. The proprietor does not object; he receives the full value of the articles ordered, and if you choose to divide with a friend that is your own affair.

III.

TABLES-D' HÔTES.

THE leading hotels of the city, besides being provided with restaurants, have each a general table at which dinner is served, as in American hotels. The price of this meal varies. At the Grand Hôtel it is eight francs, at the Grand Hôtel du Louvre it is seven francs. At the Hôtel Meurice, it is five francs. There are others at which the price is four francs, or four francs and a half.

The table-d' hôte is not restricted to the guests of the house. Any well dressed stranger may pay the price, walk in, and seat himself at the table. Some houses, however, are so popular that it is necessary to secure your place several days beforehand. The dinner hour is usually six o'clock. Guests are not allowed to enter the dining room of the Grand Hôtel after seven o'clock. The table of this hotel is a sight worth seeing, as is also that of the Hôtel du Louvre. The rooms are gorgeous, and the table is served in a style utterly beyond anything seen in our own hotels. The company is brilliant, and the attendance excellent.

At all the eating houses, whether they be hotels or restaurants, the waiters expect a slight gratuity for themselves, usually about one sou upon each franc expended in the establishment. This is deposited in a box, and each night the entire amount thus received is divided amongst the waiters. In the most popular establishments this usually amounts to a considerable sum. Very few of the waiters at these places receive regular wages. They live upon the gratuities of the guests, and many of them even pay the proprietor of the place for the privilege of serving in it. Of late years there has been considerable complaint upon this point from the Parisians. They assert

that the American visitors have departed from the regular standard, and, by giving more than the usual gratuity, have unsettled the old customs and ruined the waiters.

IV.

SOUP HOUSES AND CREMERIES.

Within a few years past, a new class of eating houses has been established in Paris. These are called "*Etablissments de Bouillon*," or in plain English "Soup houses." Soup, however, is not the only commodity sold here, for both breakfasts and dinners of a very substantial kind may be obtained.

A butcher, one M. Duval by name, was the originator of this system, and is the proprietor of no less than ten houses, situated in as many different parts of the city, and all conducted upon the same plan. Twenty thousand persons are said to obtain their meals at these places each day.

Duval's best and largest establishment is situated in the Rue Montesquieu, just back of the Hôtel du Louvre. It is an immense room, with a capacity for seating and serving a thousand people at the same time. The floor is lined with tables, and large galleries extend around the upper part. In the centre is the cooking apparatus, for in these establishments everything is done in the same room in full view of the guests. This department is in charge of a number of tidy girls, and everything is as clean and neat as watchful labor can make it. The kettles shine like gold, and there is everything to assure you that the fare if plain, will be good and pure.

As you enter, a man seated behind a counter near the door, hands you a bill of fare, which you take to your table. Each dish on the list has its price affixed to it, and as the waiter brings it to you, he checks it on the bill of fare with his

pencil. Upon finishing your meal, you hand the bill to a woman sitting at a second counter near the door. She adds up the amount, stamps the bill and receives your money. Then giving the bill back to you, she requests you to leave it with the man in charge of the door as you go out. In this way a system of perfect checks is maintained, and M. Duval's employee's find it impossible to swindle him. Girls are employed as waiters in some of these establishments.

The fare is plain but excellent. A bowl of first rate soup cost four sous (four cents), a plate of vegetables four sous, and a plate of roast meat seven or eight sous, according to its quality. Napkins are furnished, and if used are charged one sou, but if they are not used, no charge is made. These establishments are curiosities in their way, and should never be passed over by any visitor.

The *Crêmerie* is a different institution. It flourishes chiefly in the Latin Quarter, and is patronized principally by the students and Bohemian class in general. Here a large bowl of coffee or chocolate, or boiled milk—the milk being sometimes boiled with rice—can be had for four sous, (four cents); fresh rolls cost one sou each; and a little pat of really good butter, another sou. A beefsteak costs eight sous; two eggs, five sous; and a mutton chop, six sous; so that one can breakfast heartily for about fourteen sous. These establishments usually furnish a simple dinner for about one franc. The cooking is plain, but everything is fresh, and is neatly served.

V.

THE CHEAPEST OF ALL

In the quarter inhabited by the rag-pickers, or "*chiffonniers*," there is a curious establishment called the "*hasard*

de la fourchette" A mass of scraps, bought from the hotels and restaurants, is boiled in water in an immense iron pot, and a wretched soup prepared. The visitors are then informed, that upon the payment of two sous (two cents), each may make one thrust into the pot with a two-pronged iron fork, and have whatever he succeeds in bringing up, together with a plate of the soup. The pot contains all sorts of edibles, and one may bring up merely a crust of bread, or a fine piece of beef, or nothing at all. Only one thrust with the fork is allowed, and it is curious to see how the poor wretches enjoy the risk, the chance of this sad lottery. They seem to care more for the delightful uncertainty which attends their venture, than for the viands it may bring them.

Now, go with me to the *Halles Centrales*, the great market-house of the city. In one corner of this immense shed you will see, perhaps, the most curious collection of stalls to be found in the city. Meats of every description, cooked in every imaginable way—vegetables, cooked perhaps days ago, pieces of bread, crusts, old cakes, masses of rice, and perhaps the remains of some famous desserts—a queer mass of half-consumed provisions, gathered from all parts of Paris—are ranged in plates or piled up in heaps on the not over-clean shelves. This is the market of the poor of Paris. Here they come to buy the wretched food which furnishes their only sustenance. Stand aside, and watch them as they come up, tattered, ragged, squalid, blear-eyed, weak from long fasting, and dirty beyond expression. How their skinny hands tremble as they lay down their few sous! and with what eagerness they clutch the scraps—scraps you would not give to a pet dog! How ravenously they devour it, and how wistfully they gaze after the wretched store as they slink slowly away! That woman with the greasy bag

in her hand, has come to purchase food for her little fatherless ones at home. You can read in her face the story of her long and hard battle with want. She lays down six sous, and sweeps a mass of scraps into her bag. It is not a very large pile, but it is her daily allowance. She pauses as she turns away, and draws out from the bag a crust of bread. She is hungry. She has eaten nothing for hours, and she eyes the crust wistfully. The struggle is brief but sharp. Should she eat this bread, she will take from the children at home. The crust is dropped into the bag again, and the poor creature turns away mechanically and goes back to her little ones. Now, friend, go with me to the Champs de Mars at the next review, and I'll show you a Marshal of France, with his breast glittering with ribbons and orders, who never performed a deed half so heroic as the daily martyrdom of that poor woman, who is starving herself that her children may live.

A recent writer in one of the London newspapers, furnishes the following curious facts in connection with this class of food. He says:

"Amongst the curiosities of Paris life, decidedly are the small carts which from five to six every morning call at the back gates of embassies, palaces, *ministéres*, restaurants, hotels, and great houses in general, to purchase the remains of the entremets, desserts, and dinners in general, left, not by the upper ten thousand only, but likewise by their servants, and sold every morning by their cooks to the emissaries of a race of costermongers called 'arlequins,' whose stalls at the 'Halles' are furnished forth by these 'baked meats' which made their *débût* at the tables of those who rule our destinies. The carts are closed in, and recognizable by the sort of chimneys in the top to admit of free circulation of air; the remains are thrown *pêle-mêle* into the carts, and paid for by weight. You may

imagine the aspect presented by this *olla podrida* when it reaches the 'arlequin' stall. The first process is the *triage*, or sorting, a work of no small difficulty when portions of lobster *à la* Mayonnaise besmeared with soup *à la* Julienne have to be extracted from the remains of a fruit tart in which they are embedded. The most presentable morsels are pared, cleaned(?), and arranged on a dish; this process taking place in some remote corner far from human ken, as, naturally, its mysteries would not attract customers. Strange to say, by twelve o'clock these scraps off rich men's plates are eagerly bought up by a certain class of poor who prefer the savory flavor to more wholesome food. What cannot be sufficiently pared and arranged for human appetite is sold for the food of pet house-dogs, Italian greyhounds, and such like aristocratic quadrupeds. The bones, however, found in this detritus are carefully put aside and sold to the manufacturers of concentrated meat essence lozenges, and by them, after they have boiled them down, sold to the makers of animal black, much in demand by house painters, etc. But to return to our friends the 'arlequins.' This trade of buying up the remains of our friends' side dishes and second courses is by no means a bad one; many of those who pursue it retire at the end of a few years on four or five hundred a year. *Pas mal!* The next branch of this trade is the bakers *en vieux*, which reminds one of the sign which attracts many a true lover of antiquities, 'Moribond de Meubles Vieux.' Ancient furniture, even though stained by age and rust, we all appreciate; but ancient bread, stained by ink and mould, we scarcely relish. Yet it is a remunerative trade to collect the crusts thrown away by college boys, or dropped by these careless youngsters in their playgrounds, trampled on and inked oftentimes, but gathered by *chiffonniers* and sold to these second-hand bakers, and by them sorted. The cleanest of these soiled and

uninviting crusts are dried in an oven, rasped, and then sold for the 'croute au pot,' with which soup all familiar with French cuisines are well acquainted. Furthermore, these choice bits of old bread are cut up into the three-cornered morsels which, fried in butter, adorn the dishes of the vegetables, etc., we enjoy at our favorite restaurant. But there yet remains a mass of mud-stained, dust-soiled scraps which once were bread; this is worked up in a mortar, pulverized, and sold as the *chapelure blanche* in which our cutlets are dressed, or, to use the technical term, *pânê;* and as *chapelure brune* which is sifted over the small hams called *jambonneaux.* There still remains a dust which it has been impossible to work up; this is blackened in the oven, and reduced to an impalpable black powder, mixed with honey, to which is added a few drops of peppermint, and sold as an infallible cure for toothache, for which ailment it is said to be quite as efficacious as anything 'recommended by the faculty.'"

VI.

THE "SPÉCIALITÉ DE PUMPKIN PIE."

From a work recently published, and from the pen of one who knew Paris well, I take the following description of a singular eating-house now well known to the American residents of the city: *

"There is a queer little place in one of the quiet streets in the vicinity of the Madeleine, which has become a shrine to which few Americans, coming to Paris, fail to make a pilgrimage, and, having once crossed the threshold, there is a

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* *Sights and Sensations in France, Germany, and Switzerland.*—By Edward Gould Buffum.

charm about the interior and its contents which irresistibly attracts them often back to it during their sojourn. This is the establishment of Madame Busque, and here is her card, a curiosity in its way, which would very seriously puzzle a foreigner other than one of English extraction:

AUX AMÉRICAINS,
SPÉCIALITÉ DE PUMPKIN PIE.
MME. BUSQUE,
40 RUE GODOT-DE MAUROI 40
PRÈS LA MADELEINE,
PARIS.

"Over the door is the American coat-of-arms, the eagle and the arrows; and if the sight of the emblem of his country fails to send the blood coursing quicker through the veins of the American who sees it, the window is filled with articles, the first glance at which will certainly have this effect. These are pumpkin and mince and apple pies, and gingerbread and doughnuts; all looking particularly nice and tempting. On the glass-door was originally painted, with an apparent consciousness of its literal truth, those cabalistic words, 'English spoken;' but the Madame, who is not very 'strong' in her English, and who evidently desires to do nothing under a false pretence, has modified this by having painted beneath it, in brackets, 'a little,' so that the visitor who speaks no French, need not be disappointed as to the amount or purity of his native language which he will hear. At present, however, both the Madame and 'Charlie' are tolerably well up in the language, and their stock is inexhaustible upon anything relating to buckwheat-cakes and pumpkin-pies.

The establishment is a mystery and a wonderment to the uninitiated, who frequently stop and gaze with a certain sort of awe into the window. What these queer-looking things are, they can have no idea; and then the cabalistic English words upon the window add to the bewilderment. There are two of these, however, which they can fully understand: 'mince' in French means 'thin,' and 'pie' is the name of a species of bird; and so their curiosity is in part satisfied at ascertaining the fact that one of the American 'specialties' is 'thin magpie'.

"Most of our countrymen who visit Paris, find out now the establishment of Madame Busque. Her register of visitors for the past ten years is a literary curiosity which should not be overlooked. Here are the names of ministers and ex-ministers and consuls, members of Congress, artists, authors, poets, journalists, and commoners.

"Such is the 'Spécialité de Pumpkin Pie.' Long may it flourish, and long may good Madame Busque preside over its destinies. It is really a pleasant little oasis in the great desert of Paris, and no American who loves his country and her institutions, visiting the world's capital, should neglect to renew his devotion to them by going there and eating his fill."

IV.

PARISIAN DRINKS.

I.

POPULAR BEVERAGES.

When a Parisian awakes in the morning, his first thought is to call for something to drink; not the vile liquors with which we dwellers in the western world poison ourselves, but simply a refreshing and stimulating cup of *café au lait*, or, in plain English, coffee with milk. This done, he receives his letters, reads them in bed, lies for awhile half in sleep, half in thought, and then rises and dresses for the day.

At his second breakfast, between eleven o'clock and noon, he has another cup of coffee, into which he will perhaps pour a thimble-ful of *cognac*, not a preparation of fusil oil, like that sold in our own saloons, but the pure distillation of the grape. During the day he may refresh himself with a bottle of wine, and empty another at his dinner; but these are merely the *necessities* of his life. He reserves his drinking for pleasure until the evening settles down over the city, and he seeks his favorite *café* to see the world and be seen by it.

At the *cafés* in the evening, the first thing usually called for is coffee. One does not ask for a whole cup, but modestly requests the waiter to bring him *une demie-tasse*, half a cup. This is a small cup, sometimes of a hard white ware, but often of the finest china ware, and the waiter, with an eye to his

pour boire (drink money), takes care that the liquid shall overflow the cup and fill the saucer. This receives the name of *bain de pied*, or foot-bath, and is rigidly exacted of the waiter by all true Frenchmen. The contents of the cup exhausted, the foot-bath shares the same fate, to the intense disgust of the English visitors, who denounce it as "drinking slops." The beverage thus served, is *café noir*, black coffee, and is drank without milk. Most persons mix with it a little brandy, or pour a small quantity of brandy over a lump of sugar in a teaspoon resting on the coffee, and setting fire to the liquor burn away the alcohol, a process which they claim improves the coffee.

After coffee, a small glass of cognac is taken. This is called the *petit verre.* Few Frenchmen could sleep without it, and as a general rule the *café noir* and the *petit verre* will consume three or four hours' time.

Others again, neglect the *café* and the *cognac*, and confine themselves to a bottle of wine, either "ordinary" or a higher priced brand. Beer, made either at Lyons, Strasbourg, or Lille, besides a more inferior quality, is also a common drink. It costs about six cents a glass for the Strasbourg beer, which is the strongest and best, but even this is inferior to the beer and ale made in this country and in England.

Some persons pour a table-spoonful of brandy into a tumbler of water, and make a weak "grog," which they seem to relish very much.

A favorite drink is *eau sucré*, or sugar and water, made by dissolving several lumps of white sugar in water. You may see scores of Frenchmen sitting for hours, each over a glass of this harmless and, to all but them, sickening liquid.

In former years, ladies drank sherbets or sorbets, made of the syrup of red currants, barley-water and the like, but for some time past they have come to share the drinks of the

sterner sex. Take a dozen *cafés* in as many different parts of Paris, and you will find no difference between the contents of the glasses of the two sexes. Indeed, if I have not observed wrongly, the women really drink harder than the men.

Let me not be misunderstood. Though the Parisian appetite ranges over a wide field, it leads to comparatively little actual drunkenness. Perhaps there is less drunkenness in this city than in any other large city in the world. Your Frenchman has a horror of becoming intoxicated. His vanity makes him anxious to be always himself, and causes him to dread becoming ridiculous, besides which he shrinks from the low spirits and sickness which follow a debauch. Yet, when he does drink hard, he throws aside all restraint, and plunges into the sea of dissipation with a recklessness and a fury perfectly appalling. In Paris especially this horror of the bestial state to which drunkenness reduces a man, and this furious, reckless style of drinking are carried to the greatest extremes. As a rule, however, drunkenness is not common, and the Parisians are a comparatively sober people. I once spent two weeks in watching for drunken men, and during that period saw only four or five who were too much under the influence of liquor to control themselves. One of the days of this fortnight was the 15th of August, when Paris was full of strangers.

On the Boulevard des Italiens, not far from the *Café Tortoni*, is a gorgeous palace, ornamented with the star spangled banner and the arms of the Great Republic. A splendid display of gilt letters along the front of the handsome balcony informs the passer by that it is an "American Bar-room," where American drinks, pure and simple, are sold. Attracted by this sign, as well as by the general magnificence of the place, I entered it one night as I was strolling homeward from the Opera, with my head full of the wonderful strains of *The Prophet*. I asked for a glass of "American soda,"

and was given a large tumbler of a reddish liquor mixed with pounded ice, and provided with two fine wheat straws. How the "drink" was mixed, of what it was made, I am to-day profoundly ignorant; but one thing I do know—it was not soda, nor anything I had ever seen in my own land. It was purely a French invention, and—it was very good. The "drinks" sold here may be American in principle, but they are not so in fact. The truth is, American "drinks" are too fiery to suit the delicate Parisian taste, and the genius who presides over this "bar-room" is compelled to moderate or disguise them until the majority have lost their national characteristics. After all, however, I think the French are sensible—whiskey, gin, and rum were never intended for a Christian stomach.

Still, statisticians tell us that drunkenness is increasing in Paris, and that it will eventually be necessary for the Government to interfere and check it. I am not prepared either to confirm or dispute this assertion, but it is certain that the average annual consumption of wine, beer, and spirits, is about twenty-eight gallons for each man, woman, and child residing within the fortifications. The amount of brandy and other strong liquors consumed is increasing annually, and the amount of wine consumed is decreasing in a similar ratio. Thus far, drunkenness is confined principally to the lower classes, poor wretches whose lot is already sufficiently miserable.

There are yet other and more harmless beverages very popular with the *ouvriers*. You may see men going about the streets with queer little tin jars resembling an American water-cooler, ornamented with flags, and strapped to their backs. They announce their presence by ringing a bell and shouting out the price of their wares. They are commonly termed "Coco merchants," "Coco" being a weak decoction of

liquorice and water. The French are very fond of it, but I have yet to see an American or Englishman who can boast more than one trial of it.

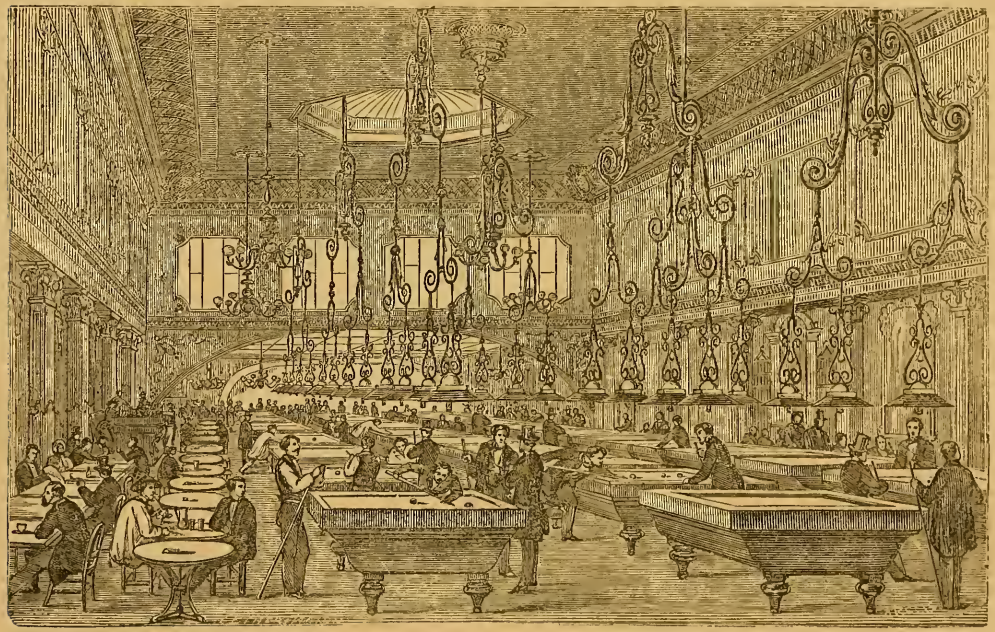
Lemonade stands are scattered all through the city. The beverage is sold at one sou per glass. It is made by squeezing half a dozen lemons into a two gallon bucket of water, sweetening it with a handful of white sugar, and adding enough liquorice to take away whatever taste of the lemons may have accidentally remained in the mixture. Try it, and you will never repeat the experiment.

II.

A GLASS OF ABSINTHE.

It is four o'clock in the afternoon, and Paris is beginning to think of its dinner. Could you stand on the Vendôme Column, or some such lofty height, and gaze down upon the thousands of *cafés* scattered through the great city, you would see thousands of guests sitting at the little tables drinking a greenish liquor, which they sip with an eagerness that gives the lie to the assertion that they take it merely to give them an appetite for dinner. The liquor is known as *Absinthe*, and is growing in popularity every year. Thousands—tens of thousands—of persons drink it in Paris, and large quantities are shipped to our own country. You will find it in almost any of our fashionable restaurants or bar-rooms. There are shops in Paris where nothing else is sold, and which, from early morning until late in the night, drive a thriving trade in this *poison*.

In view of the rapid increase in the demand for this liquor in the United States, I beg to call the reader's attention to the following description of it, from the pen of the late



Interior of a Parisian Billiard-Room.

Edward Gould Buffum. I give this extract in preference to any remarks of my own:

"Medical science has turned its attention to the effects of this poisonous compound, and in a paper recently submitted to the Academy of Medicine by M. Motet, the whole subject is treated in a manner which shows that he has carefully examined it. He says that the habitual use of *absinthe* produces a series of pathological manifestations extremely grave, and differing essentially from the effects produced by other alcoholic drinks; and although the effects of large doses, or of the habitual use of this liquor, are now well known, the drinker, upon whom the habit of using it has been fastened, returns to it in obedience to an almost irresistible fascination while aware that it is destroying him.

"Body and mind crumble alike under the influence of this terrible liquor. It destroys all the finer feelings and more delicate sensibilities of human nature; it absorbs all the faculties; burns and corrodes the body; extinguishes the memory; and annihilates the senses. Of the best constituted man, either physically or intellectually, its constant use will, sooner or later, make a skeleton, an animal—a brute.

"'*Absinthe*,' which simply means 'wormwood,' is made by the distillation of a number of plants—the tops of wormwood, flag-root, anise-seed, angelica-root, leaves of littany (*origanum dictamuus*), and sweet marjoram. All these are macerated, and placed in alcohol of very high proof, and permitted to remain eight days, when the mixture is distilled, half an ounce of the essential oil of anise being added to each three gallons. The first care, after the distillation, is to see whether the liquor is of a good color, and whether it will 'whiten' well; and should it be found lacking in these essential points, it is brought up to the proper standard with indigo, tincture of

curcuma, hyssop, nettles, and sulphate of copper (the ordinary 'blue vitriol').

"*Absinthe*, however, requires none of these adulterations to constitute it a positive poison. Composed of plants of highly exciting qualities, united with the strongest alcohol, it acts directly upon the nervous system, having a much more speedy and positive effect than other alcoholic liquors. Indeed, one of the principal charms which makes the vile compound so popular, is the almost immediate delightfully stimulating effect it has upon the brain. In the process of distillation, the plants furnish several volatile oils, which are among the most virulent poisons. Probably few persons, in mixing their *absinthe* (which, among professional drinkers, is considered a great art), have ever stopped to consider the cause of the 'whitening' or 'clouding', or ever thought that the better the liquor 'mixes,' the more powerfully poisonous it is. The white deposit which, in precipitating, renders it turbid, comes from the essential oils, which are held in solution by alcohol, but which are insoluble in water or weak spirits.

"The effects of the constant use of this villanous liquor, which a friend once said, 'is kept in glass bottles simply because it would eat through the staves of any ordinary barrel in fifteen minutes!' are summed up in a sentence, by Dr. Motet, as a general poisoning of the system, which terminates in insanity and death. Among the symptoms which precede the final result, are uncertainty and indecision of the muscular system, easily recognized by contractions and trembling of the forearm, of the hand, and the inferior members. Strange sensations are observed—such as tingling and pricking of the skin, heaviness of the limbs, and numbness, the hand seizing, and as suddenly letting go, any object within its reach. The patients are weak in the legs, and, in standing, require something to lean against; the knees tremble

and bend; a general air of sadness and hebetude settles upon the features; the lips, the tongue, and the muscles of the face are tremulous; the eye is sunken and sorrowful; the skin assumes a yellowish hue. Dyspepsia and wasting away follow; the mucous membrane becomes of a violet color; the hair comes out; and the entire framework of the man falls into a premature old age and dilapidation.

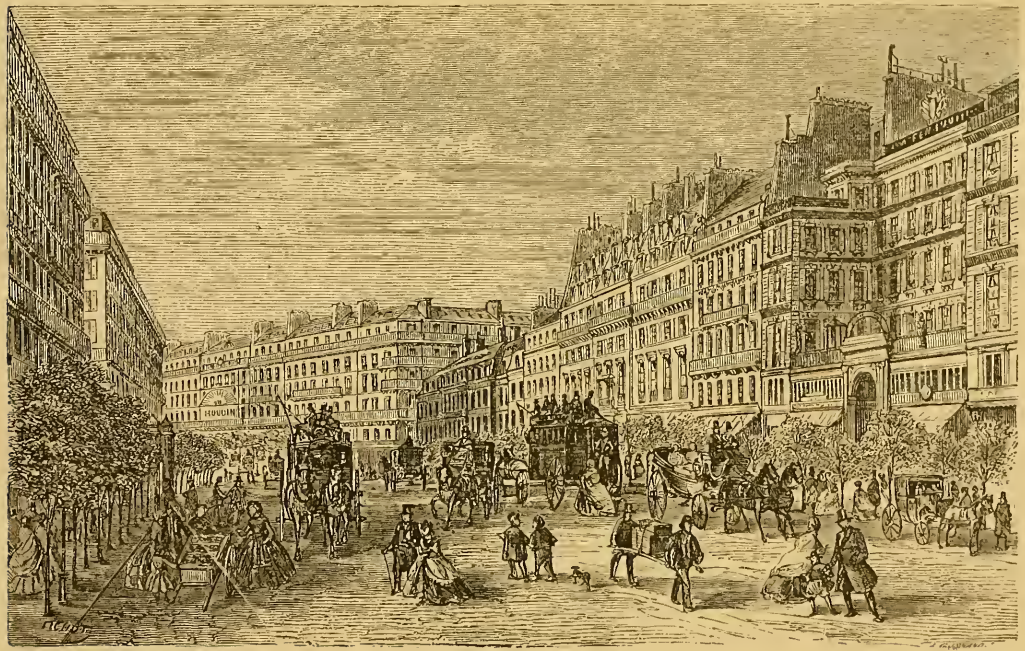
"Such are the bodily symptoms of absinthe poison; and the mental troubles progress concurrently with the disorders of the muscular system. Owing to the progress of the disease of the brain, the sleep of the patient is disturbed; he has terrible dreams and nightmares, and sudden awakings, as though he had been shot from the mouth of a cannon; he is troubled with hallucinations, illusions, blinding of the eyes, and hypochondria; exhibits a very marked embarrassment and dwelling upon words when speaking, and a constantly decreasing strength of intellect. Such is, in a few words, the sad *cortége* of symptoms presented by the victims of the terrible absinthe poison—a *cortége* which only precedes another one following them to the grave.

"Nothing," says Dr. Motet, "can arrest the progress of the brain disease. Sometimes the symptoms will be more favorable for a longer or shorter period, but the respite must not be considered as a sign of approaching cure; and, a little sooner or a little later, death stalks in, in the midst of epileptic attacks, at a time when there is scarcely any human intelligence remaining—when the animal alone exists, and in a state of degradation of which no description can convey an adequate idea.

"This is certainly not a cheerful picture to contemplate, nor is it agreeable to think that this is a fate in store for those thousands of cheerful, healthy-looking men, young and middle-aged, who daily sip their *absinthe* on the Boulevards.

Death and insanity, the result of its habitual use, are very common in Paris; and on the tombstones of not a few of the prominent men in the literary and artistic world, whose lights have gone out during the past ten years, might with truth be written, 'Died of absinthe.'

"So deleterious have been the effects of this liquor, that the French government has prohibited its use in the army and navy, even to the officers, and an attempt is now being made to extend the same restrictions to the other colonies which has been made in regard to Tahiti. And yet, with all these terrible facts brought to light, it is by no means probable that the use of this murderous beverage is decreasing."



Boulevard Montmartre.

V.

THE STREETS OF PARIS.

I.

THE STREETS.

To learn the names and locations of the streets of Paris is a feat which, in all probability, no one will ever accomplish. Even the wise-looking *Sergens de Ville* are not equal to it, and each one of them is furnished with a printed book containing a list of the names and location of every street, passage, and other thoroughfare in the city. Strangers losing their way, should at once apply to these obliging gentlemen, whose little books will indicate the quickest and most direct means of setting them right.

Paris at present contains 1,500 streets, 40 *carrefours*, or open squares in which several streets terminate; 15 courts, 40 lanes, 135 blind alleys, or narrow streets closed at one end; 7 closes, and 10 cloisters. Take the map of the city, and examine it, and you will find yourself completely bewildered by the maze of streets running in every conceivable direction, and it will require only a few minutes to convince you of the utter impossibility of getting the whole plan mapped out in your mind.

The streets of old Paris were, in many instances, built before wheeled vehicles came into use, and nearly all of them were built in utter disregard of this means of locomotion.

The visitor of to-day will still find many of the streets, on the south side especially, so narrow that the wheels of his carriage rub the curbstone on each side, and there are yet a few into which no vehicle of any kind can penetrate; but the majority of the old "rues" have disappeared before the improvements of Napoleon III., to the grief of the lovers of the picturesque, but to the great joy of the inhabitants. These old streets were rarely more than six feet wide, and the houses were five and six stories high. The upper stories projected over the street, and almost closed the opening. Persons at opposite windows could converse in whispers. The pavement was of cobble-stones, a gutter, usually choked with filth, being sunk in the middle. The sunlight never shone into the street, and the gloom and the dirt were horrible. Equally bad was the sanitary condition of the houses. They were dark, unventilated, damp, and dirty. The inhabitants were wretchedly poor, and lived in a state compared with which, the condition of the dwellers in the most wretched New York tenement-house, is one of luxury. Victor Hugo, in the opening chapters of his *Notre Dame de Paris*, gives an admirable description of these wretched thoroughfares. In our engraving, entitled "A Street of Old Paris," the reader will find a faithful sketch of one of these streets—the famous old *Rue aux Fèves*, which was demolished in February, 1862. The drawing was made a few days before its demolition, by Gustave Doré, for MM. Hachette & Co., of Paris, and by them furnished expressly for this work. It is the only souvenir of this famous old street, famous by reason of its extreme narrowness, its sinister aspect, its filth, and the wretched class which inhabited it. It was in this street that the noted cabaret of the White Rabit (*Lapin Blanc*) stood.

The names of the old streets date principally from the reign of Philip Augustus, who was the first to establish a

A Street of Old Paris. Demolished in 1862.

commission of public roads (*grande voirie*), and to classify and determine the names of the thoroughfares. These names had various origins. Some streets were named from churches and chapels located on them, some from convents and religious orders, some from saints, bishops, and monks, some from the hotels or palaces of the nobles situated upon them, some took the names of the nobles themselves, some were called after prominent and popular citizens, and some took their names from the principal avocations carried on within them, each trade or profession usually confining itself to a distinct locality. Historical events have also had their share in assigning these names. In the *Rue Pierre Levée* (street of the raised stone), the ancient Druids once set up their sacrificial altar. It was through the *Rue des Martyrs* that Saint Denis, Saint Rustique, and Saint Éleuthère were led to the heights of Montmartre where they sealed their faith with their lives. The *Rue des Frondeurs,* was the spot where the first barricades of the Frondé were thrown up in 1648. The *Rue des Francs-Bourgeois* was exempt from taxation. The *Rue d' Enfer* (street of hell), at first called the *Via Inferior*, to distinguish it from its neighbor, the *Rue St. Jacques*, owes its present name to a corruption of *Via Inferior*, which occurred in the time of St. Louis, and to the fact that at the same time the old Chateau de Vauvert, which stood in this street, was believed to be haunted by the devil.

At present, the most celebrated, as well as the finest streets in Paris are those which follow:

The *Rue de Rivoli*, named by Napoleon I., in honor of his victory over the Austrians in 1797, is, perhaps, the most magnificent street in the world. It extends from the Place de la Concorde to the *Rue-Culture Sainte-Catharine*, and is continued from this point to the Bastille by the *Rue St. Antoine.* It was begun by Napoleon I. in 1802, and completed by Napoleon

III. in 1865. That portion from the Place de la Concorde to the Rue Castiglione was cut through the possessions of the old Feuillants Convent and a number of private gardens. The space extending from the Rue Castiglione to the Tuileries was occupied by the *Manége*, or riding school of the palace, and it was in this *Manége* that the Convention of the Great Revolution held its first sessions. From a little beyond the palace of the Tuileries to the Hôtel de Ville, was a dense mass of lofty houses and narrow streets, forming one of the worst quarters of old Paris, and one which had given great trouble to the Government. The present Emperor swept all these away, and extended the street to the Rue St. Antoine. Those who never saw the old quarter which was thus demolished can but faintly realize what a wonderful work was this clearance. The street is about two miles long, and is one of the widest in the city. On the south side are the Tuileries and the Louvre and their gardens, the Place du Louvre, the gardens and tower of St. Jacques de la Boucherie, and the Hôtel de Ville. On the north side, starting from the Place de la Concorde, are the *Hôtel Talleyrand*, the *Ministère des Finances* (Treasury), Hôtels *Meurice*, *Windsor*, and *Brighton*, Galignani's Library, *Place du Palais-Royal*, and the *Grand Hôtel du Louvre*. The houses on this street are uniform in architecture, and give to its splendors a rather monotonous appearance. The street floor is occupied by shops, which open upon a magnificent row of arcades which cover the sidewalks. Between each arch a gas lamp is swung, and these when lighted form an unbroken line of light two miles in length. The effect is very fine. Together with the *Rue St. Antoine*, the streets leading from the *Place de la Bastille*, and the *Avenue des Champs Elysées*, the *Rue de Rivoli* forms a direct line of communication for military and other purposes from one end of Paris to the other.

The *Rue de Castiglione* extends from the *Rue de Rivoli* to

the *Place Vendôme.* It was built by Napoleon I., and called after his victory of the 5th of August, 1796. It occupies the site of the old Convent of the Feuillants, is lined with arcades like the *Rue de Rivoli*, is bordered by the Treasury, several hotels, and a number of fine shops, and is one of the handsomest streets in Paris.

The *Rue de la Paix* begins on the side of the *Place Vendôme* facing the *Rue Castiglione*, and extends to the intersection

Rue de la Paix.

of the *Boulevard des Capucines*, and the square of the New Opera. It occupies the site of an old Capuchin convent, and was built in 1807. Until 1814 it was known as the *Rue Napoléon,* but after the return of the Bourbons, it was called by its present name. Several fine hotels—*Mirabeau*, *De la Paix*, *Hollande*, *Westminster*, and *Douvres*—are on this street, which is said to contain more wealth than any other of the same length in Europe. The shops are the most magnificent in Paris, and the display of jewels and other valuables to be

seen here is unrivalled. The upper floors are occupied as residences by the fashionable and wealthy citizens.

The *Rue St. Honoré* is a long, irregular street extending from the vicinity of the *Halles Centrales* to the *Rue Royale*, opposite the Madeleine. Thence it is continued, under the name of the *Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré*, to the *Avenue de Wagram*. Until the completion of the *Rue de Rivoli*, it was the main thoroughfare of the city from east to west, along the Seine. It became a noted street in the fourteenth century, in consequence of a number of fine shops being established in it. Henry IV. was assassinated in front of the house No. 3, which is near the new market (*Halles Centrales*), and in August, 1648, a collision between the troops and the people, in this street, began the troubles of the Frondé. In 1720, after the bursting of the great financial bubbles, Law took refuge in the Palais Royal from the furious mob he had victimized, and his carriage was torn to pieces in this street; in July, 1830, the first blow of the Revolution, which sent Charles X. into exile, was struck here in front of the Palais Royal; and one of the fiercest contests of the struggle of 1848 took place almost on the same spot.

The *Avenue Victoria* was opened in 1855. It is a magnificent street, is lined with handsome shade-trees and splendid houses, and extends from the *Rue des Lavandières*, across the *Place du Châtelet* to the *Place de l'Hôtel de Ville*. It was named in honor of the present Queen of England.

The *Rue de Richelieu* extends from the Palais Royal to the *Boulevard des Italiens*, and is well built, though not very wide. It is lined with fine shops, and contains the Theâtre Français, and Imperial Library.

The *Rue de Lafayette* is a broad and splendid street, newly built, extending from the square of the New Opera to the

Place de la Rotonde. It is one of the finest streets in the city, and is lined with handsome shops.

The *Rue Vivienne* is a fashionable shopping street, as are also the *Rue de la Chaussée-d'Antin* and the *Rue du Bac*.

The most fashionable streets are also devoted to business. The street-floor is occupied with shops, while the upper floors are used as dwellings. Perhaps the finest residences may be seen in that part of the city lying between the New Opera and the *Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile*.

II.

THE BOULEVARDS.

When the peace of Aix la Chapelle, in 1668, convinced Louis XIV. that his Capital was safe for some time to come, the great king pulled down the fortifications of the city, and laid off the space they had occupied in a series of magnificent streets, which were called *Boulevarts*, or bulwarks; the name indicating the use to which the ground had been put. The true, or *Interior* Boulevards were begun in 1670, when the old walls of the city were destroyed. They extend from the Madeleine to the Bastille, and are the most popular and crowded streets in the city. When first laid out, they were thickly planted with shade-trees. These trees remained undisturbed until the Revolution of 1830, when they were cut down to form barricades. Others were planted after the restoration of order, but they shared the fate of their predecessors, in 1848, and the present Government, profiting by this double lesson, has refrained from planting any more.

At all hours of the day these streets are thronged with vehicles and pedestrians, and, especially at night, present a brilliant spectacle. They are flooded with gaslight both from the

street lamps, and from the windows of the shops, *cafés* and theatres, and the side walks are filled and often blockaded with thousands of pleasure seekers of both sexes and of all ages and conditions.

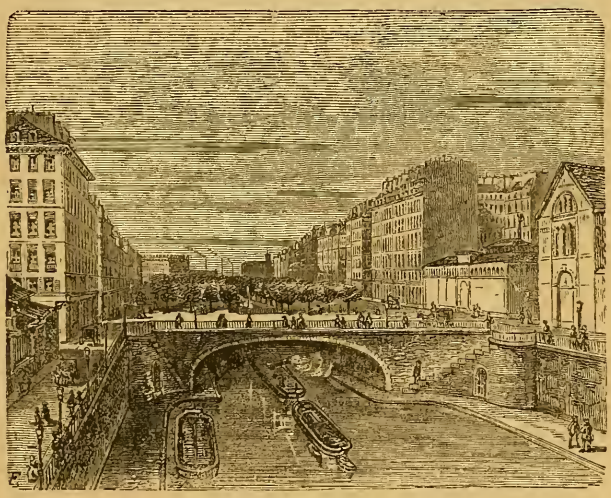
Starting from the church of the Madeleine, one traverses the *Boulevard de la Madeleine,* which two hundred yards from the church, changes to the *Boulevard des Capucines.* On the left are the *Grand Hôtel* and the *New Opéra*, opposite which is the splendid *Rue de la Paix.* At the *Rue Chaussée-d'Antin*, it changes to the *Boulevard des Italiens*, the brightest and gayest of all. Here the crowd is thickest, the shops are most superb, and the display of goods in the windows unequalled by any in the world. On the left is the *Rue Lepelletier* with the *Grand Opéra*, and on the right the *Opéra Comique.* The street now bends slightly to the right, following the line of the old walls, and is called the *Boulevard Montmartre*, the beautiful rival of its Italian neighbor. The *Boulevard Poissonnière*, extending from the termination of the street just named, to the *Rue du Poissonnière*, is quite handsome, but its neighbor, the *Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle* is not so magnificent. We are now at the *Porte St. Denis*, and from here to the *Porte St. Martin*, the street is called the *Boulevard St. Denis*, and is crossed by the magnificent *Boulevard de Strasbourg.* The *Boulevard St. Martin* extends from the old gate of that name to the *Château d'Eau*, and turning sharp to the left is continued to the *Place de la Bastille* under the names of the *Boulevard du Temple*, *Boulevard des Filles du Calvaire*, and and *Boulevard Beaumarchais.* From the Bastille the *Boulevards d'Arsenal* and *de Bourdon* continue to line the Seine, opposite the *Jardin des Plantes.* The principal theatres and places of amusement are situated on the inner boulevards.

A second series, known as the *Outer Boulevards*, occupies

the site of the old *Octroi* wall. They are inhabited chiefly by the poorer classes.

The term Boulevard has also been given to several of the new streets constructed by the present Emperor. They are among the most magnificent in the world, and traverse the city in various directions. The principal are as follows:

The *Boulevard des Malesherbes,* extending from the Madeleine to the Park of Monceaux. It is occupied principally with private residences.



Boulevard Richard Lenoir.

The *Boulevard de Haussmann,* extending from the *Arc de Triomphe* to the *Rue Auber*, by which it communicates with the square of the New Opera. It crosses the street named above.

The *Boulevard de la Reine Hortense*, named after the mother of the present Emperor, extending from the *Arc de Triomphe* to the Park of Monceaux.

The *Boulevard de Richard Lenoir*, extending from the *Place de la Bastille* to the Douane. The centre is planted with trees, and consists of an archway covering the Canal St. Martin which flows beneath, and is lighted and ventilated by shafts from the street.

The Boulevard du *Prince Eugène*, extending from the *Chateau d'Eau* to the *Place du Trône*. It is two miles long, and is one of the handsomest streets in the city.

The *Boulevard de Sébastopol*, a magnificent street, extending from the station of the Strasbourg Railway, across the Seine to the Observatory. It is very wide, and is lined with shade-trees and splendid buildings. Between the railway depot and the *Boulevard St. Denis*, it is called the *Boulevard de Strasbourg*. The portion lying on the south side of the river is called the *Boulevard Saint Michel*.

III.

PASSAGES AND CITÉS.

PARIS possesses a number of *passages*, or *galleries*, a sort of covered street, practicable only for foot-passengers, and affording short cuts from one street to another. They are lined with shops and eating-houses. Some years ago they were famous lounging places, but have gone down very much of late, the shops being now principally second-rate establishments. At night they still present a curious and attractive appearance, and are richly worth seeing.

The *Passage Choiseul*, between the *Rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs* and the *Rue Neuve-St. Augustin*, is famous for its oranges, and is much frequented.

The *Passage de l'Opéra*, on the *Boulevard des Italiens*, between the *Rue Drouot* and the *Rue Lepelletier*, leads to the

Boulevard Sébastopol, on the south side of the Seine.

vestibule of the *Grand Opéra.* It contains a reading-room, and is one of the finest *passages* in the city.

The *Passage des Panoramas* unites the *Boulevard Montmartre* with the *Rues Vivienne, St. Marc,* and *Montmartre.* It is divided into several galleries, and furnishes one of the finest sights of Paris.

The *Cités* are streets built by private individuals, and on private property. They are not public thoroughfares. Some of them are lined with magnificent edifices, and are the privileged resorts of wealth, while others form places of refuge for the poor and wretched. The *Cité Doré*, in the *Quartier des Deux-Moulins*, is formed of plaster-work and boards, and is inhabited by the poorest rag pickers of the Thirteenth Arrondissement.

VI.

PUBLIC PLACES AND FOUNTAINS.

I.

PLACES AND SQUARES.

PARIS possesses a number of handsome open places and squares, some of which are full of historical interest. I shall mention only the most prominent.

The *Place de la Concorde* occupies the immense space lying between the Champs Elysées on the west, and the Gardens of the Tuileries on the east, and the Seine on the south, and a row of private hotels and *Ministère de la Marine* on the north. It is the largest and most magnificent of all the public *places* of Paris, and is about one thousand feet long by eight hundred feet wide. The *Pont de la Concorde* connects it with the Palace of the Legislative Body, on the south side of the Seine; and on the north, the *Rue Royale*, a magnificent street, stretches away to the Madeleine. Four fine avenues radiate from the centre of the square. Eight colossal statues of French cities—Lille, Strasbourg, Bordeaux, Nantes, Marseilles, Brest, Rouen, and Lyons—are ranged around the square; and two splendid fountains are placed on each side (north and south) of the obelisk.

In the centre of the Place stands the famous obelisk of Luxor. "This magnificent monolith of red Egyptian granite, (syenite), was one of two, of like size and shape, which stood

Place de la Concorde.

at the entrance of the great temple of Thebes (now Luxor), where it was erected by Remeses the Great, commonly called Sesostris, B. C., 1350; as is commemorated in the three rows of deep, sharply cut, and well preserved hieroglyphic cartouches on its sides. Mahomed Ali, Pasha of Egypt, presented it to the French Government, at the same time that he gave its fellow to the English, who have never taken the trouble to remove it. The removal of such a mass, weighing two hundred and forty tons, was a work of great difficulty and expense; but it was ably performed under the direction of the engineer Lebas, who had in his employ eight hundred men. After casing it in timber, for safety, he lowered it by skilfully arranged tackle, and transported it across the sands to a vessel built expressly in France to transport it. In this it descended the Nile to Alexandria, whence a steamer towed it in safety to Cherbourg, where it arrived in 1833. The elevation of the obelisk on its present site, a masterly operation of French engineering, took place in 1836, in the presence of Louis Philippe and 150,000 spectators. A model of the ingenious apparatus employed may be seen in the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, and on the pedestal are cut, in gilt outlines, views representing the means adopted to remove and raise the obelisk to its present position. The height of this obelisk is seventy-four feet four inches; its width seven feet six inches at the base, which rests on a block of granite from Brittany, thirteen feet two inches higher and five feet five inches square; it weighs 500,000 pounds, and the cost of transport and elevation amounted to 2,000,000 francs. Near the top, which is unfinished, cracks are to be seen, and it is said that they are extending under the damp and variable climate of Paris."*

* Murray's Hand-Book of Paris.

Previous to the year 1748, this square was simply an open field lying between the Champs Elysées and the Tuileries Garden. In that year the municipal authorities of Paris received permission from Louis XV. to erect a bronze statue of his Majesty in the centre of the open space. This was done in 1763, and the place handsomely laid off very much after the present plan. In 1770 there was a grand display of fireworks here, in honor of the marriage of the Dauphin (Louis XVI.), with the Archduchess of Austria (Marie Antoinette). A rocket accidentally exploding in the crowd, caused a stampede, in which 1,200 persons were trodden to death or smothered, and 2,000 more injured.

On the 12th of August, 1792, the day after the attack upon the Tuileries by the mob, the National Convention ordered the statue of Louis XV. to be taken down and melted into cannon and coins. The next year, a huge statue of Liberty, of painted clay, was erected on the old pedestal, and the name of the square changed to *Place de la Revolution.*

Its chief interest, however, lies in the melancholy tragedies which occurred here. On the 21st of January, 1793, the *Guillotine* was set up a few yards to the west of the spot now occupied by the obelisk, and on the same day the head of Louis XVI. was severed from his body. It was a thoroughly French idea, but it does seem to have been the refinement of cruelty to kill the king right under the windows of his own palace, for the doomed monarch had but to cast his eyes across the pretty gardens to rest them on the yellow façade of the Tuileries.

After the execution of the King the Guillotine was removed to the *Place du Carrousel*, where it remained for a few months, but in May, 1793, it was again set up on the spot where Louis had died, and remained there until June, 1794. During this period, the weird knitters who sat like so many

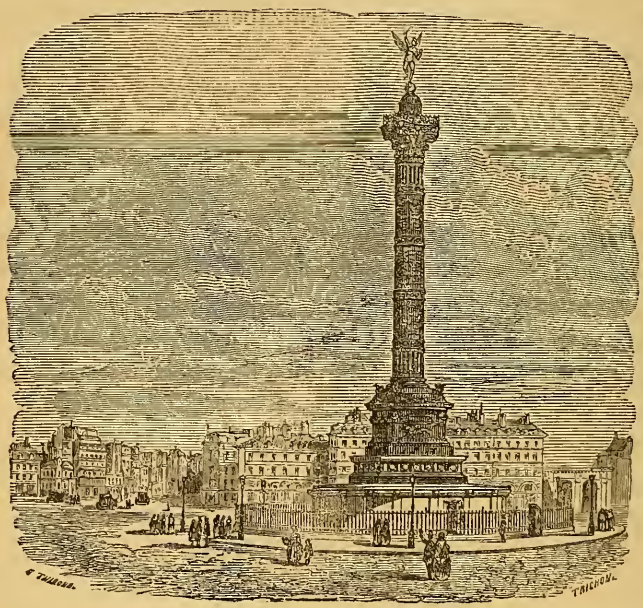
fates around the scaffold, counted 1,235 heads, as they fell into the basket below. On the 17th of July, 1793, Charlotte Corday was executed here; on the 16th of October, Marie Antoinette was re-united to her husband; on the 9th of November, the beautiful and noble Madame Roland was beheaded here; and on the 14th of the same month, Philippe Egalité paid this price for his Republican principles. On the 10th of May, 1794, Madame Elizabeth, the sister of Louis XVI. was executed here.

After this, the Guillotine was removed to the *Place de la Bastille*, and then to the *Barrière du Trône.* At the downfall of Robespierre it was brought back to its old place; and here, on the 28th of July, Robespierre and twenty-one of his associates were put to death. Two days later, eighty-two fresh victims were added to the horrid list. They were chiefly the judges and officers of the Revolutionary Tribunal and the Commune de Paris, who had been so active in sending others to the scaffold.

In 1799, the square was named *Place de la Concorde*; and in 1814, it was occupied by the Russian and Prussian troops; and in 1815, by the English army. After the Restoration, the name was changed again to *Place Louis XV.;* and in 1826, it was called *Place Louis XVI.*, in consequence of the adoption of a plan to build an expiatory monument to the king on the spot where he had suffered. This plan failed, because of the Revolution of 1830. The old name, *Place de la Concorde*, was restored; and later, the ceremonies by which the Republic of 1848 was proclaimed, were held here.

The *Place de la Bastille*, is the name given to the wide open space at the intersection of the Rue St. Antoine and the *Boulevards Beaumarchais* and *Richard Lenoir.* It occupies the site of the old Castle built by Charles V. for the

defence of the Gate of St. Antoine, which afterwards became famous as a State Prison, especially during the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., and which was taken and destroyed by the people in 1789 The materials of which it was constructed were afterwards employed in building the *Pont de la Concorde.* The site was at once levelled, and the



Place de la Bastille.

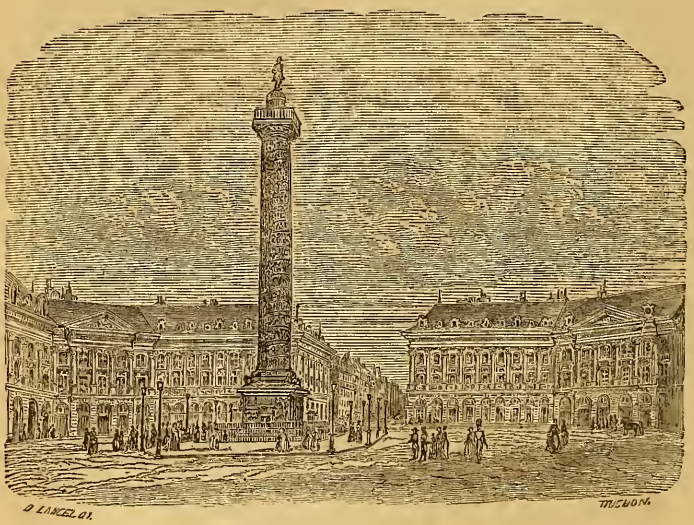
model of a huge elephant, in plaster, which it was designed ultimately to cast in bronze, was put here and covered with a shed. In 1831, Louis Philippe laid the foundation of the present column, which is dedicated to the memory of the French citizens who made the revolution which placed him on the throne. The remains of six hundred and fifteen citizens killed in this struggle were buried in the vaults be-

low the column in 1840, and their names inscribed upon the pedestal. In 1848, the mob brought the throne of the "Citizen King" from the Tuileries to this place and burned it. In the battles of June, 1848, the insurgents had their principal barricade just opposite the column, at the head of the *Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine*, and it was from this work that the cowardly shot was fired which killed the good Archbishop of Paris while engaged in his work of love and mercy.

The "Column of July," which occupies the centre of the open space, is one hundred and fifty-two feet high, and is surmounted by a winged figure of Victory, in bronze gilt. The column itself is entirely of bronze. A winding stairway leads to the summit, from which one of the best views of Paris may be obtained. The payment of a small fee is necessary to gain admission.

The *Place Vendôme* was laid out in 1699, on the site of the house and gardens of the Duc de Vendôme, a natural son of Louis XIV. It was at first called the *Place des Conquêtes*, and a statue of Louis XIV. was set up in the centre. The statue was destroyed during the Revolution. In 1806, Napoleon I. began the column which stands in the square to-day, and completed it in 1810. It is designed in imitation of the columns of Tragan and Marcus Aurelius, at Rome, and is intended to commemorate the successful campaign against the Austrians in 1805. It is of bronze, made of the cannon captured during the wars of Napoleon, and is ornamented with a series of bass-reliefs, representing the battles and victories of the French during the campaign it commemorates. At the summit of the column is a statue of Napoleon I. in the costume of a Roman Emperor. This is the third which has been placed there. The first was taken down and melted after the Restoration to form a part of the equestrian statue of Henry

IV., which stands on the *Pont Neuf*. In 1831, a second one was placed on the column, but was taken down in 1862, and now stands at the extremity of the *Avenue d' Neuilly*, on the spot where the Emperor's ashes first rested upon French soil after their return from St. Helena. The present statue is an exact copy of the original. The column is one hundred and forty-three feet high to the base of the statue, which is twelve feet in height. Narrow winding stairs lead to the top, from



Place Vendôme and Napoleon Column.

which a good view of the city may be obtained. The old sergeant in charge of the column served under the great Emperor, and is an object of almost as much interest as the column itself. The railings which enclose the base, are usually hung with wreaths of flowers, tributes to the memory of the Little Corporal, from his old veterans.

The houses enclosing the square are the work of Mansard, and are handsome specimens of his style Several of them

are used as private residences. The headquarters of the General Commanding the Army of Paris, the Ministry of Justice, the offices of the *Crédit Mobilier,* and the Hôtel Bristol comprise the other buildings.

The Arch of Triumph.

The *Place de l' Arc de l'Étoile,* occupies the high ground at the western extremity of the Champs-Elysées. It is circular in shape, and is formed by the intersection of twelve fine avenues. It is bordered with magnificent mansions, uniform in style, and constitutes one of the handsomest sections of

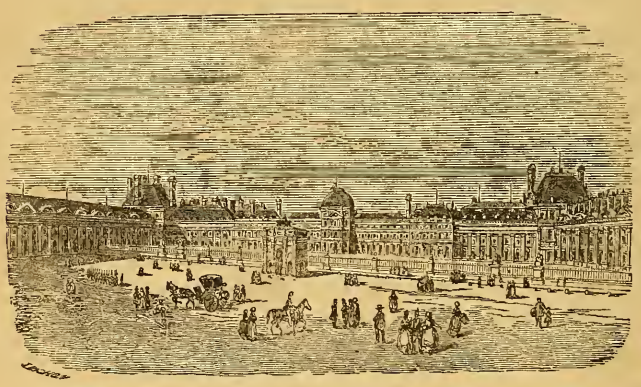
Paris. In the centre stands the magnificent *Arc de Triomphe*, the largest triumphal arch in the world. It is one hundred and sixty-one feet high, one hundred and forty-five feet wide, and one hundred and ten feet deep. In the centre is an immense arch, ninety-seven feet high, and forty-five feet wide, surmounted by a massy entablature, and pierced by two smaller side arches. Each face is ornamented by two reliefs On the side facing the Tuileries, the relief to the left of the visitor who faces the arch, represents the departure of the French army of 1792, while that on the other hand, represents the triumph of 1810. On the other face are reliefs representing Resistance and Peace. The other sculptures represent various victories of the French army, and the walls are inscribed with a long list of French triumphs, and with the names of several hundred of the most distinguished generals of France. Near the top of the edifice is a row of shields inscribed with the names of the principal victories of Napoleon I. It is one of the handsomest public works in the city, and forms a conspicuous object in any view of Paris. It was begun by Napoleon I. in 1806, and completed by Louis Philippe. It cost upwards of 10,000,000 francs. A stairway leads to the top from which a magnificent view of the city and surrounding country is obtained.

Place du Carrousel is the name given to the open space between the palaces of the Tuileries and the Louvre, now enclosed on all sides by those two palaces and the buildings uniting them. Until the commencement of the present century, this square was covered with a dense mass of houses, several churches, a theatre, etc. The site of the arch was occupied by a small square, called *Place du Carrousel*, from a tournament held there in 1662, during the reign of Louis XIV. The area between the square and the Tuileries was occupied principally by the offices and outbuildings of the

palace. On the 10th of August, 1792, the populace stormed the Tuileries, and set fire to these outbuildings, which were nearly all consumed. In 1804, an infernal machine was exploded in the Rue Sainte Nicaise, one of the old streets of this place, for the purpose of killing the great Napoleon, who soon after pulled down the houses standing between the palace and the present iron railing, and cleared and enclosed this part of the square. He also built the gallery designed to connect the Tuileries with the Louvre, on the side of the Rue de Rivoli, and completed it as far as the archway facing the Rue de Richelieu. Louis Philippe continued this work. He purchased and tore down about two-thirds of the remaining houses, but allowed the northern gallery to stand as Napoleon I. had left it. Napoleon III. swept away the last of the houses which covered that part of the square known as the *Place Napoléon III.*, and completed the galleries connecting the two palaces.

The view from any part of this enclosure, presents one of the grandest architectural displays of which the world can boast. On the north and south are the magnificent buildings forming the connection between the two palaces. On the west is the palace of the Tuileries, and on the east is the restored façade of the Louvre. This portion of the Louvre is flanked by two ranges of elegant buildings, running almost parallel with the great galleries, and designed to conceal the want of parallelism between the Tuileries and the Louvre. The space enclosed between the façade of the Louvre and these new buildings, is called the *Place Napoléon III.*, and its centre is ornamented with a handsome little garden. The new buildings are the work of the present Emperor, and constitute one of the finest portions of the whole pile. Every ornament art could devise has been lavished upon them, and the fronts are lined with rows of statues of the great men of

France. The buildings on the north side (next to the Rue de Rivoli) contain the offices of the Minister of State and of the Imperial Household, the Library of the Louvre, the Central Telegraph office, and the Barracks of the Imperial Guard. On the side next the Seine, are the private stables of the Emperor, containing the carriages and horses in immediate use by the Imperial family. The buildings on all sides of this immense square are interrupted by projecting and elevated masses, called *pavillons*. They are magnificent as



Place du Carrousel.

works of art, and are pierced with archways, which afford the means of communication between the square and the adjacent streets. The *pavillon* at the eastern end of the *Place Napoléon III.*, is the *Pavillon Sully,* formerly the *Pavillon de l' Horloge* (Clock Tower), and leads into the great court of the Louvre. The *Pavillon de Richelieu,* on the north side of the square, leads out to the *Rue de Rivoli* and the *Place du Palais Royal*, and is the finest tower in the whole pile.

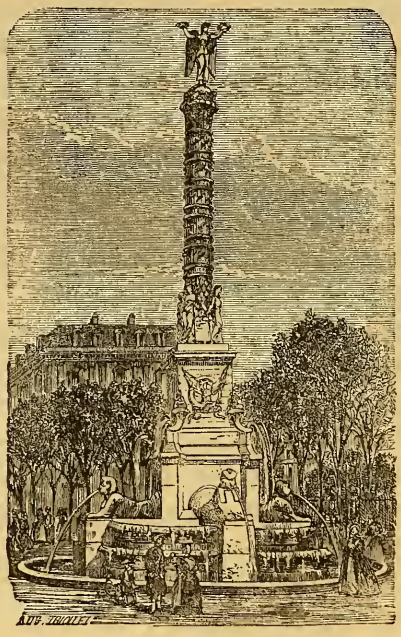
Near the western end of this great square, and just in front of the railing erected before the palace of the Tuileries, is the

splendid *Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel.* It was begun by Napoleon I. in 1806, and is forty-eight feet high, and sixty-five feet wide. The four faces are ornamented with marble bass-reliefs, representing the principal battles of the first Empire; and each front has a row of four marble columns reaching from the ground to the top of the arch, each column being surmounted with a statue of a soldier of the Empire in the uniform of his corps. On the top of the whole structure, Napoleon placed the four bronze horses he had carried away from the Basilica of St. Mark, at Venice. These were restored to the Venitians in 1814, and their place is now supplied by a female figure, designed to represent the Restoration, standing in a chariot drawn by four horses.

The *Place du Château-d'Eau* is formed by the intersection of the Boulevards of the *Temple, Saint Martin, Prince Eugène, Amandiers, and Magenta.* It is handsomely ornamented with shade-trees, and takes its name from the fine fountain, which stands in the centre, which was placed here in 1812. The open space is usually occupied with the principal flower-market of Paris, which adds much to the beauty of the scene. At the northeastern end of the square, stands a magnificent building, called the Barrack of Prince Eugène, occupied by three thousand soldiers. This square is famous as the scene of some hard fighting during the Revolution of 1848.

The *Place du Châtelet*, at the northern end of the *Pont au Change*, occupies, in part, the site of the old feudal fortress of the Grand Châtelet, built at first for the defence of the city, and afterwards famous as the prison of the burghers of Paris, the residence of the Provost of the city, and the seat of the Courts of Justice. It was pulled down in 1803, and the present square, which has since been enlarged, was begun. The Boulevard Sebastopol and the Avenue Victoria cut this square, and rows of magnificent buildings enclose it

Two theatres, the Théâtre Lyrique, and the Théâtre du Châtelet face each other on the side next the river. In the centre stands a handsome fountain, built by Napoleon I. It is ornamented with a column in the form of the trunk of a palm-tree, rising from the centre, and surmounted with a gilt figure of Victory. The shaft is inscribed with the names of Napo-



The Châtelet Fountain.

leon's battles, and the base is ornamented with statues of Prudence, Vigilance, Justice, and Force. The whole is placed on a pedestal of stone, surrounded with sphinxes. Streams of water flow from the sides of the pedestal, and the mouths of the sphinxes. The fountain is surrounded by shade-trees, and the spot forms one of the pleasantest resting places in Paris.

The *Place Royal* in the *Rue des Vosges*, a little to the west of the Boulevard Beaumarchais, is one of the most interesting parts of Paris. It occupies the site of the ancient *Palais des Tournelles*. Henry II., having been accidentally killed there, in a tournament, by Montgomery, in 1559, his widow caused the palace to be pulled down, and Henry IV. built the present square on its site. It is an immense quadrangle of red-brick arcaded houses, with high pitched roofs, enclosing a pleasant garden ornamented with a statue of Louis XIII., and with four fountains. At present it is the resort of old persons and children with their nurses.

Everything is hushed and quiet here, and as you enter the place fresh from the bustle and noise of the Boulevards it seems that you have stepped into another world. The queer old houses carry you back fully two centuries, and have such a gloomy, sombre air, that you can hardly realize that this was the chosen resort of fashion in the brilliant age of Louis XIII. Yet such it was. That singular old house, now number 21, was the town residence of the great Cardinal Richelieu, and No. 9, was the home of his mistress, Marion Delorme. Only a short while back Victor Hugo lived in the latter building.

The "Republic of '89," called the place, the *Place des Vosges*, in honor of that Department which was the first to contribute to the necessities of the State, but in 1814 the old name was restored. In 1848, it was again called the *Place des Vosges*, but in 1853, was given back its present title.

The other prominent places of the city are the *Place de la Bourse*, to be described in connection with the *Bourse*, the *Place de l'Europe*, *Place François I.*, *Place de Grève*, *Places Louvois*, *du Louvre*, *Notre-Dame*, *du Palais-Bourbon*, *du Palais Royal*, *du Panthéon*, *du Roi-de-Rome*, *du Pont*, *Saint Michel*, *St. George*, *Saint Sulpice*, and *des Victoires*.

They are all more or less handsome, and are ornamented in many instances with statues or fountains.

The streets and squares of the city are paved with asphaltum, or are simply macadamized roads. They are swept clean and almost entirely free from dust at night, and are in marked contrast with our own thoroughfares in this respect. At sunrise a stream of fresh water is made to flow through each gutter, and is continued for several hours. In this manner all filth is carried away, and washed into the sewers.

II.

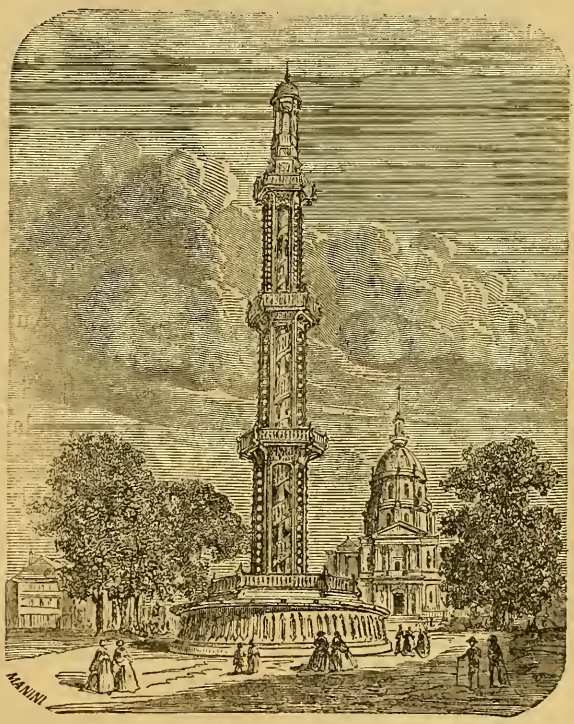
FOUNTAINS, MONUMENTS AND STATUES.

Paris has several means of obtaining pure water for the consumption of its people. I. The water of the little river Ourcq is carried to the city by means of the Canal de l'Ourcq. This Canal is twenty-five miles in length, and was begun by Napoleon when first Consul, and finished in 1827. It commences at Mareuil (Oise) and terminates in the basin of *La Villette,* in the N. E. part of the city. The St. Denis and St. Martin Canals join it to the Seine on the north and south. The principal reservoir of the Ourcq is situated above the *La Villette* basin, at the point of junction with the St. Denis Canal, and can furnish in twenty-four hours about 1,200,000 cubic yards of water. An acqueduct extends from this basin along the hills surrounding Paris, and supplies a basin near Monceaux.

II. The water of the Seine is forced by the powerful Chaillot pumps, worked by steam-power on the Quai de Billy, near the Bridge of the Alma, to the reservoirs on the heights beyond, from which it is supplied to the right bank of the river.

III. The Gros Caillou pumps on the opposite side, force up the supply of Seine water for the south bank, to the reservoirs beyond.

IV. The Arcueil Canal, begun in 1620, consisting in part of a fine acqueduct, receives its supply at a distance of ten



The Artesian Well at Grenelle.

miles from Paris, and discharges it into the reservoir in the vicinity of the Observatory, from which it is distributed over the southern part of the city.

V. The Artesian wells at Grenelle and Passy. The water

of the latter well is now allowed to flow into the lakes of the Bois de Boulogne.

VI. The reservoirs of Belleville and Ménilmontant receive the waters of the Marne and the Dhuis, and convey to the city supply of about 85,000 cubic yards of water every twenty-four hours.

Other projects are on foot to increase the supply, and will doubtless be carried out in a few years.

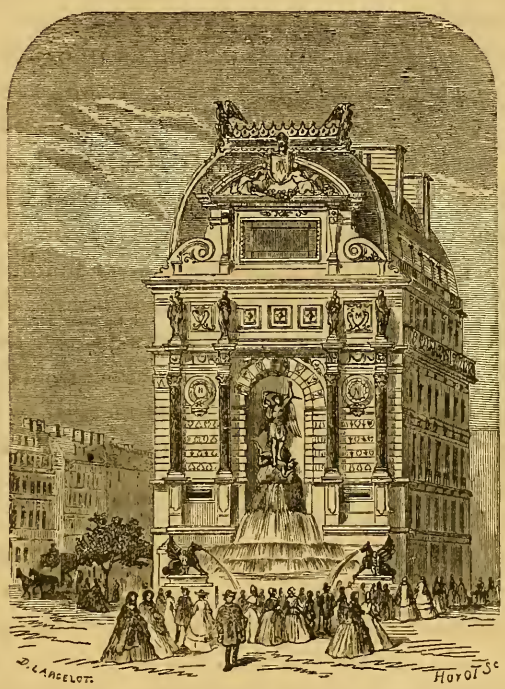
Water pipes are laid throughout the entire city, and hydrants are located at convenient distances in every street, but not more than one-fifth of the houses have water laid on. The conveniences which in this country are deemed indispensable to the poorest establishment, are almost unknown in Paris. The houses which have not the water laid on are supplied with it at the door from carts and buckets. The men who furnish this supply are chiefly natives of Auvergne, and are said to number several thousand.

The water is pleasanter than that of London, but is not so good as the Croton. In the summer it is particularly unpalatable without ice, which is scarce.

The Artesian Wells at Passy and Grenelle are richly worth visiting. The latter is but a short distance from the dome of the *Invalides,* being almost at the foot of the *Avenue de Breteuil.*

The streets are supplied with a number of ornamental fountains, from which any one may obtain water. They are in some cases very beautiful as works of art, and always form one of the pleasantest and most attractive features of the neighborhood. The principal of these are the *Fontaine de l'Arbre Sec*, at the intersection of the *Rues de l'Arbre Sec* and *Saint Honoré;* the *Fontaine Cuvier*, at the corner of the *Rues Cuvier* and *Saint Victor;* the *Fontaine Gaillon*, in the *Carrefour Gaillon;* the *Fontaine des Innocents*, near the *Halles*

Centrales; the *Fontaine Molière*, at the corner of the *Rue de Richelieu* and *Rue de Fontaine Molière*, and opposite the place where the great poet died; and the *Fontaine Saint Michel*, in the *Place Saint Michel.*



Fontaine Saint Michel.

Statues and Arches are numerous. In addition to those already mentioned are the following:

The *Statue of Henry IV.*, on the *Pont Neuf*, is the work of Lemot, and stands on the square mole of the bridge. It is of bronze, and is made of the statues of Napoleon I., from the Vendôme Column and the Column of *Boulogne-sur-Mer* and the statue of Desaix from the Place des Victoires, which

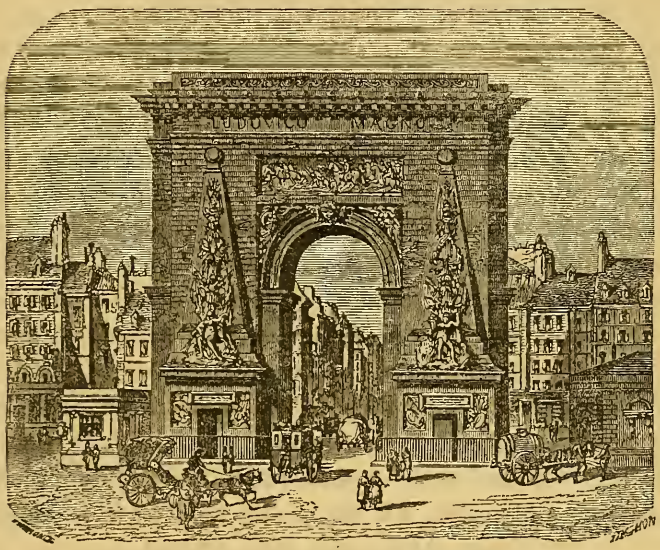
were taken down by order of Louis XVIII. and melted into this one, which replaces the original statue of Henry IV. melted in 1792 to make cannon. The pedestal is of marble, and is ornamented with bronze bass-reliefs, representing Henry IV. entering Paris in triumph, and Henry IV. sending provisions over the walls to the besieged citizens.

The *Statue of Marshal Ney* stands in the Carrefour of the Observatory, and was erected in 1853. It was designed by Rude, and cast in bronze by Eck and Durand. It is a fine work, and marks the spot where the Marshal was shot, in 1815. Charged with the duty of marching against Napoleon, after the return of the Emperor from Elba, Ney could not resist the sight of his old chieftain, and went over to him with his whole force. For this act, so pardonable in him, the Bourbons, incapable of forgiveness, had him shot here on the 7th of December, 1815. Justice has been done to his memory at last, and the spot where he fell is now marked by this fine statue, the pedestal of which is inscribed with the names of his "hundred battles."

The *Porte Saint Denis* stands on the Boulevard of the same name, and marks the site of the old St. Denis gate in the wall of Philip Augustus. The present structure is seventy-six feet high, and the principal arch is twenty-six feet wide and forty-five feet high. It was erected as a triumphal arch in 1672, by Louis XIV., for the purpose of commemorating his victories. The sculptures represent the triumphs of *Louis le Grand*, and that above the arch is his passage of the Rhine. In 1830, the arch was occupied by the insurgents, who fortified themselves on the top of it, and held it against every effort of the troops to dislodge them. It was in the immediate vicinity of this arch that the Revolution of 1848 began

The Porte *Saint Martin* stands in the Boulevard St. Martin,

just below the arch mentioned above. It is also a triumphal arch, designed to commemorate the victories of Louis XIV., but is vastly inferior in size and beauty to its neighbor. It was built in 1675, and is fifty-seven feet wide, and fifty-seven feet high. It is ornamented with a series of indifferent



Porte St. Denis.

sculptures, one of which represents *le grand monarque*, as Hercules, in a full-bottomed wig. Like its neighbor, it was occupied by the insurgents in 1830, but was not held so successfully. In 1848 it was the centre of much of the heaviest fighting.

VII.

ALONG THE SEINE.

The Seine enters Paris at the extreme southeastern limit of the municipal line, at the point where it is crossed by the *Pont Napoléon III.*, and flows through the city in a generally northwesterly direction as far as the *Place de la Concorde.* Here it makes a slight turn, and flows almost due west to the Bridge of the Alma, after which its course is southwest to the new bridge below the Bridge of Grenelle, at the end of the corporate limits—a total distance of about six English miles.

For almost the entire distance the banks of the river are walled up with stone masonry, and are lined with quays, which are bordered with shade-trees, and form a delightful promenade. The stream is crossed by twenty-seven bridges, some of stone, some of wire, and others of iron.

Just within the fortifications the *Pont Napoléon III.* spans the river. It is a handsome structure of stone, four hundred and thirty-two feet long, with six fine arches, thirty-eight yards wide, and, being double, allows the passage of pedestrians and vehicles as well as the railway trains. A short distance below is the *Pont de Bercy*, one hundred and forty-eight feet long, and with five elliptic arches. It is a handsome structure recently built in place of the old suspension bridge of that name.

The quays on the right bank of the river are the scene of a lively traffic, as the whole quarter, which was formerly

the faubourg of Bercy, is but little more than a vast depot of wines, brandies, vinegars, and olive oil, which are imported by the river and by the railways leading from the south of France to Paris. The wine cellars of Bercy are a curiosity, and will richly repay a visit. They are about twelve hundred in number, of various sizes, and are rented by the wholesale wine merchants of Paris. On the opposite side of the river is the *Quai de la Gare*, the great receiving point for all the wood that is brought to Paris. It is bordered on one side by immense wood-yards, and on the other by manufactories.

The *Pont d'Austerlitz* is the next bridge below. It is splendidly constructed of stone, is three hundred and ninety feet long, eighteen feet wide, and has five stone arches. It is inscribed with the names of the principal officers killed at Austerlitz. It was finished in 1807, and rebuilt in 1854–55.

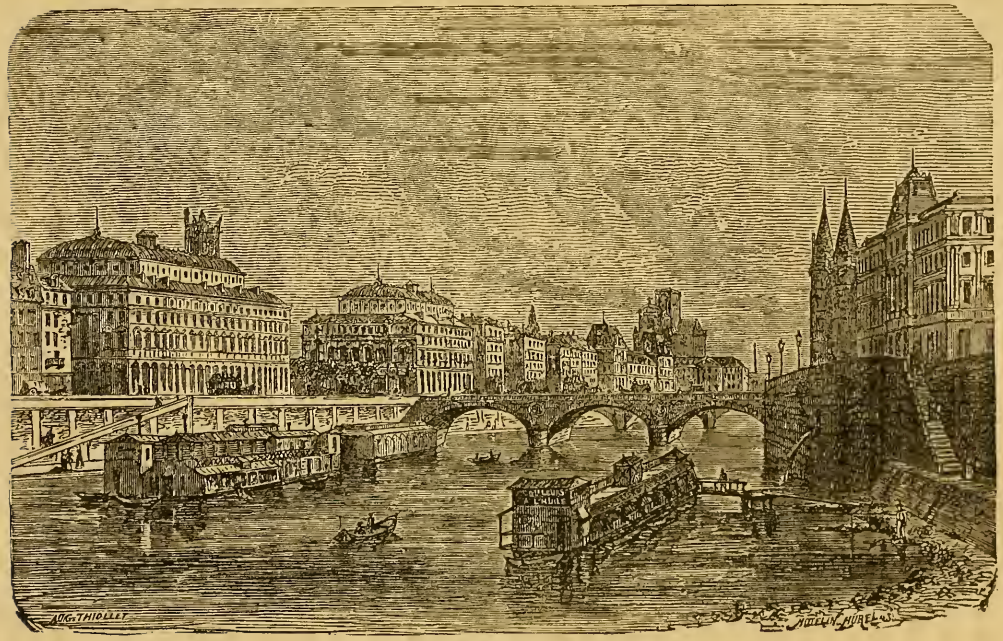
It is at this point that the river enters old Paris, the beautiful city of monuments and historic memories. On our right is the *Place Mazas*, back of which looms up the gloomy prison of the same name. Just below, the Canal St. Martin flows into the stream, and beyond it rises the beautiful Column of the Bastille. On the right bank of the canal is the old Arsenal, and just across the river is the front of the *Jardin des Plantes*, below which, and adjoining it, is the *Halle aux Vins*, the great bonded warehouse for liquors of all kinds. The river now separates into two arms, and encircles the *Ile Saint Louis*, after which it gathers the old *Ile de la Cité* in a larger embrace.

Let us pause on the little suspension bridge called the *Pont de Constantine*, which unites the quay in front of the *Halle aux Vins* with the *Ile Saint Louis*, and gaze down the left or southern channel of the river. The stone bridge just below is the *Pont de Tournelle*. It was built in 1656, and

took its name from a tower which stood near the gate of Saint Bernard—the first gate on the south side in the old wall of Philip Augustus. Just beyond is the new iron *Pont de Saint Louis*, connecting the *Ile St. Louis* with the *Ile de la Cité.*

The uppermost bridge between the south bank and the old *Cité*, is the *Pont de l'Archevêché.* It is a small structure, and is so called because it connects the site of the Archbishop's old palace with the south bank. Below it is the *Pont Double*, built in 1835, and so called because a small coin called a *double* was paid here as toll. It unites the *Parvis Notre Dame* with the south bank. The bridge with a single arch, just below, is the *Petit Pont*, and was given this name to distinguish it from the *Pont au Change*, which was formerly called the *Grand Pont.* It was defended by the Little Châtelet, now torn down. The building just above it in the old *Cité* is the *Hôtel Dieu.* The *Pont Saint Michel* is just below, uniting the island with the Place Saint Michel. It was rebuilt in 1857, and is a handsome structure of stone. The lowest of all is the *Pont Neuf,* which crosses the western end of the island, and of which more anon. Between the two bridges is the gloomy old *Palais de Justice* and the Prefecture of Police, on the island, with the *Quai des Orfévres*, once famous for its watches and jewelry. Below, and just opposite, on the south side is the *Quai des Grands Augustins*, with its book-stores and stalls.

Retracing our steps to the upper end of the *Ile St. Louis*, we pass from the *Pont de Constantine* to the *Pont de l'Estacade*, which joins the island to the old *Ile Louviers*, now a part of the main land. The bridge just below it is the *Pont Marie*, dating from 1629, and called after its builder. It was once covered with houses, but they have all been removed. It is now the oldest and least altered bridge of the city. It is



Pont au Change, showing the Theatres on the North Side.

built of stone. The next below is the *Pont Louis Philippe*, a handsome stone structure, built in 1863, in place of an old suspension bridge which occupied the site prior to that date.

We have now passed the *Ile St. Louis*, and find ourselves opposite the old *Cité*. *Notre Dame* rises boldly in view on our left, and on the right bank is the fine *Hôtel de Ville*, in front of which, is the old *Place de Grêve*, now the *Place de l'Hôtel de Ville*. The iron bridge between this square and the island, is the *Pont d'Arcole*. It was built as a suspension bridge, for foot-passengers, in 1828, and replaced in 1855 by the present iron arch. On the island is the immense *Hôtel Dieu*, and a new building in course of erection. The next bridge is the *Pont Notre Dame*, by which the Rue St. Martin crosses to the island and becomes the *Rue de la Cité*. It was one of the old bridges, and was originally covered with houses. The present structure dates from 1856. On the island, below the bridge, are the flower-market and the Tribunal of Commerce, while on the right bank, the old tower of *Saint Jacques de Boucherie* rises some distance back from the river. The bridge in front of us now, with the gloomy *Palais de Justice* at its southern end, and the theatres and the *Place du Châtelet* at the northern end, is the *Pont au Change*, or Money Changers' Bridge, so called from the fact that the gold-smiths and money-changers were required, by a decree of Louis VII., to establish themselves here. Since the days of Julian the Apostate, this has always been the site of a bridge. It was originally a wooden structure, and was often burned or destroyed, until 1647, when a stone bridge was built. It was lined with houses, like old London Bridge, until 1788, when they were removed. The present splendid structure was built in 1859. Until the middle of the seventeenth century, this bridge was the most fashionable lounging place in Paris.

On our right, as we pass down the stream, are the *Théâtre du Châtelet* and the *Quai de la Megisserie*, and on the left the clock tower of the Palace of Justice, which gives the name to the *Quai de l'Horloge*. Those sharp-pointed towers mark the grim prison of the *Conciergerie*, where Marie Antoinette remained so long a captive. The bridge below is the famous *Pont Neuf*. To tell the history of this bridge is to tell the history of Paris, and so we pass it by to refer to it in another place.

Across the narrow point of the island we can see the *Hôtel des Monaies* (the Mint), and just below it the *Palais de l'Institut*, the two occupying the site of the famous old *Tour* (or *Hôtel*) *de Nesle*, which Victor Hugo has made so terribly familiar to the readers of modern fiction.

On the right bank is the *Place du Louvre*, at the end of which rises the Gothic belfry of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois, from which was given the signal that began the terrible deeds of St. Bartholomew's Eve; and facing this square is the colonnade of the Louvre. From this point the Louvre, the gallery of Henry IV., the new gallery of Napoleon III., and the Tuileries, occupy the right bank to the *Pont Royal*.

Opposite the centre of the Louvre, the beautiful *Pont des Arts* crosses the stream. It was built in 1801–1803, and is constructed of iron. Just below it, on the south bank, is the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts* (School of Fine Arts), below which are the *Quais Malaquais* and *Voltaire*, abounding in book-shops and stalls.

The next bridge below is the *Pont du Carrousel*, completed in 1834. It is of iron, and is much lighter than the *Pont Royal*, which crosses the river just below it. This last bridge is constructed of stone, and was built in 1665. On one of the piers is a scale for measuring the rise and fall of the water. One of the best views of the river is obtained from this

bridge. On the north side are gardens of the Tuileries, and on the south a large barrack and the Court of Accounts (*Cour des Comptes*). A small frigate, now used as an establishment for sea-baths, lies moored to the south bank just below.

At the centre of the river wall of the Tuileries gardens, the elegant *Pont de Solférino* crosses the river, uniting the gardens with the palace of the Legion of Honor, which stands immediately in front of the bridge. At the end of the gardens, on the right bank, is the *Place de la Concorde*, from the centre of which the *Pont de la Concorde*, finished in 1790, and built of the stones which composed the Bastille, is thrown over the Seine. At the south end of this bridge is the magnificent front of the Palace of Legislative Corps, to the left of which are the *Hôtel du President* and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The esplanade of the *Invalides* is still lower down, with the gilt dome of the great Emperor's tomb gittering beyond it, and on the right bank you may see the beautiful Champs Elysées.

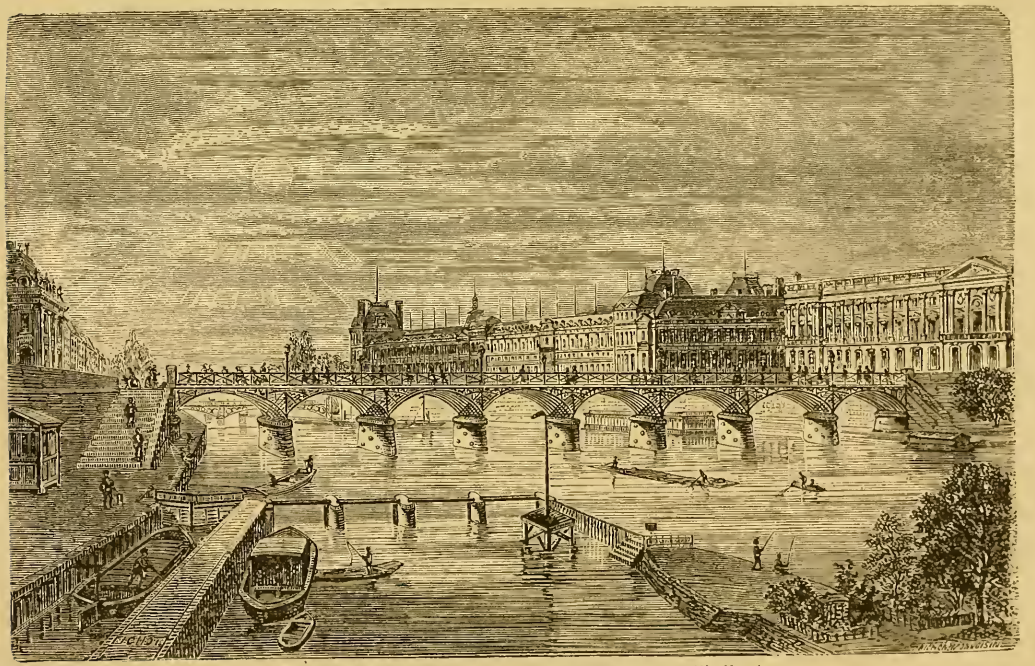
Following the course of the river, to the left, we are now at the *Pont des Invalides*, which affords communication between the *Quai de la Conférence*, and the *Quai d' Orsay*. It was finished in 1829, and faces the lower part of the esplanade of the *Hôtel des Invalides*. The centre pier is ornamented with two fine groups in stone, representing a victory on land and a victory at sea. Below the bridge, on the south bank, is the Imperial Tobacco Manufactory. The next bridge is the *Pont de l' Alma*, to my mind, the handsomest of all the bridges. It is built of granite, and was finished in 1855 The piers are ornamented with soldiers in the uniforms of the various corps of the French army, which took part in the battle of the Alma; a grenadier, a zouave, a chasseur à pied, and a foot artilleryman.

At the Bridge of the Alma, the river turns to the south

west, and continues in this direction until it passes beyond the city. On the right bank, immediately below the bridge, are the steam pumps of Chaillot, and on the opposite side the Emperor's stables, and the great storehouse for the furniture belonging to the Imperial palaces not in use, called the *Garde Meuble de la Couronne.* The large open field on the south bank, is the *Champs de Mars*, the great parade ground of the city, and the site of the famous Exhibition of 1867. The building back of it is the old Military School, now used as a barrack for troops. On the opposite side of the river is a hill which has been cut into a series of terraces and handsomely ornamented. It is the old *Place Trocadero*, now called the *Place du Roi de Rome.* The bridge uniting it with the *Champs de Mars* is the famous *Pont d' Iéna*, built by the great Napoleon (1806–1813), in commemoration of the victory by which he crushed the power of the Prussian monarchy. It is built of stone, is ornamented with statuary at each end, and is a very handsome structure. When the Allied armies occupied Paris in 1815, Blucher, wishing to efface the memory of Jena, made preparations to blow up this bridge, and was only deterred from his barbarous purpose by Wellington's threat to stop him by force.

The old suburb of Grenelle, which now forms the Fifteenth Arrondissement, lies on the south bank, and Passy occupies the north side. A little less than a mile below the Bridge of Jena, is the *Pont de Grenelle*, connecting Grenelle with Auteuil. It is constructed of wood, and was built in 1828.

Just inside of the fortifications stands the last of the city bridges, the magnificent *Pont du Point-du-Jour*, sometimes called the *Pont d' Auteuil.* It was finished in 1866, and is a magnificent work of art. It is intended for foot-passengers and vehicles, for each of which a separate way is provided on the right and left. In the centre of the bridge rises a row of



Pont des Arts, showing the Louvre and the Tuileries.

splendid arcades supporting a magnificent railway viaduct It presents an imposing appearance, and is one of the noblest works of its kind in the world.

Since the construction of the new sewers, a great and beneficial change has been wrought in the river and its appearance. The filth of the city is no longer cast into it, as before, but is carried by the grand sewer miles away, and emptied into the stream far from Paris. The city is not disfigured by dirty wharves and rows of filthy vessels, but fine granite quays bordered by handsome shade-trees take the place of the usual accompaniments of a navigable river, and behind them are the long rows of palaces and other buildings. From almost any of the bridges the eye can range over the greater part of the river, and the view presented is unequalled in any other city in the world.

All is bustle and activity along the river. Crowds are hurrying to and fro over the bridges, the quays are lined with patient fishermen during the milder months, scores are entering and leaving the numerous bathing establishments which line the shores, and the washerwomen are making the best use of their tongues as well as of their hands in the queer floating houses in which they ply their trade. At rare intervals a heavily laden barge passes by, towed by a puffing steamer, and every few moments a fussy little passenger boat will dart under the bridges, or pause at the landing stages to discharge its human freight.

They are queer little things, these passenger boats, or *bateaux a vapeur*, as the French call them. These particular vessels are termed "Steamboat omnibuses," and ply between Bercy and Auteuil, some of them going as far as Saint Cloud, in the season of navigation. They are propellers, and resemble our canal boats for passengers. The deck in the middle of the boat is railed in, and provided with rows of

seats, but there is an enclosed cabin at each end, in which one can take refuge from the weather. The boats are long and narrow, and their engines, which are placed amidships, take up but little room. Each boat is in charge of a conductor, who is also captain and clerk. It is steered by means of a tiller astern. The boats are not so fast or so strong as the penny steamers on the Thames, but they are much cleaner and much prettier. Landing stages are established at certain points along the river, and separate stages are provided for boats ascending and descending the stream. The fare from one end of the city to the other is five sous, which is cheap enough for a distance of six miles. There is no pleasanter method of travelling than these little steamers afford. They enable you to become thoroughly acquainted with the stream, to see the city from the water, and learn the river front better than you could from the bridges. Those who have not tried it, can hardly imagine what Paris looks like from the water. From the deck of one of these little boats the city is seen to its best advantage. Palaces, bridges, towers, prisons, churches, and columns, rise before you in one grand panorama, grander and more beautiful than I can paint it here. He has not seen Paris, who has not viewed it from the deck of a "steamboat omnibus."

And at night, what a wonderful river is this! How dark and swift it flows under the gloomy arches of the bridges. It makes you shudder as you look at it. How the lights twinkle upon the bridges and along the quays, and reflect and multiply themselves in the sullen waters below! The heavy outline of the Louvre rises grandly from the right shore, and the dark towers of the Conciergerie loom up sombrely in the distance, on the south, while Notre Dame, faintly seen in the far back ground, soars majestically towards heaven. See that little moving object with its red and

green eyes, darting towards us, puffing and panting like some fabled monster of the deep. It is a steamboat omnibus, and as we gaze at it, it is gone. The bridges are crowded, as in the day, with laughing, careless passers by. Ha! you heard a sigh from that poor woman who staggered past you, but it is lost in the laughter of a young girl who speeds by on the arm of her lover. A white form gleams for a moment on the parapet you are leaning against, and before you can cry out there is a splash in the water below, a hoarse, gurgling

Deligny's Swimming School.

sound as the waves close over their victim, and the Seine flows on as dark and as swift as it has flowed during all its nineteen hundred years. It is the old story, repeated year after year. The city has changed, but the dark waters still remain the last refuge of the despairing.

Amongst the most interesting features of the Seine are the numerous bathing establishments which line its shores. These are immense houses built out in the water, and communicating with the shore by means of little foot-bridges.

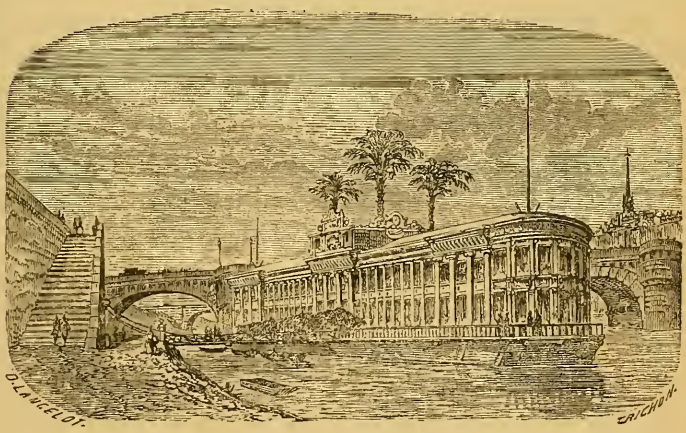
They are neatly ornamented with trees and shrubbery, and really add much to the river scenery. The interior consists of an immense tank, bordered on all sides by a platform ornamented with a pretty colonnade, and lined with long rows of doors opening upon a number of dressing-rooms. At one end is the office of the establishment, and a counter for refreshments. The valuables of visitors may be deposited at the office, and a cheque or ticket received for them. Hair dressing-rooms are provided in some of the establishments, and in all but the poorest, there is an apartment in which everything is kept in readiness to restore life to bathers who may be rescued from drowning.

The interior of a swimming bath presents a curious sight. You see all sorts and manners of men and boys, entirely naked except as to a pair of short breeches reaching from the waist to a little above the knees. One man startles you by his extreme leanness, another is so bony as to resemble a skeleton more than a living creature, another still is so fat that he floats on the water like a cork. This man is tall, and that one is short. This one is so corpulent that he hasn't seen his feet for years, that one is humpbacked, another is bow-legged, another knock-kneed. In short every possible anatomical development may be found here, among the men, and I have been told that the same variety may be seen in the baths devoted exclusively to women.

The scene varies at different hours. Early in the morning come the most favored visitors—the regular bathers—to enjoy the first freshness of the water; and queer old fossils many of them are. After breakfast, the *gamins*, or boys, come trooping in for their sport, and a little later they are joined by a class of older visitors who wish to take their ease in bathing. Others come to enjoy what seems to me the very questionable pleasure of breakfasting naked. Few of

these venture into the water. They take their *Café*, then a hearty repast, afterwards a little glass of *Cognac*, then a cigar, and finally lie down for a *siesta*, in every conceivable attitude—and all as naked as when they came into the world, except the short breeches!

Separate establishments are provided for men and for women, and during the summer months are visited by crowds. Deligny's swimming-school, on the *Quai d'Orsay*, is perhaps the best and finest in Paris.



The Baths of the Samaritaine.

Besides these swimming-schools, are a series of establishments, situated along the river, in which one can enjoy a warm or cold bath in a tub, in a private apartment. Of these, the Baths of the Samaritaine, just below the Pont Neuf, are the best. The prices vary from eight sous to one franc, which does not include either towels or soap.

VIII.

THE MORGUE.

At the extreme upper end of the *Ile de la Cité*, just back of and facing the gray old Church of Notre Dame, is a low square building of stone, enclosed at the back by a blind wall of the same material, which descends abruptly from the street to the water's edge. It is a curious, unattractive place in itself, and a stranger is at first at a loss to understand the fascination it seems to exercise over the Parisians, for few pass its doors without pausing to look in. Ask the name of the place, and the answer will solve the mystery. It is the *Morgue.*

When the fortress of the Grand Châtelet frowned on the pretty little square just in sight on the opposite bank of the river, there was attached to it a certain inner gateway, at which all newly-arrived prisoners were detained for awhile in order that the keepers might have a good view of them (*les morguer â leur aise*), in order to be able to identify them thereafter. The gateway was called *La Morgue*, and it subsequently became the place where all dead bodies, unknown or unclaimed, were exposed for identification. This custom was continued until 1804, when a special dead-house was erected, and called *La Morgue.* The present edifice is built in place of the original Morgue, which stood near the Hôtel Dieu, and which was found to be too small for the necessities of the city.

The establishment is in charge of a superintendent, a clerk,

and three assistants. The former receives a salary of 2,100 francs, and the rest 1,200 francs each, per annum. Bodies are brought here from all parts of Paris, if the facts concerning their decease and identity are not known, and are kept three days for identification. If not claimed by their friends during that time, they are buried at the expense of the city. Every care is taken to identify them. As soon as a corpse is brought in it is stripped, and searched carefully for marks, by the superintendent. The clothing is then subjected to the same scrutiny. An observer is surprised at the thoroughness of this search. The superintendent's keen eye sees a dozen marks which he would never notice, and each one is carefully noted down in the register of the establishment, together with a detailed statement of the manner of the death of the deceased, his or her age, sex, and probable condition in life. The body is then exposed to view in the public room, and every facility is afforded to persons wishing to identify it. Failing in this, it is buried, as I have said, and the Morgue is paid by the city the sum of seven and a half francs for each interment.

The number of dead bodies brought to the Morgue has steadily increased of late years, and it is said that it will soon be necessary to establish a second dead house in another part of the city. In 1846, the institution received 302 corpses; in 1856, 475, in 1866, 733, and during the first nine months of 1868, 697. Of the 733 bodies received in 1866, the register shows that 486 were men, 86 women, and 161 infants Of this number 485 were identified, and of these 285 committed suicide by drowning; 19 were homicides; 36 hanged themselves; 5 killed themselves with firearms, and 3 with knives; 3 suffocated themselves with the fumes of charcoal; 6 took poison; 3 died from starvation; and 82 died suddenly in the streets.

It is stated that the Morgue reaps its richest harvest in June and July, the months of December and January being its dull season. Stock gambling and the various speculations of the Bourse send many victims here, and it is said that the greatest number of infants' bodies are brought here, with unvarying regularity, nine months after the Carnival.

A stone blind stands in the main hall before the door, to cut off the view from the street, and, in entering, you pass around this, and find yourself in a moderate sized hall, lighted from the top. A door on each side leads to the private apartments and the offices of the establishment, and in front of you rises a partition of iron and glass, before which a curtain is sometimes lowered. An iron rail protects the glass from the pressure of the crowd, and occasionally an official passes through the apartment narrowly watching the faces and conduct of the spectators.

At a certain hour of the day the curtain is raised, and discloses a ghastly sight. Six stone tables extend along the room, immediately behind the glass, and on each is laid a dead body, naked except as to a cloth thrown over the loins. A fearful company they are, in truth, as they lie there, pale and rigid, their ghastly features lighted by the chilly gleams which fall from the windows above. A stream of cold water flows over each body and trickles away down the sides of the marble slab. Here is the corpse of a woman, old, shrivelled and yellow. Its matted hair and its dank, slimy aspect, tell that it was fished up from the Seine this morning. On the next slab is the body of an infant, its little life of suffering over. It is another victim of the Seine. Next to it is a man young and well made. He smothered himself with charcoal, the superintendent tells us. By his side a young girl rests well on her icy bed. Turn away, my tender hearted friend, for she is fair as well as young, and it *is* a pity to expose this

matchless form to the rude gaze of the crowd without the rail. The superintendent shrugs his shoulders, in reply to your question, and answers coolly, "A grisette, Monsieur. We have such cases once in awhile, but they are not so frequent as formerly." A man, old, bent, and full of sorrows, no doubt, is her companion on the other side. He was found in the streets, and the register gives *starvation* as the cause of his death. Yes, in this bright, beautiful city, this poor creature died for want of bread. Think of it as you enjoy your dainties to-night at the Grand Hôtel. You may well shudder as you gaze at the occupant of the last table, for he is a being of a different order from his silent companions, a gentleman, evidently. There is a deep wound in his side, and the purple spots about his neck confirm the horrible suspicion which at once springs up in your mind. Even the cool, clear headed superintendent turns a shade more sallow as he answers your inquiring look, with a whispered, "Murdered, Monsieur. For his money, doubtless."

The place has a close, sickening smell, and the crowd press heavily against you in their eagerness to see the horrid spectacle. Come out into the street, into the pure air once more, and recover yourself, and then return with me and complete your survey of the place.

On the walls back of the tables, are suspended the clothing of the unfortunates before you, and of many who have been buried. They hang here in the hope, oftentimes a vain hope, that some friend may come along and recognize them. They form a strange collection, but they speak chiefly of poverty and suffering. Blouses and coarse skirts constitute the bulk of the stock, for the better classes rarely come here. It is chiefly poverty which points the way to the Morgue. Out of fifteen or twenty sets of clothing, one will seldom find

more than one or two which have belonged to persons of "respectability," so called.

The most curious feature of all, is the utter indifference which the people manifest, who come to view this horrible spectacle. Do not imagine that the throng in front of the railing has been attracted here in the hope of discovering friends or relatives. No such thing. The Morgue is a great place of resort for the people of the quarter in which it is situated. They come here in crowds every day, drawn to it by a peculiar fascination which even they themselves cannot comprehend. Mothers come here with their children, the husband brings his wife, the lover his mistress, and children come by the score of their own accord—and for what? To gaze upon the poor wretches who lie here so stark and still. It astonishes an Anglo Saxon to see the levity with which all classes treat the dead lying here, and it does not increase his respect for the people of Paris to see men crowd around the bodies of the women, and indulge in coarse and obscene remarks concerning them. Stand in one of these crowds for ten minutes, and the pity and horror with which the dead have inspired you, will be forgotten in your disgust and contempt for the living. True, the spectators are of the lower classes, but they are, nevertheless, men and women; and you cannot resist the conviction that these public displays have not improved the morals of the quarter. Besides, has not the lot of the poor creatures brought here been hard enough, without exposing them to an ordeal from which they would have shrunk while living?

The scenes to be witnessed at this place are often painful and touching. If an individual is missing in the city, the first impulse of his friends is to seek him at the Morgue. Suicide is so common in Paris that one does not know how soon his dearest friend may resort to it. Never look so careless, my

rosy lass, happy in the fancied security of the love of him upon whose arm you lean. You know not how soon you may be lying where that poor grisette stares so horribly at the cold walls. It may be next year, or it may be next week. And you, my brave *ouvrier*, may find that good right arm less powerful than you think it now. Sickness may waste its strength, or "hard times" force it into idleness, and want and poverty, darker and more terrible than you have ever imagined, may drive even you to the Seine.

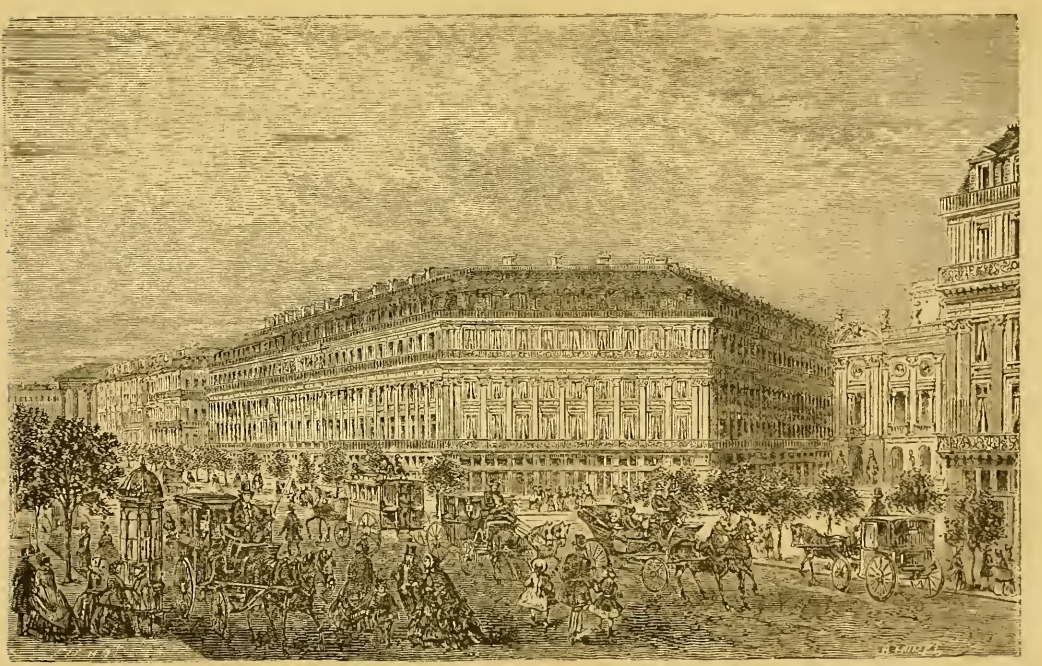
IX.

PARISIAN HOTELS.

As a rule the French hotels are far inferior to our own. They are neither as convenient nor as well managed. Of late years, however, there has been a decided improvement in the hotels of Paris, and the city can boast at least two which are even superior to American establishments of a similar character. These are the *Grand Hôtel* and the *Grand Hôtel du Louvre.* The former is situated on the *Boulevard des Capucines*, adjoining the square of the New Opera, and the latter on the *Rue de Rivoli,* opposite the Louvre.

The *Grand Hôtel* is in every respects worthy of its name. It is situated in one of the most delightful parts of Paris. It faces the *Boulevard des Capucines*, and is thus on the main promenade of the city. On its left is the New Opera, and almost facing it, the *Rue de la Paix.* A little distance to the right is the beautiful Boulevard de la Madeleine and the church of the same name. The Tuileries gardens, the *Place de la Concorde*, and the *Champs Elysées* are but five minutes' distant, and the *Bourse* and the *Palais Royal* are equally near. The location is thoroughly central to all parts of the city, and is, indeed, the very heart of Paris.

The building itself is immense, and is bounded on all sides by wide streets. In front is the Boulevard, on the right the Square of the New Opera and the *Rue Auber*, the latter of which also bounds the rear of the edifice, and on the left the *Rue Scribe.* A very fair idea of its immense size and mag-



The Grand Hôtel.

nificent appearance may be obtained from the engraving accompanying this chapter. The hotel is built of a light-colored stone, and the exterior is handsomely ornamented with carvings, and with a row of splendid pilasters extending from the top of the ground-floor to the balcony surrounding the third floor, and reaching entirely around the building. Above the fourth story from the ground (the third floor of the hotel) rises a handsome mansard roof, pierced with the windows of the fourth floor, above which is still another floor. Pretty iron balconies extend around the house at the first, third, and fourth floors, and upon these open the long windows of the rooms of those stories. The ground floor is occupied with shops and *cafés* along the street, some of which open into the court-yard of the hotel. Seen from the street, the house is one of the prettiest sights in Paris. Start from the principal gateway on the Boulevard, and walk around the building back to the point from which you started, and you will consume over ten minutes, going at a moderately quick pace.

The principal entrance is from the Boulevard, in the centre of the building. Pass in through the heavy archway, and you come at once to the prettiest place in the whole quarter—the grand court. It is a large yard, about one hundred feet square, bounded on all four sides by the chambers and sitting-rooms of the hotel. Oftentimes the windows are open, affording a sight of the luxurious apartments within, or, still better, they are filled with faces representing almost every nationality under Heaven, gazing down upon the interesting scene below. The yard is paved with marble flags, and arched over above with a roof of iron and glass. It is ornamented with statues, fountains and shrubbery. Opposite the archway is a large clock, illuminated at night, and below it a marble balcony, upon which open the door

and the long windows of the gorgeous reading-room beyond. On the left of the balcony is an elevator for conveying guests from the yard to the floors on which they dwell, and to the right and left of the balcony are massive marble stairs extending to the top of the house, each one leading to a different portion of the building. On the right and in front of the balcony are the principal offices of the establishment, and an elevator for transporting baggage to the various floors.

In its internal arrangements, the *Grand Hôtel* forms a distinct community of its own—a separate town in the heart of the great city. It contains seven hundred chambers and seventy sitting-rooms, drawing-rooms, etc. Its service is discharged by sixty waiters, thirty cooks, twenty-five washerwomen, and an unknown number of doorkeepers, grooms, house-servants, and chambermaids. It is usually crowded with guests, and at such times contains about twelve hundred inhabitants besides its *attachés*. It has its own telegraph, communicating between the various parts of the house, its own post-office, its own café, its own barber shop, its own cigar-store, its own tailor shop, (one of the best in the city,) its own optician, and its own book-store. Above all it has its own *newspaper—La Gazette des Etrangers* (The Stranger's Gazette)— written, edited, and printed in the hotel, and slipped, free of charge, under the door of each chamber every morning. This gossipy little sheet is edited by no less a person than M. Henri de Père, famous both as a writer and a duellist, and one of its features is the daily publication of the bills of fare of the leading restaurants and cafés of the city, by means of which the stranger is enabled to select his breakfast and the place of breakfasting before leaving his chamber.

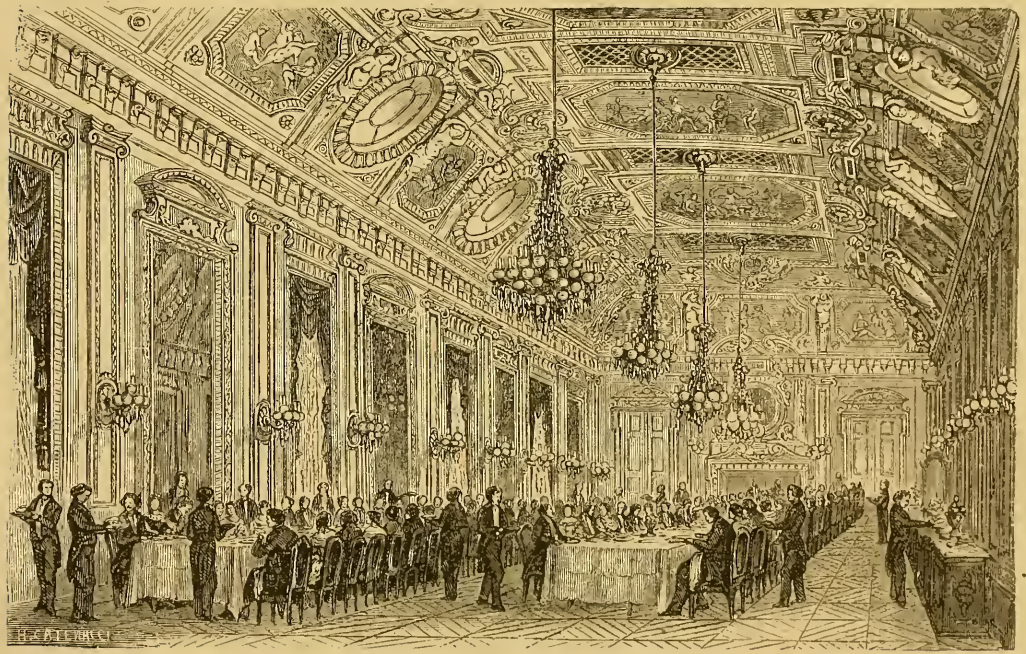
The hotel is divided into three distinct quarters—Quartier

de Scribe, Quartier du Boulevard, and Quartier de l'Opéra. Each of these quarters constitutes a complete establishment, and manages its affairs without reference to those of the others. The hotel has fifteen immense passages, which cross each other at regular points, besides several smaller passage-ways. At the corners of these passages, or streets, tin signs ornamented with brass letters direct strangers to the different portions of the house and quarter. Without these signs guests would be continually losing their way in the long corridors, and even persons thoroughly familiar with the house are often perplexed as to their localities, and forced to seek the assistance of the signs. These passages are covered with rich carpets, into which your feet sink noiselessly, and are ornamented with mirrors, frescoes, and paintings. At night they are brilliantly lighted; in summer they are cool and shady, and in winter warm and snug, forming at all times and in all seasons a series of extensive and pleasant promenades.

Each floor, in each separate quarter, is in charge of a separate set of servants, and has its own office, in which some one is on the watch at all hours of the day and night. Each chamber has a dial-plate, covered with a glass face, set in the wall. By touching an ivory knob over the dial-plate you telegraph the number of your room to the office of your floor. A steel indicator flies around to the right as you touch the knob. The servant in charge of the office, upon hearing your signal, resets the alarm before him, and causes the indicator on your dial to return to its original position, by which you are informed that your call has been heard and will be answered at once. In going out, you leave your key at this office, and find it there upon your return. If you come in after midnight, however, you will have to apply to the *concierge* at the street entrance for it.

The chambers and sitting-rooms are furnished with a degree of splendor corresponding to the price asked for them, but even the cheapest are equal to any room in a first-class American hotel. The plainest chambers on the upper floors are handsomely carpeted, and provided with large mirrors, a timepiece, a bureau, a dressing-table, large arm-chairs, and a bed which is the very perfection of comfort. About everything there is a luxuriousness and comfort which must be seen to be appreciated. The higher-priced rooms are magnificent, and are fitted up with every luxury. The prices range from four to thirty francs per day.

At night, the grand court is brilliantly lighted, and is crowded with representatives of every nation. Ladies sit amongst the oleandars on the balcony, and sip their refreshments; and down in the court-yard the men play dominoes and drink their wine and brandy. In the adjoining *Café*, the rattle of glasses and the sharp click of billiard-balls is heard above the babel of voices. In the rear of the balcony is a magnificent saloon, filled with persons reading and writing, and presided over by a pompous official, whose chain and badge of shining silver announce his position. A civil fellow he is, too, well posted as to city matters, speaking English like a native, and ready to assist you with any information—for a gratuity. The tables are filled with journals from all parts of the world, amongst which the New York dailies figure prominently. As for the room itself, go read the Arabian Nights and you can form some idea of it. Carriages are dashing into and leaving the court-yard every moment, adding to and taking from the throng of guests. "The king and the commons" both lodge here—titled and untitled share the hospitality of the house. It is a great rendezvous for Americans, who find about it much to remind them of home, and who are almost always pleased with the



Dining Room of the Grand Hôtel.

energetic and intelligent manner in which its business is conducted.

The *Grand Hôtel du Louvre* ranks next, both in size and magnificence, and is owned and managed by the company owning and conducting the *Grand Hôtel.* The new *Hôtel de l'Athénée*, in Rue Scribe, opposite the *Grand Hôtel*, is also much liked by American visitors.

Besides these, are a number of first-class Houses, all more or less splendid, and some of them very expensive; but as they are managed chiefly after English models, an American is not apt to find them as comfortable as the houses named above. In all the hotels, however, the guest pays merely for his room and attendance. Should he take his meals in the house, or make other purchases, he is charged according to his orders, which he can regulate to suit himself. In all, guests are requested not to fee the servants—a polite way perhaps, of reminding them to do so, for woe be to him who endeavors to comply with the request.

As in all large cities, many of the hotels of Paris are patronized by special classes. Some are visited by merchants only, others by professional men, others by students, and others by tourists. The English do not, as a rule, patronize the houses frequented by Americans, but confine themselves to the cheerless establishments which are simply magnificent at the expense of comfort. Persons of all classes and nations intending to remain long in the city, usually go into lodgings which are very much cheaper after the first few days.

X.

STREET TRAVELLING.

I.

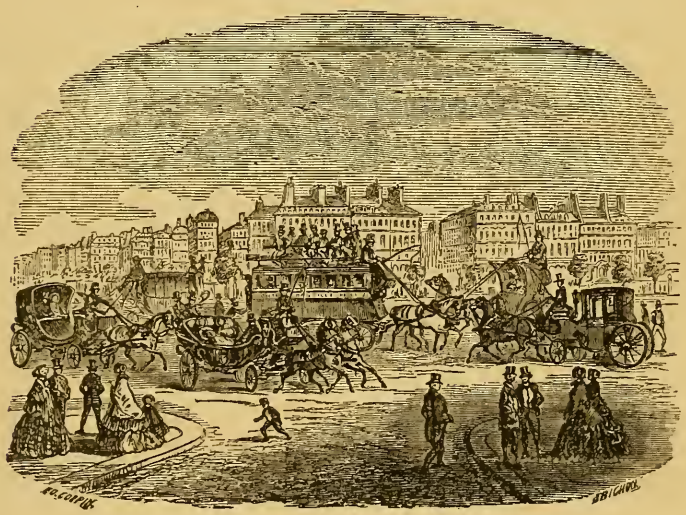
THE CABS.

No city in the world is so well supplied with vehicles for hire as Paris. Its cab system has been brought to a state of perfection impossible, perhaps, in any city less thoroughly governed. The majority of the vehicles are open, or can be made so by means of a sliding top, and are drawn by one horse. The drivers are clad in a livery established by law, consisting of a tall hat with a glazed cover, a black coat and red waistcoat, with gilt buttons, and pants of a butternut hue. As a rule they are polite and attentive, but there are some surly dogs amongst them. If you meet with these, hand them over to the police without mercy. It is the only way to deal with them.

There are at least ten thousand carriages for hire in the city. They are divided into two classes called *Voitures de Place*, those which stand on the street for hire, and *Voitures de Remise*, or those which are hired from a coach house. Th latter are more expensive than the former, but are generall cleaner. The drivers of both classes are under the strict surveillance of the police, and are punished severely for any ill treatment of their passengers. Vehicles are hired by the course, or by the hour, and the charges are regulated by a

fixed tariff established by the police. The *course* is generally any distance which can be accomplished in fifteen minutes. It is cheaper to take a carriage by the hour in going a long distance. The difference in the price is trifling, and a troublesome dispute with the driver may be often avoided in this way.

Voitures de place, of two places, or seats, taken from the public street, cost one franc fifty centimes by the drive, and



Parisian Carriages.

two francs by the hour. Those with four seats cost one franc seventy centimes by the drive, and two francs twenty-five centimes by the hour. *Voitures de Remise*, taken from their stands cost as follows: Two-seat carriages, by the drive one franc eighty centimes, by the hour two francs twenty-five centimes. Four-seat carriages, by the drive two francs, by the hour two francs fifty centimes (fifty cents American money.) During the winter months, the charges are a little

more, but not much. Beyond the fortifications the fares are much higher, and at certain times the cabman is not obliged to pass the gates.

Upon entering a carriage, you are handed a small ticket by the driver, containing a printed list of the fares, and the number of the vehicle. This ticket should always be retained, as it is an effectual check upon the cabman. It enables you always to identify your vehicle and driver, and is *prima facie* evidence in law that you have occupied the cab. Should you leave any of your property in the cab, you have only to repair to the office of the Company owning the vehicle, the address of which is printed on the ticket, and make known your loss, with the number of the cab. Should you fail to recover your property, apply to the police and deliver your ticket to the sergeant in charge of the station at which you lodge your complaint. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, however, there will be no necessity to invoke the assistance of the police. If the cabman's own sense of right does not prompt him to make restitution, his fear of the law will accomplish the same result.

It is customary to give the cabman, in addition to his fare, a small sum as a *pour boire*. Custom has fixed this at from two to four sous by the drive, and from four to ten sous by the hour. No cabman can exact a *pour boire* from a fare, but only the most ill-natured refuse it, as the price of the drive belongs to the owners of the vehicle, and the *pour boire* to the driver. It must not be supposed that all the drink money thus given goes for liquors. Cabmen are proverbially thirsty, it is true, but the gratuities they receive go in a great measure to make up the difference between their living expenses and their slender wages. They are rigidly watched by inspectors and spies, and must pay out of their own pockets for all the time for which they cannot account satisfactorily.

As a rule, they are clever fellows, and very intelligent. They know all the localities, are running over with gossip and scandal, and are generally ready to communicate their knowledge.

The vehicles themselves, are neat and clean, and are decidedly more comfortable than those of any other city in the world. You will find them standing in long rows at stated places, or "stations" in the street, each station being in charge of a superintendent appointed for the purpose by the Prefect of the Seine. He has power to settle all differences between drivers and their fares, but one may appeal from his decision to the police.

THE OMNIBUSES.

THOSE whose fate it has been to travel in the "Broadway stages" of our American metropolis, will hardly fail to appreciate the excellencies of the Parisian omnibus.

This mode of conveyance originated at Paris during the reign of Louis XIII., and it seems but natural that it should here obtain its highest development. The first attempt to introduce it proved a failure, and during the Regency and the reign of Louis XIV. other efforts to establish it met the same fate. In 1828 omnibuses appeared once more on the streets, and this time were found so useful that they have been in constant service ever since, becoming more popular every year.

Previous to 1855, there were in Paris twelve different kinds of omnibuses, owned by as many different companies, traversing the streets in various directions, and known as *Omnibuses*, *Hirondelles*, *Parisiennes*, *Favorites*, *Tricycles*, *etc.* In 1855, a corporation was established under the name of the General

Omnibus Company, (*Compagnie générale des omnibus*), which consolidated all the various lines under one management. The coaches of this Company now run regularly upon thirty-one different routes.

The vehicles themselves are strongly made, and are handsomely painted and ornamented. They are larger and stouter-looking than our own coaches, and besides containing a double row of seats inside, have a similar number ranged back to back along the centre of the roof. This upper section is called the *Imperial*, and is the best place for *seeing* the city. The fare to any part of Paris, within the fortifications, is six sous for an inside seat, and 3 sous for one on top. Should it be necessary to change to another route in order to reach one's destination, a ticket of correspondence is given, upon application, by the conductor. Inside passengers are entitled to a correspondence without extra charge, but those on top must pay three sous, in addition to their fare, to obtain it. One may enter a coach at any point along the route if there is room, and may leave it at pleasure, but there are regular stations at which changes from one line to another must be made, and where one is almost always sure of obtaining a seat. These stations may be distinguished by a blue sign-board bearing the name of the Company, and generally by the crowd of coaches and passengers collected around them. Each ticket obtained here is numbered. There are fourteen places inside, and the same number on the roof. When a coach arrives at a station, the official in charge ascertains the number of vacancies, and calls the numbers of the tickets sold, from the lowest to the highest. No one can enter a coach until the number of his ticket is called, and when all the inside places are filled, passengers can choose between riding on top, if there is a vacancy, or waiting for another coach. When all the seats on top and below are filled, the

conductor sets up a little sign over the door, marked "*Complet*" ("full"), and no one is allowed to enter the vehicle until there is a vacancy. In this way every passenger is given a seat, and there is none of the crowding and squeezing which render English and American public conveyances so uncomfortable. The officials are all attentive and polite, and usually receive similar treatment in return. Courtesy is cheap in Paris, and is universal. Why not import a few Parisian drivers and conductors, and set them to work to teach manners to our own unwashed street-car people?

Each coach is in charge of a conductor, who is responsible for everything except the management of the horses, that being confided to the driver alone. The conductor stands on the door-step, and holds on to a strap as his coach dashes along. In some of the larger and finer vehicles, especially those running from the *Place du Havre*, the step is protected by a double door-way, and the conductor's station made more comfortable than it is in the majority of the lines. As a passenger enters, the conductor registers him by a little machine above the door. This register is examined by the official in charge of the line, and the total number of passengers thus ascertained. The different lines are distinguished by the color of the coaches and the letters painted on them, by day, and at night by the color of their lamps.

Distinct lines of omnibuses run from the various railway depots to certain parts of the city by prescribed routes. Their movements are so arranged as to correspond with the arrival and departure of the trains, and they take up or set down passengers at any point along their routes for a small fare. Family omnibuses, with from six to fourteen seats, may be hired to meet passengers at the stations, or to convey them thither, or for excursions.

Another line, called the "American Railway" (*Chemin de*

Fer Américain), connects the northern end of the *Pont Neuf* with Passy, Auteuil, the Bois de Boulogne, Saint Cloud, Billancourt, Sèvres, Viroflay, and Versailles. It is so called because of its supposed resemblance to an American street railway-car. From the *Pont Neuf* to the southwestern extremity of the *Place de la Concorde*, the coach is moved on wheels similar to those of any ordinary vehicle. It is a long narrow stage, like those which formerly conveyed through-passengers from one railway station to another in American cities, except that it is provided with seats on top, and has a double stairway at the back end. It is drawn by four stout horses, and rattles through the streets at a lively rate. Upon reaching the lower end of the Place de la Concorde, a halt is made, the axles are raised simultaneously by lifting-screws, the wheels removed, and their place supplied by a second set of iron wheels with flanges. The vehicle is then lowered on to an iron tramway resembling the track of an American street railway, and the journey is resumed. The route to Versailles lies through a pretty country, but it is terribly dusty in dry weather.

The steamboat omnibuses have already been described, and I can only say here that they afford, whenever practicable, the pleasantest means of reaching the places along their route.

The railways leading from the city are all crossed, near the fortifications, by a belt road which entirely encircles Paris just within the defences. This road was built principally because of its military importance, and affords a means of rapid communication between the various points along the line of works, but it is used for the purposes of ordinary travel, and passenger trains pass over it frequently each day.

XI.

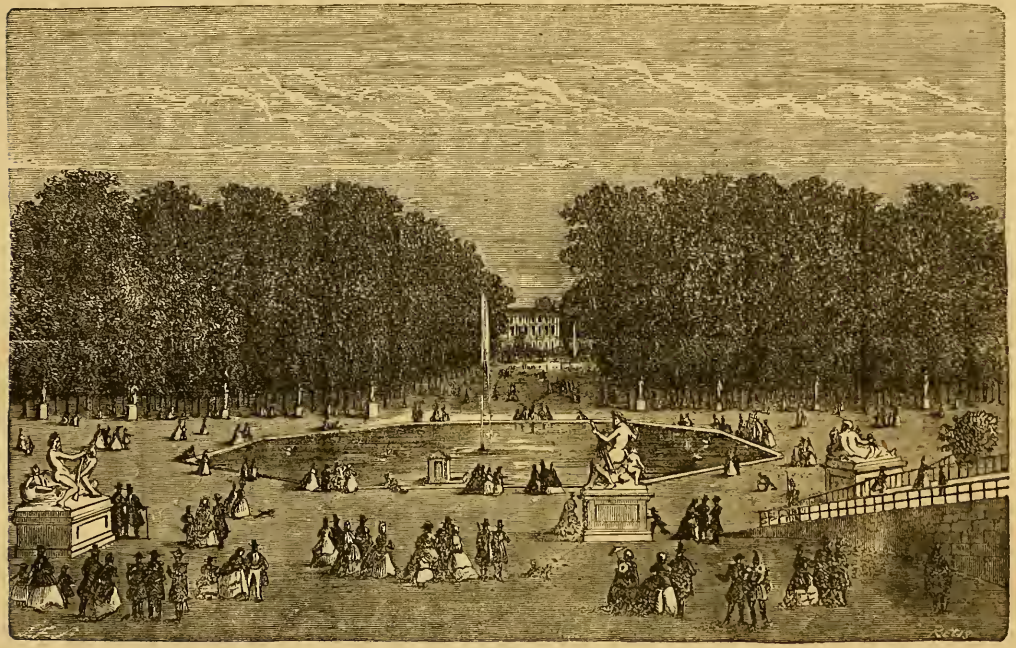
THE GARDENS OF THE TUILERIES.

Turn off the Boulevards at the *Rue de la Paix*, follow that street across the *Place Vendôme*, keep on through the *Rue de Castiglione*, cross the *Rue de Rivoli*, and descend the stone steps on the opposite side, and you will find yourself in one of the pleasantest spots in the great city—in the Gardens of the Tuileries.

The grounds now included in the garden comprise an area of about sixty-seven acres, and were laid out originally by Le Nôtre during the reign of Louis XIV. Since then they have been considerably altered. The *Rue de Rivoli* forms their northern boundary, and the Seine washes the southern wall. At the eastern end is the Palace of the Tuileries, and the western gates open upon the *Place de la Concorde*. Two sloping terraces are seen at the western end. That bordering the *Rue de Rivoli* is called the *Terrasse des Feuillants*, from the old convent of that name that stood there; and that along the Seine, the *Terrasse du Bord de l'Eau*. The latter is a favorite walk of the Emperor, and is connected with the private garden by means of a bridge, which enables his Majesty to reach it and enjoy his walk without passing through the public grounds. The trees on the terraces were planted by order of the National Convention, and the statues in the grounds were, with a few exceptions, added during the Restoration. The gardens are laid off very nearly as follows: In front of the Palace is a series of public walks,

bordered by flower-beds and tall hedges; in the centre is a fine grove of horse chestnut trees; and west of that, another broad walk, and a series of flower-beds. The portion nearest the palace is kept with the greatest care, and is divided from the rest of the grounds by a sunken fence, with a sloping greensward, and white stone finishings. The part thus enclosed constitutes the private garden of the palace, and forms the play-ground of the Prince Imperial. When the Imperial family are absent it is free to the public. Groups of statuary—some indifferent, and some very fine—ornament the grounds, both public and private, and several fountains, in various parts, add to the attractions of the place. A fine avenue stretches from the central *pavillon* of the palace across the grounds to the western gates, and is in line with the beautiful Avenue of the Champs Elysées, which begins just across the *Place de la Concorde.* If you stand in front of the palace in this avenue and gaze westward, the view is unbroken back to the *Arc de Triomphe*, on the heights beyond. Eight fine gateways lead into the gardens, five on the side of the *Rue de Rivoli*, two on the side of the river, and one at the *Place de la Concorde.* At each gate stands a sentinel to prevent the intrusion of men in blouses, persons with heavy parcels, and dogs. A different branch of the service is represented by each sentinel, so that in passing the various gateways one may see specimens of nearly all the uniforms in the French army.

The principal fountain stands in the middle of a fine octagonal basin in a line with the centre of the palace, and near the western gates. On the north side, which is sheltered from the northerly and easterly winds, and warmed by the genial rays of the sun, is the pleasant parterre known as *La Petite Provence* (Little Provence) the favorite resort of invalids, old men, and nurses. Here you may see the two



The Gardens of the Tuileries.

extremes of French humanity, old age and infancy, in all their perfection. Widely as they seem to be separated by Time, they resemble each other in one thing—both love the sunshine and the warmth.

"There is nothing so delightful to see or hear as these little Parisian children. Their mothers have exhausted all their ingenious maternal coquetry in adorning them; they lavish upon their persons, lace, embroidery, or velvet; while the children themselves, careless, as is natural at their age, thinking only of pleasure, engage in a thousand games of skill, and a thousand trials of strength, in which they already show their dexterity and their courage. The boys challenge each other to run races, play tennis, or to wrestle; they clasp each other in their arms, they roll upon the gravel, like beautiful serpents interlaced; their arms, their legs, even their hair can hardly be distinguished; it is a delightful confusion. And in these honorable wrestlings there are no cries, no tears, no alarm; he who is beaten rises and recommences the fight. Others less petulant dispute already, in imitation of the philosophers in the gardens of Academus. All the instincts of these children are revealed at this time, and you do not need much observation to see that already they are noble and honorable. Amongst the girls, you will, in the same way, find all the preferences of the woman. This one, young as she is, is nevertheless a coquette, and delights in her little white frock waving over two small feet that can hardly be seen; that one, pensive and solitary, dreams of heaven, as she repeats in a low voice the beautiful verses of Lamartine; others, spirited and bold as the boys, mingle heedlessly in their games and—tyrants at nine years old!—bend them to all their childish caprices. How many have I seen, who in ten years will be exquisitely beautiful, with their graceful figures, their luxuriant hair, and their small

hands. The mothers watch them, with tears in the eyes, and joy in the heart. The Parisian mother is proud of her son; she is happy in her daughter. A young mother who holds by the hand her boy of six years old, walks along as proud and as satisfied, as if she had the arm of a Marshal of France. A young mother, who sees her daughter of six years old seated at her side, is as uneasy as if that daughter was twenty. There is no city in the world, where children are treated more like rational beings, than in Paris. They themselves understand, wonderfully, all the dignity, I had almost said all the majesty, of childhood. Their servants speak to them respectfully, their parents tenderly; the boys are saluted just in the same way, as if they were men. As many obsequious flatteries are lavished on little girls, as on young women. The Parisian child dines with his father and mother, he passes the day in his mother's room, by her side, he walks with her, he sees her tears and her smiles; he is proud of his father's success; while yet young, he knows the history of his family, his fortunes, his hopes, his reverses; he is grave, and yet what distinguishes him above all other children, is, that while in his very infancy a man, he remains for a long time, completely a child."

Thus wrote an observant Frenchman, who watched *Little Provence* one summer afternoon in 1843. So long ago, and yet how little the place and its frequenters have changed. Tell me, you who have seen it, is not this pretty scene of to-day painted to the life in the words quoted above.

How the old men watch the little fellows at their sport! Would you like to go back to your childhood, my graybeard? And you, my ancient, keep your eye on the pretty pastimes before you, and let the nurses alone. You have passed the time for such tricks, and were your hearing a little better you might find that your amorous glances only draw from their

natty white capped objects remarks not calculated to flatter you.

"Do you see that old dotard blinking at me, Christine, my friend? And he hasn't a tooth in his head."

"The garden of the Tuileries is the most delightful place in the world," wrote Jules Janin twenty-seven years ago, and his countrymen of to-day seem to share his opinion, for they flock here at all hours of the day, "in the summer, because the garden abounds with shade and flowers, in the winter, because it is one of the places where the sun shows itself—pale and watery, it is true, but still it is the sun."

Come here on a summer afternoon if you wish to see the garden in its glory. Give a couple of sous to the old woman in charge of the chairs, and rest yourself on one of these wicker seats under the branching horse chestnuts. The grounds are full of promenaders, and nearly every chair is occupied by those who are tired of walking. There are few places in Paris, few places in the world, where you can see at the same moment so many beautiful women, so many exquisite toilettes. Far off, through the trees, are the lovers wandering arm in arm, on the outskirts of the crowd, which knows them by the walks they frequent, and good naturedly lets them alone. Here come all who can provide themselves with finery to display, and many who cannot. You see a number of the hewers of wood and drawers of water here, strolling about with an awkard, half-shy air, but the greater portion of those present belong to the better classes. It is a very animated, attractive scene, and you watch it with the keenest interest, but in spite of you your thoughts wander away to the times when the fierce *Sans Culottes* swarmed under the trees and over the pretty flower beds, to wrest the old palace from the children of St. Louis, and you find it hard to realize that the heads of a king and a queen fell so near to

you in the beautiful square beyond the garden wall, that you could have heard the horrid sound of the axe from where you are sitting. Can it be that the leaves now so musical with the evening breeze ever quivered with the fierce throbbing of cannon? And did the feet of the world's conqueror ever tread the old walk where yours are resting now? It is all so strange, so far away, so different from to-day, that you can scarcely realize it.

A burst of music swells up from under the trees, and the hum of voices dies away. It is the band of the Imperial Guard, commencing the afternoon concert, for which the garden is famous. Lover of music, here is a treat for you, which you may enjoy daily. Sometimes this band will entrance you with its wonderful melody, sometimes another, but the music will always be good, and the performance in keeping with it.

It is six o'clock. The concert is over, and the crowd is dispersing, each one seeking his dinner. The sun setting over the *Arc de Triomphe* sends a flood of light down the long avenue of the *Champs Elysées*, and through the gardens, and stains the worn façade of the old palace beyond with a thousand different hues, and gazing at the half open windows through which its yellow rays are streaming, you wonder if it shines as brightly to the weary man who sits within, as to you whose greatest care will be drowned in your bottle of *Chambertin* before the twilight has fairly settled down.

XII.

PLACE DE GRÈVE.

One of the prettiest squares in the city is the *Place de l' Hôtel de Ville*, which fronts the great town-hall of Paris. It is occupied now with rows of magnificent houses, and one would never think from its present appearance that it was once one of the accursed spots of the city. Yet so it was, for it is none other than the historic old *Place de Grève*, the chief place of execution, under a new name.

"There remains now," says Victor Hugo, writing twenty years ago, "but one* nearly imperceptible vestige of the Place de Grève, such as it then existed. It is the charming turret which occupies the northern angle of the square, which, already spoiled by the ignoble plastering that has filled up the clear, deep cutting of its sculpture, will have soon gone from sight, perhaps, submerged by the flood of new houses which so rapidly swallows up the old structures of Paris.

"The persons who, like us, never pass the square without letting a glance of pity and sympathy dwell on the poor tower squeezed between two ruins of the time of Louis XV., may easily reconstruct in their mind the whole aspect of the edifices to which it belonged, and restore entire the old Gothic enclosure of the Fifteenth Century.

"It was, as to-day, an irregular trapezium, bordered on one side by the quay, and on the three others by a series of

* This tower, too, has shared the fate of the old houses.—*Author.*

lofty houses, narrow and dark. In the daytime admiration had its fill, in the variety of fronts, all carved in wood or stone, and presenting already complete samples of the different domestic architecture of the Middle Ages, going back from the fifteenth to the eleventh century, from the croisée, which commenced to overturn the ogive, to the Roman semicircular arches, which had been supplanted by the ogive, and which still covers the first floor of the ancient dwelling in Roland's Tower, corner of the Place sur Seine, on the side of the Rue de la Tannerie. At night naught could be distinguished of that mass except the black edge of the roofs, rolling around the square their chain of sharp angles. For it is one of the radical differences of towers then, and towers now, that at this day it is the fronts that face the streets, while then it was the gable-end. Since two centuries dwellings have executed a turn.

"In the middle of the eastern side of the square rose a heavy, hybrid building, formed of three erections jumbled together. They were called by as many different titles, which explain the history of each, their intended use, and architecture: the Maison au Dauphin, (Dauphin's House,) because Charles V., when the Dauphin, there dwelt; the Marchandise, because it was used as town-hall; Maison aux Piliers, (*Domus ad Piloria*, House with the Pillars,) on account of a series of thick columns upholding its three floors. The city found there all required by a good city like Paris: a chapel to pray in, a *plaidoyer* to listen to complaints, and at need to pay off the king's people with sharp answers; and, to sum up, an arsenal full of artillery. For the Parisians knew that it was not enough in every juncture to complain and argue for the city franchises, and they constantly held in reserve, in a loft of the city-hall, several well-mounted wall-guns.

The Grève had thence that frowning aspect which is handed down to this day by the execrable idea it arouses and by the gloomy hall by Dominique Bocador, which has replaced the House with the Pillars. It must be admitted that a gibbet and a permanent pillory, a justice and a ladder, as they said then, reared side by side midway on the road, contributed no little in repulsing eyes from that fatal spot, whereon so many beings full of health and life had writhed out their last agony; from whence, fifty years later, was to be born that 'Saint Vallier fever,' that malady of the terror of the scaffold, most monstrous of all ails, forasmuch as it came not from heaven, but man."

The square is bounded on the north by the *Rue de Rivoli,* and on the south by the Seine, which is crossed here by the *Pont d'Arcole.* At the eastern side rises the magnificent façade of the *Hôtel de Ville*, opposite which the Avenue Victoria stretches away to the *Place du Châtelet.* The houses on each side of this avenue, facing the square, are occupied by various bureaux of the City Government.

The old square, which derived its name from the *Grève*, or shore, on the river's bank, has entirely disappeared. The old houses have been pulled down, the street has been repaved, and since 1830, no executions have taken place here. If you peep around the corner of the *Hôtel de Ville*, you will see two splendid barracks filled with troops—a happy arrangement since this square has always been one of the chief centres of Revolution.

Bright, lively, and cheerful as it is now, it was a famous place of horrors in its time. Louis XI. made good use of it in his day. In 1495 he cut off the head of the great Constable de St. Pol almost on the very steps of the first Hôtel de Ville. Here, in 1559, perished the Counsellor Dubourg, a martyr to the truth of his religious convictions. Here, on

the 27th of May, 1574, the brave Count of Montgomery, whose only crime was that he had accidentally slain King Henry II. in a tournament, was put to death with horrible tortures. Catharine de Medicis stood at a window of the old town-hall to witness this terrible deed, and brought with her the young King Charles IX., and his relative, Henry of Narvarre. Protestant corpses lay thick over the square on the morning after St. Bartholomew, but they were not the only victims of the fanaticism of the infamous queen and court. In order to give a slight show of legality to the terrible butcheries of that August night, many Huguenots were tried and condemned by the obsequious Parliament, and executed on the *Grève*. Two of the best and noblest of the Huguenot party, Briquemont and Cavagnes, were dragged here upon a hurdle, and executed as felons, for the sole crime of being Protestants. Catharine de Medicis and the young King had been feasting in the town-hall, but they hastened from the merry board to the window to gloat over the sufferings of these brave men. On the hurdle between the two unfortunate gentlemen, was an effigy of Admiral Coligni, who had been sentenced for contumacy two months after his assassination. Fifteen months later came the turn of the assassins, and La Mole and Coconnas, who had been especially active in carrying on the massacre, suffered here for high treason. On the 17th of December, 1591, the President Brisson, and the Counsellors Tardif and Larcher, who had been strangled in one of the cells of the Grand Châtelet, were hanged on hooks in front of the town-hall. On the 7th of January, 1596, the Jesuit Guignard, accused of complicity in an attempt to assassinate Henry IV., was executed here, protesting his innocence to the last. On the 27th of May, 1610, Ravaillac, the assassin of Henry IV., was put to death here with frightful tortures in the presence of an immense crowd which

thronged the square and lined the neighboring housetops. He was torn with pincers, burned with hot lead, maimed in a fearful manner, and dragged assunder by horses. Seven years later occurred the first of the sanguinary dramas of the reign of Louis the Just (XIII.), when Leonora Galigai, the first friend of Richelieu, was beheaded for sorcery. On the 22d of June, 1627, the Lord of Boutteville, a Montmorency, was beheaded here by order of the grim old Cardinal, for fighting a duel in defiance of the law. On the 10th of May, 1632, the noble and brave Marshal de Marillac, brother of the Keeper of the Privy Seal, was executed here by order of the Cardinal, after a mock trial in which nothing was charged or proved against him. On the 16th of July, 1676, the Marchioness de Brinvilliers was burned here, for her crimes, in the presence of a large crowd of her former friends, who came to see "how a marchioness would burn." Under the Regency there were no political executions in the *Place de Grève.* Cartouche, the robber, was broken alive here in 1721, and on the 26th of March, 1757, Damiens, who had been convicted of an attempt to assassinate Louis XV., was put to death with the most horrible tortures. A butcher of the city offered to flay him alive, but the authorities declined the proposition. The manner of his death is thus described in an old French work before me:

"The tortures began about three o'clock. The right hand of the victim which had held the knife with which he had struck at Louis XV. was slowly burned. The intensity of the pain drew from him a cry of agony, and the executioner. approaching him, demanded of him the names of his accomplices. He declared that he had none. At the same instant, the breast, arms, and legs of the condemned were torn with pincers, and upon the wounds thus made was poured melted lead, boiling oil, burning pitch, melted wax and burning sul-

phur, all at the same moment, and the whole place resounded with his cries: 'My God, my God!' he screamed; 'it is frightful! Oh Christ, my God, have pity on me! Oh Saviour, how I suffer! Oh give me patience!' At each fresh tearing he cried out piteously; but his cries ceased when the tortures were finished, and he remained gazing silently at his wounds, as he had done at the hand which had been consumed. Finally, the executioners proceeded to bind his arms, legs and thighs with thongs, previous to his being torn asunder. This consumed much time, and gave him great pain. The cords were bound tightly across the wounds so recently made, and this drew from him repeated cries of pain, but it did not prevent him from regarding his sufferings with a singular curiosity. The horses being attached to his limbs, the signal was given to urge them to their horrid work, and several efforts were made to tear his limbs apart. He screamed frightfully, the extension of his limbs was incredible, but there was no sign of dismemberment. In spite of the repeated efforts of the horses, which were young and vigorous, this last part of the torture was protracted for more than an hour, and still there was no token of the end. The physicians and surgeons now assured the Commissaries that it would be impossible to perform the dismemberment without facilitating the action of the horses by cutting the principal sinews, which, though they had been stretched to an enormous length, would not separate without an amputation. Upon this assurance, the Commissaries ordered the executioner to cut the principal sinews of the arms and thighs, inasmuch as the night was approaching, and it was deemed best to finish the tortures before dark. In compliance with this order, the sinews of the victim's legs and arms were cut in two by the executioner, and the horses again urged forward. After repeated efforts, an arm and a thigh were torn off. The poor wretch was still

conscious, and his screams of pain were terrible. He even preserved his consciousness until both his legs and one arm were torn from his body, and died only after the remaining arm was dragged off."

This horrible spectacle was witnessed by all classes. Even women of rank were present, and, says the work from which I have quoted the above description, "that night the noble courtesans related to each other with complaisance, in the halls of Versailles, all the details of this long torture."

Here, also, in 1766, Lally Tollendal, the brave antagonist of the English in India, was put to death, with a gag in his mouth. After him came Foulon and Berthier, who were hanged at the lamp-posts, and the Marquis de Favras, the friend and confidant of the Comte d' Artois, who was hanged by order of the Châtelet Court, and who died protesting his innocence.

These were the most noted who died here, but who shall tell how many lesser victims suffered in the *Place de Grève?* The children of St. Louis had run up a frightful debt with St. Antoine, and the reckoning was close at hand.

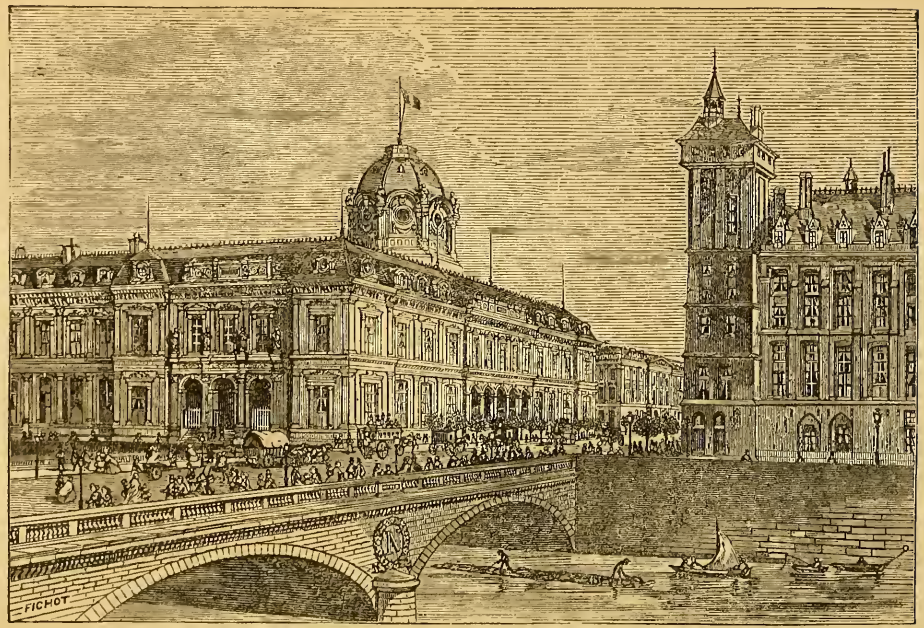
On the 25th of April, 1792, a strange instrument of death appeared in the *Place* for the execution of a robber. *It was the Guillotine.* In 1793 it was removed to another part of the city, and not many victims of the Revolution died here. It came back in 1795, however, and remained here until 1830. Since then, no executions have taken place here.

In 1830 and in 1848 the square was the scene of heavy fighting between the troops and the people.

And now, looking over what I have written, I find that I have not named all of the famous victims who suffered here, for I have said nothing of Oliver de Clisson, nor of Pierre des Essarts, nor of Jean des Mères, nor of the Count of Armagnac, nor of the Chevalier d'Andrieux. I could not hope

to give the names of the humbler sufferers, and perhaps, after all, the subject would not interest the reader as it does me.

They have done well to change the old square, for it is best to forget the scenes it has witnessed. Yet, changed as it is, I have never passed it without shuddering. I do not see the bright, beautiful square, but my mental vision takes in every detail of the old place of torture, and I hear only the shrieks and groans of the victims. It is a haunted spot to me.



The Palace of the Tribunal of Commerce.

XIII.

THE CITÉ.

I AM antiquarian enough in my tastes to fancy old Paris better than the new city; and I am sure I derived far more pleasure from my walks in the old Cité, than from my promenades along the Boulevards.

Crossing at the *Pont Neuf*, one finds himself on the narrow point which marks the lower end of the ancient Lutetia, the cradle of the great city around him. Here is the Statue of Henry IV., and just facing it is the entrance to the *Place Dauphine*, a spacious triangle, surrounded by old and high houses in the style of two centuries ago. It is one of the last vestiges of the Paris of Henry IV. and Louis XIII., and even this will soon give way to the improvements designed for the island. In the centre of the square is a monument to Desaix, representing France crowning the bust of her hero with a wreath of laurel.

Just beyond is the *Palais de Justice*, with the Prefecture of Police attached to it, occupying the island from shore to shore. In front of it is the Boulevard du Palais, connected with the north shore by the *Pont au Change*, and with the south shore by the *Pont Saint Michel*. Opposite the palace are the new buildings for the Courts of the City and a huge barracks for the troops, and back of these are the flower-market of the island and the ancient *Rue de la Cité*. Here the *Pont Notre Dame* crosses to the north bank and the *Petit Pont* to the south. The *Hôtel Dieu* occupies the island now

as far back as the front of the Cathedral, but between the church and the river, on the north side, is a dense mass of old houses—a fair specimen of what the island was before the present Emperor swept away the historic localities to make room for the new buildings you see all around you. Beyond these houses is the old Cathedral of *Notre Dame de Paris*—that grand poem in stone, which alone would repay you for crossing the ocean. The open space back of it, now railed in and planted as a park, is the *Place Notre Dame*, in the midst of which stands a beautiful gothic fountain. The *Rue d'Arcole* crosses the square in front of the church, and communicates with the north shore by the *Pont d'Arcole*, and with the south by the *Pont Double*. The Archbishop's Bridge (*Pont de l'Archevèché*) stands just back of the *Place Notre Dame*, and joins the island to the south shore, while just across the quay is the *Pont St. Louis*, connecting the *Cité* with the *Ile St. Louis*. The low building between the two bridges is the *Morgue*.

Stand with me near the centre of the *Quai du Marché Neuf*, and turn your face to the north. Before you is the splendid barrack but recently constructed, and behind you the Seine. On your left is the Palace of Justice, and around the corner of the barracks you can see the clock-tower and the *Pont au Change*. On your right is the time-worn *Hôtel Dieu*, and beyond it are the gray towers of *Notre Dame*. Shut out the new barrack from your view, and you are face to face with seven centuries. Before the new buildings, which have so changed the island, were erected, the old *Cité* was a mass of crooked streets and lofty houses. It was dark, dismal, and unhealthy. It had all the wrinkles and evils of old age, with none of its calm repose, for it was not a pleasant place to the eye; and, though justice had her chosen seat so close at hand, these old streets were not safe. Only the lovers of

the antique regret them, and the most inveterate enemy of the present dynasty in his heart thanks the Emperor for the change.

This island was a famous place in its day. Indeed, until the Thirteenth Century, it was *Paris,* the districts on the neighboring shores being until then of but little importance. Here were *Notre Dame* and the *Palais,* (then the residence of royalty,) the two metropolises of Church and State; and here concentrated all the prominent events in the history of the city. This was the ancient Lutetia which had held out so bravely against its Roman conquerors, and which the Roman Emperors—monarchs of the world—made their favorite place of resort. It was this little island that was made by Clovis the capital of his empire, only, however, to be left by his successors to languish into the domain of a simple count. Yet Robert of Paris was worthy of a wider sway. He taught the Norman pirates many a severe lesson, and saved his little island from ruin. It was this *cité* that Philip Augustus was so proud of, and which he sought to ornament with the grand old church which still preserves his memory. Here Saint Louis brought the treasures of the Holy City; and here he built the beautiful chapel in which his heart was placed when it had ceased to beat. And here, six centuries later, the crown of Charlemagne was placed upon the brows of Napoleon. How many memories, how many mighty deeds cluster about this old island! It witnessed the pride and glory of the children of St. Louis, and their deepest abasement; for, if Notre Dame and the Palais are here, here, also, are the chamber of the *Tribunal Révolutionnaire* and the *Conciergerie.*

Would you know how the island appeared in the Fifteenth Century, ten years before Columbus set sail to seek a new

world in the West? I turn to the great picture of Paris lying by me, and take from it the Island of Louis XI:

"There lies before one a countless collection of old roofs, over which is upreared the leaden apsis of Holy Chapel, like an elephant's back loaded with its tower. This tower is the boldest, most open, filagree-worked spire, that ever let the sunlight stream through its lacework. Before Notre Dame, nearer, three streets disgorge into the square in front of a church, a pretty square of old mansions. On the southern side of the square leans over the wrinkled, punctured front of the hospital, with the roof apparently broken out in pustules and warts. To right and left, to east and west, within the so narrow compass of the city, rise the steeples of its one and twenty churches of all dates, forms and grandeur, from the low, moss-grown Roman belfry of Saint Denis du Pas (*carcer glaucina*), to the fine needles of Saint Pierre aux Bœufs and Saint Landry. Behind Notre Dame, to the northward, is its cloister with Gothic galleries; to the south, the half Roman Bishop's Palace; to the eastward, the deserted point of the Terrain. In this pile of houses the eye may descry, by those lofty stone mitres which then overgrew the roof to the very highest windows of the palace, the hall given by the city, under Charles the Sixth, to Juvenal des Ursins: a little farther on, the pitched booths of Palus Market; besides the new vault of Saint Germain le Vieux, lengthened in 1458, to the Febves; and, at places, a square crowded with people; a pillory standing at a street corner; a fine bit of the payment of Philip Augustus, a magnificent grooved flagging for horses' hoofs in the middle of the road, and so wretchedly replaced in the Sixteenth Century by the paltry cobble-stones, called 'pave of the League,' a deserted rear-yard, with one of those stair-cased turrets like those made in the Fifteenth Century, still to be seen in a street of the Bour-

donnais. Lastly, to the right hand of the Holy Chapel, westerly, the Palace of Justice overshadows the water with its group of towers. The hedges of the royal gardens, which cover the western point of the city, hide the Ilet du Passeur. From Notre Dame towers, water can only be seen at each side of the city. The Seine disappears under bridges, the bridges under houses." *

The centuries that have passed by since then have worked great changes. The one and twenty churches have disappeared, and only Notre Dame and the Holy Chapel point the way to Heaven. Around the Palace of Justice now cluster the Courts of the city, for the island is the legal quarter of modern Paris. Judges, clerks, and advocates are in abundance here, thicker even than the priests at the upper end.

The *Ile St. Louis*, though so near a neighbor to the old *Cité*, was not built upon until the reign of Louis XIII. It is laid off with tolerable regularity, though the streets are narrow, and many of them dirty. The only attractions it possesses are the Church of *Saint Louis En-Ile* (St. Louis in the Island) and the Hôtel Lambert, both dating from the Seventeenth Century. The former contains some good pictures, and the latter is one of the finest specimens of a mansion of the time of Louis XIV., and was once the residence of Voltaire.

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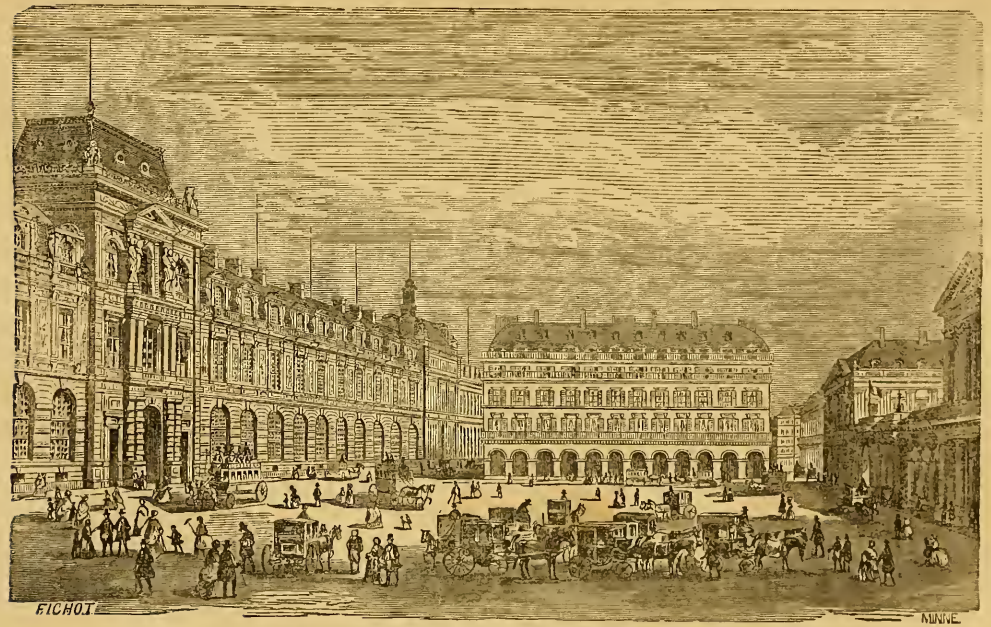
* *Notre Dame de Paris.*

XIV.

THE PALAIS ROYAL.

Cardinal Richelieu did some wise things in his day, and one of the wisest was his purchase, in 1624, of the Hôtels Mercœur and Rambouillet, in order that he might pull them down and occupy their site with a magnificent palace, which should bear his name, and remain a monument of his glory. He began the work in 1629, and completed it in 1634. The *Palais Cardinal*, the result of his efforts, was the admiration of all Paris. True, a part of the old wall of Charles V., and another historic landmark were swept away to make room for the new edifice, but the splendor of the Cardinal's mansion more than atoned for this loss.

The external splendor of the edifice, however, was not all that excited the admiration of the Parisians. The interior was in keeping with it, and came in for its share of praise also. Suites of splendid chambers and halls received the guests whom the great Minister deigned to honor, and the private theatre of the palace was the talk of the town. But that which aroused the warmest admiration, was the "Gallery of Great Men," in which his Eminence had collected the portraits of the men of all ages to whom he accorded the title of "Great." His standard must have been high, for the hall contained but twenty-five portraits. The twenty-fourth place in this famous group, was, by a refinement of courtesy, given to his Majesty, King Louis XIII., *and the twenty-fifth was*



Place du Palais Royal. Showing the Palace and the Louvre.

occupied by no less a personage than Cardinal Richelieu. Both theatre and gallery have disappeared.

Richelieu did not long enjoy his famous house. He died here on the 4th of December, 1642, and bequeathed the palace to the King, upon the express condition that the crown should never part with it. Louis XIII. followed the Cardinal five months later, and on the 7th of October, Anne of Austria, the widowed Queen, took possession of the *Palais Cardinal.* She brought with her, her infant children, Louis XIV., then but five years old, and his younger brother, Philippe of Orleans. The little King occupied the old Cardinal's chamber, and the splendid "gallery of great men" was converted into a sleeping room for his brother, and so entirely changed that his Eminence himself would never have recognized it. Nor was this the only change, for, in spite of the remonstrances of the relatives of the Cardinal, the mansion was officially styled the *Palais Royal.*

The first outbreak in the struggle of the Frondé took place almost in front of the palace, and the events of the war caused the young King to quit the city, in 1652. This closed the career of the mansion as a royal residence, for, after the King's return to Paris, he did not again enter the Palais Royal, which was subsequently assigned to Henrietta Maria, the widow of Charles I. of England, as a residence, after she was obliged to quit the Louvre.

In 1672, Louis XIV., in violation of the condition upon which the crown had accepted the palace, gave it to his brother, Philippe I., Duke of Orleans, and to his heirs. This Duke married Henrietta, of England, the daughter of Charles I., who had already passed a part of her childhood in the *Palais Royal.* From Philippe I., the palace passed to his son, who was Regent during the minority of Louis XV. He it was who made the place infamous by the strange debauch-

eries which he inaugurated here, and which Saint Simon has described in his *Mémoires*. His son Louis lived in great retirement, and finally entered the Abbey of Sainte-Geneviève, where he ended his days, and left the mansion to his little son, Louis Philippe Joseph, better known in after years as *Philippe Égalité*. During the ownership of the last named duke, the greater part of the original palace was destroyed by a fire, kindled by an incendiary. He rebuilt the burnt portion, and in order to meet the heavy expenses which his prodigality entailed upon him, surrounded the gardens with immense ranges of buildings, which he leased at fabulous rents to gamblers, and dealers in fancy goods. These buildings were completed between the years 1781—1786, and aroused the bitter wrath of the people of the neighboring streets, who grumbled terribly at having the gardens, which had always been open to them, enclosed, and launched the most sarcastic epigrams at the Duke, who laughed at them, and carried out his plan. While the works were in progress, the Opera House was burned (June 8th, 1781), and the Duke added to his palace the *Théâtre Français* of to-day.

The gardens, as they now stand, formed one of the favorite places of resort for all classes during the last days of the monarchy. Politicians of all shades of opinion came here to discuss and announce their views, and here were held many of the meetings which heralded the great storm. Here it was that Camille Desmoulins uttered the call to arms which resulted in the capture and destruction of the Bastille.

Philippe Equality paid a dear price for his liberal principles. Arrested, with his third son, the Count of Beaujolais, on the 4th of April, 1793, he was executed on the 6th of the following November. As they led him to his doom, they carried him by the gates of his palace, and, with a refinement of cruelty, halted the tumbril in front of the principal en-

trance, that he might gaze upon the scene of his former glory. The Palais Royal was seized by his creditors immediately after his arrest, and was sold by them. It was at once filled with restaurants, gaming-houses, and shops, and took the name of *Palais Égalité*. The first Consul removed them from the palace proper, and established the *Tribunat* in it, which sat there from 1801 until 1807. During this time it was called the Palace of the Tribunat, and after that body left it, it remained deserted until 1814. Lucien Bonaparte occupied it during the Hundred Days, but after the downfall of Napoleon, it was restored to the Duke of Orleans, who repurchased all that had been sold by the State. He continued to reside here until his elevation to the throne of France as Louis Philippe I., in 1830. On the 28th of February, 1848, it was sacked by the mob, who destroyed the greater part of its works of art, and seriously damaged the building. Under the name of *Palais National*, it was occupied by several departments of the Government, until the establishment of the present Empire, when its old name was restored. In 1852, it was given to Prince Jérôme, the brother of Napoleon I., and was left by him to his son, the Prince Jérôme Napoléon, better known in this country as Prince Napoléon, its present owner.

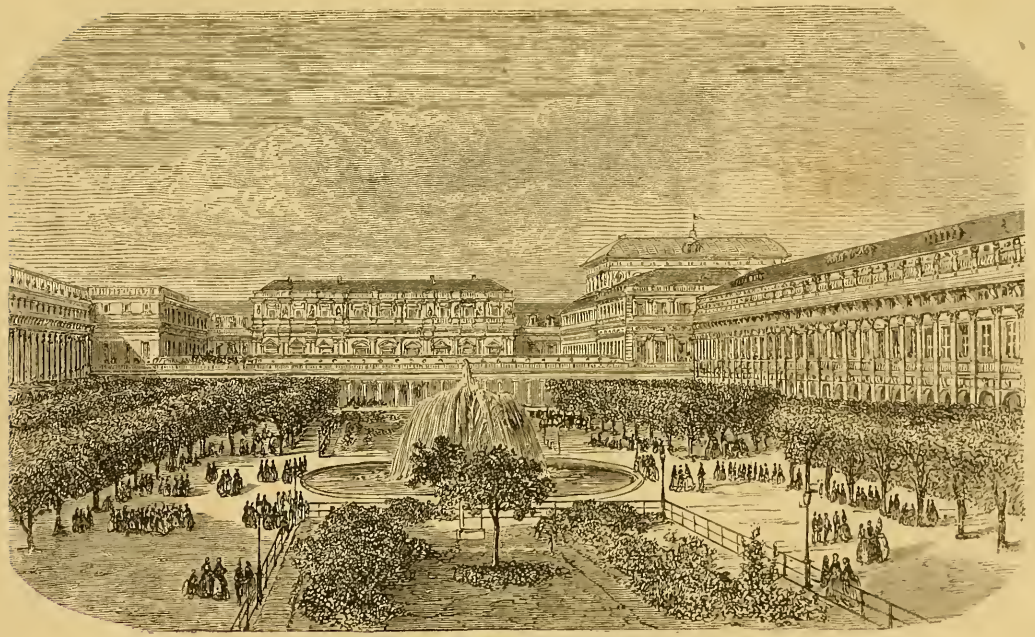
The palace itself is situated in the *Place du Palais Royal*, and faces the *Rue de Rivoli*. The principal entrance is through a triple-arched gateway, leading into a large court. The buildings on each side of this court advance to the street, and are on a line with the gateway, and the building at the bottom of the court is ornamented with Ionic columns supporting a semi-circular pediment, in the centre of which is a handsome clock supported by two figures. The entire front is elaborately decorated and presents a showy appearance from the street. The interior of the palace does not corres-

pond with its exterior. It contains some fine halls, nevertheless, and the grand stairway is famous as a work of art. It is now occupied by Prince Napoléon and his family, and is not open to visitors.

The court-yard behind the palace is surrounded by shops, and is separated from the gardens beyond by a magnificent glass gallery, called the *Gallerie d'Orléans*. It is the most magnificent of all the covered streets or *passages* of Paris, and is lined with handsome shops.

Beyond this gallery are the gardens of the palace, surrounded on all sides by magnificent arcades. The grounds are two hundred and thirty yards long by one hundred yards wide, and are ornamented with shrubbery, statuary, and fountains. They constitute one of the favorite places of resort for the Parisians, and are daily filled, from six to eleven o'clock, with thousands in search of pleasure. In mild weather there is music by a military band, which performs here for an hour or two before sunset, and until near midnight the crowds linger in the gardens enjoying the delicacies of the *Café de la Rotonde*.

The galleries surrounding the grounds afford one of the most brilliant and interesting sights of the city. They are lined with cafés, and scores of small shops, devoted to the sale of jewelry, both real and imitation, fancy goods of all kinds, cutlery, military goods, books, curiosities, etc., etc. The display in the windows of these establishments is brilliant beyond description. The whole square constitutes a vast bazaar cut up into a hundred or more booths of various sizes. Jewels of every kind, from the gleaming diamond to the more humble stones, flash in the windows and dazzle your eyes with their brilliancy. Watches of all sizes, shapes, and qualities, vie with the precious stones. Here



Gardens of the Palais Royal.

are riches piled up in the greatest and most gorgeous profusion. Here are

"Priceless chaplets of Syrian jet,
And odorous amber steeped in the sun,
Rare golden circlets, turquoise set,
A dowry every one.

"Blood-red rubies, pearls like grapes,
In clusters of purple, black, and white;
Cameo girdles for exquisite shapes,
Diamond drops of light.

"Jeweled masks, and filagree fans,
In carved cases of tropical wood;
Aspic braces, ouches, and bands,
Clasps for mantle and hood."

Try it yourself, good reader, and you will find it impossible to describe the wonderful scene. Come here just after dusk, when the shop windows throw their floods of light out into the gardens, and the grounds and galleries are alive with people. See how they crowd around the rich displays in the windows. The very air vibrates with the thousand voices floating upon it. Here are diamonds that might ransom a prince, and on the ledge just above them sets of the same stone of a less fabulous value. Here are watches of the most exquisite make for fifty francs, and silver timepieces for half that sum. Here are sets of jewelry and precious stones that make you long to be their owner. Yes, they are beautiful and in perfect taste, but you need not be so very rich to possess them. I point you to the little sign over the door, which tells you that all the articles sold in this shop are imitations. It may be that this announcement will destroy your wish to possess them; but you will be

very different from the majority of your countrymen and countrywomen if you leave Paris without loading your trunks with this pretty rubbish. Here you may buy a brooch for a couple of francs—an imitation, truly, but one that you will not be ashamed to wear. The Parisians are very fond of this class of ornaments, and thousands of francs are annually expended for them.

A stranger, seeing these galleries for the first time, wonders how it is possible for so many persons of the same trade to earn their living here. Half a dozen jewelers will display their wares side by side, and all will do well, for the shops of the Palais Royal are amongst the most profitable in the city. Thousands of people come here every night, attracted by the beauty and brilliancy of the scene, and thousands of francs change hands before the evening is over.

The gardens and galleries, however, do not constitute the only attractions of the place. The floor above the shops is taken up with numerous restaurants, some of which are among the most famous in Paris. They are crowded morning and evening with persons in quest of their meals. These establishments having been already described, I pass them by.

The *Théâtre Français* and the *Théâtre du Palais Royal* are situated within the limits of the palace, and furnish another source of interest and amusement.

XV.

THE SCHOOLS.

I

THE LATIN QUARTER.

The terms *Quartier Latin* and *Pays Latin* will not be found in any of the official publications of Paris, yet they are famous the world over as the name of a large section of the city lying south of the Seine and containing the principal schools. This section may be said to cover the area lying between the Seine, on the north, the Boulevard du Montparnasse, on the south, the Halle aux Vins, on the east, and the Rue Bonaparte on the west. Within these boundaries are the School of Fine Arts, the Institute, the Mint, the Churches of St. Germain des-Prés and Saint Sulpice, the Charity Hospital, the Palaces of the Luxembourg and the Senate, the Hôtel de Cluny, the Churches of Saint Séverin, Saint Julien-le-Pauvre, and Saint Etienne-du-Mont, the Medical School, the Lycées Saint Louis, Napoleon, and Louis-le-Grand, the Sorbonne, the College of France, the Institution-Sainte-Barbe, the Sainte-Geneviève and Mazarin Libraries, the Law School, the Panthéon, the Hospital of La Pitié, the Garden of Plants, and the Normal and Polytechnic Schools. Not only is it made famous by these great institutions, but it is also, and perhaps still better known as the quarter in which dwell that numerous class of men, young and old, who call themselves students.

Paris was quick to assert its intellectual supremacy. In the year 900, Remigius of Auxerre commenced to read lectures here, and the beginning thus made was continued successfully during the next two centuries by a line of masters whose names, in many instances, are unknown to-day. About 1100, William of Champeaux, and Peter Abélard drew pupils from all parts of the civilized world to hear them, and by 1169 a regular University, with faculties of arts, theology, law, and medicine, was in successful operation. In 1199 this University received its first charter from Philip Augustus.

About this time the schools of Paris were at the height of their early glory. The slopes of the Mountain of Sainte-Geneviève were covered with colleges and schools of various grades, and settled thickly with students. From the *Collége des Bernardins* back to *Mont Parnasse,* the streets were lined with these establishments, many of which are now extinct. By the year 1453, the University of Paris was the most famous in Europe, and numbered 12,000 students in its schools. The crown granted it rare powers over the *Pays Latin*, and it had exclusive jurisdiction in all suits, civil or criminal, in which its members were concerned. The municipal authorities regarded it with bitter jealousy in consequence of this, and many disputes occurred between the two bodies. Its quarrels were not with the municipality alone, however, but it "picked many a bone" with the neighboring religious establishments. There was a piece of ground just without the walls of the Abbey of *Saint-Germain-des-Prés*, called the *Pré aux Clercs.* The University and the Abbey each claimed it, and during the Thirteenth Century were engaged in a warm dispute concerning it. Both managed to neglect it sadly, however, and like all debatable ground, it became famous for its lawlessness, crime, and adventures. It was also the scene of many duels.

"There is no quarter that has been so little changed by the recent works which have transformed Paris," says Théodore de Banville; "none which has kept so well its own physiognomy; for it possesses a moral vitality, an intellect, something approaching a soul, against which neither hammers nor pickaxes can prevail. The great Boulevards, so resembling those of Central Paris, with their wide pavements, their green trees, their houses of carved stone, their grand depots of commerce, and their shops filled with luxury and beauty, have been created—one might almost say brought here—by magic. Their crowds, their tumult, their busy and eager aspect, might induce one to think himself in the heart of the city; but two paces away from them silence and study still reign, for this new Paris which sweeps by here like a river, has not changed the old Paris which borders its shores. By the side of the bustling and lively Boulevard-Saint-Michel, the grass is growing between the flagstones in the Court of the Sorbonne."

Coming here, fresh from the splendid streets north of the river, one can hardly realize that he is in the same city. The streets are narrow, and the houses tall and ancient looking. The sound of carriage wheels rarely breaks the stillness which reigns over the whole quarter, and the streets are less crowded than over the Seine. The people are plainer, quieter, and more "old timey," than in the districts you have just left. Classic notions prevail in everything, and you are not long in discovering that it is not a fashionable quarter.

The houses are in many instances handsome, but all are inferior to those of new Paris. You may find lodgings here for a "mere song." For fifty francs per month you can secure plain but really comfortable apartments in a pleasant street, or you may live at a still cheaper rate without sacrificing either your respectability or your comfort; but you must not wonder if the *concierge* is a little particular about the security

for the rent. The majority of tenants in this quarter are not the most punctual in their payments.

It is here that one sees the book-stands which are so famous a feature of Paris. There are scores of dealers in such wares here. Some spread out their slender stock upon a neighboring ledge, or upon the stones which form the river wall, others provide themselves with tables and stands, and others still make a better display in stalls fitted up with shelves and doors. And a curious collection of books these dealers have managed to bring together. Histories, novels, biographies, essays, travels, books of law, medicine, theology, and the other sciences, dating back almost to the invention of printing, find their way here. The prices are low, and the sales not the most encouraging to the majority of dealers. Even the new publications can be bought here for very much less than across the river. After the first demand for a book is over, it may always be purchased far below its original cost, at the book-stalls of the Latin Quarter. Many persons wait for this, and thus save money on their purchases.

Several of the great publishers are located here. Chief amongst them is the splendid establishment of Hachette & Co., on the Boulevard Saint Germain—one of the most perfect and beautiful, if not the best, of its kind in the world.

II.

THE SCHOOLS.

At the head of the learned bodies of the city, stands the *Institute of France*, for which a magnificent palace is provided just opposite the Louvre, and almost on the spot where the famous Tour de Nesle stood. This building owes its origin to Cardinal Mazarin, who, by his will, directed that a college

for sixty gentlemen should be established here, to be called *Collége des Quatre Nations*, as its inmates were to be chosen from four countries only, Alsace, Flanders, Pignerol, and Rousillon. During the Revolution the building was converted into a prison, and used as such for some time.

In 1795, the National Convention established the *Institute*, in place of the college founded by Mazarin, which it had suppressed in 1793. It was at first organized into three classes —one of mathematics and the physical sciences; one of moral

Palace of the Institute of France.

and political sciences; and one of literature and the fine arts —but the First Consul, in 1803, suppressed the class of moral and political science, and subdivided the class of literature and the fine arts into three other classes—one of the French language and literature, one of history and ancient literature, and one of fine arts. Louis XVIII., in 1816, substituted the title of Academy for that of class, and restored the ancient order of the subjects. Louis Philippe, in 1832, revived the class of moral and political science, and definitively fixed the

number of Academies at five: I. The French Academy, (*Académie Française*); II. The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres; III. The Academy of Sciences; IV. The Academy of Fine Arts; V. The Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. Each of these Academies conducts its affairs by its own regulations, but all are subject to the general administration of the Institute, in matters in which their interest is common.

The object of the Institute is the perfecting of literature, science, and art, by making researches, publishing books, and giving rewards. It is composed of titular and free members, of corresponding members, and of foreign associates. They are all elected by the particular Academy to which they belong, a majority of votes being necessary to a choice. The choice of Academicians, of Perpetual Secretaries, and of some other dignitaries must be confirmed by the Head of the State.

Admission to the public sittings of the Institute, which are held annually, on the 15th of August, is by tickets. Upon this occasion, the linguistic prize of Volney, and the Emperor's biennial prize of 20,000 francs, are awarded to the work which the Institute considers the most honorable or most useful to the country.

The *French Academy* was founded in 1635, by Richelieu, and consists at present of 40 titular members. It has no free academicians, or corresponding members. Its officers are a chancellor, a director, and a secretary, elected from amongst the members, for three months, and a perpetual treasurer. Its duties are to make the revision of the *Dictionary of the French Language*, and to compile an *Historical Dictionary of the French Language*. It holds an annual public sitting in May or June. Upon this occasion it bestows many prizes, the most valued being the Academy prize of 2,000 francs for

the best essay, in prose or poetry, on a given subject. Prizes, ranging from 3,000 to 22,000 francs, are awarded to poor French persons, who have done the most praiseworthy action during the year; to the French author who has composed and published the most useful book on morals during the year; to the author of the best work on the history of France; to the author of the best historical work, in a moral point of view; to the author of an historical work proposed by the Academy: and also prizes in favor of poor artists and men of letters, and of young men who have shown literary talent.

The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres was founded in 1665 by Colbert, and comprises forty titular members, ten free members, eight foreign associates, and fifty correspondents. It chooses its own officers, which are a President, Vice-President, and Perpetual Secretary.

It is designed to promote and carry on studies of medals, inscriptions, monuments, antiquities, ancient languages, idioms of the Mediæval Ages, and Oriental languages. It sits weekly for the transaction of business, and holds an annual public meeting in July, for the distribution of prizes. It publishes the *Memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres.*

The Academy of Sciences was founded by Colbert in 1666. It consists of sixty-five titular members, ten free academicians, and eight foreign associates. It holds weekly meetings, and distributes its prizes in public in November of each year. These prizes are given for treatises on the exact sciences, and for the best discussions of the treatment of Asiatic Cholera. It publishes the *Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences*, and a weekly account of the sittings.

The Academy of Fine Arts was formed by the union of the Academies of Painting, Sculpture, Music, and Architecture. It consists of forty titular members, ten free members, ten

foreign associates, and forty correspondents. Its officers are a President, Vice-President, and Perpetual Secretary. It publishes the *Dictionary of the Language of Fine Arts.* It holds weekly sittings, and makes an annual public distribution of prizes in October. The prizes are given to the most successful contestants in painting, sculpture, architecture, engraving, historical landscapes, and musical compositions.

The Academy of Moral and Political Sciences was suppressed in 1803, and reëstablished in 1832. It consists of forty titular and six free members, nine foreign associates, and thirty-seven correspondents. Its officers are a President, Vice-President, and Perpetual Secretary. It publishes its *Memoirs*, holds weekly sittings, and makes annual public distributions of prizes for successful treatises upon moral or political science.

A new Academy, that of *Medicine*, occupies the chapel of the ancient Convent of the Brothers of Charity, and is required to answer all demands made upon it by the Government, especially those relating to sanitary questions affecting the public health. It consists of one hundred titular and ten free members, twenty national and twenty foreign associates, and an unlimited number of correspondents. Candidates for membership must be doctors in medicine or surgery, or must be graduates of special schools of chemistry or veterinary medicine. Its officers are a President, Vice-President, Perpetual Secretary, and Annual Secretary and Treasurer. Its library is very valuable, but is reserved to members; but its chemical laboratory is open to members of commissions wishing to make certain experiments. It publishes its *Notices* and *Memoirs*, and awards prizes for the best works on medical and surgical topics. Its sittings are weekly, and its distribution of prizes annual, in public.

The *College of France*, situated in the *Rues des Écoles* and

Saint Jacques, was founded by Francis I., in 1529. It was rebuilt in 1610 and 1774, and a few years ago was entirely restored and considerably enlarged. It is provided with handsome and commodious buildings, and ranks amongst the first establishments of learning in France. It is under the control of the Minister of Public Instruction, and has twenty-nine professorships. Its professors are chosen from amongst the most eminent men in France, and deliver gratuitous lectures on all subjects connected with the higher

The College of France.

branches of literature and science, mathematics, natural philosophy, natural history, general law, history, oriental languages, etc., etc. The lectures are not confined to the students, but are free to all who choose to attend them, and seats are reserved for ladies. The lectures on literature and history are especially valuable and interesting. The library of the college is not open to the public.

The *University*, founded in 1808, has nominally the monopoly of the public instruction given by the State, or, in other words, the control of the primary, secondary, and higher

public schools. It is under the authority of the Minister of Public Instruction, who convokes each year an assembly, called the "Imperial Council of Public Education," composed of thirty-two members, nominated by the Emperor. The State appoints all the professors of the colleges and lyceums of the University, and pays them their salaries. It approves and enforces its programme for public instruction, and, through the Minister in charge of this branch of the public service, directs and controls every detail connected with the education of the young. The administration of the University is located in Paris, but its branches are spread all over France in *academies*, each of which is in charge of a *rector* appointed at Paris.

For many years, a bitter warfare has been waged between the Church and the University on the subject of primary education, each body seeking to obtain the exclusive control of it, and it would seem that, although the forms and traditions of the University are preserved, the Church, in reality, has the better of the contest.

"Before the Revolution of 1848," says an intelligent and observant writer,* "the University certainly occupied a proud position, very little different from that in which it was placed by Napoleon I. I must here remark, that the word 'University' in French changed its signification in 1808. Before that period it expressed the same thing as in our language; but then it came to mean, not a place of study, supplied with all means and appliances, and enjoying certain privileges, but the whole of the *personnel* of the '*Corps enseignant.*' The object of its founder was to create what might have been called a lay church, taking church to mean the corporation which is capped by the Pope, and includes all the degrees of ecclesias-

* *Purple Tints of Paris.* By Bayle St. John.

tical hierarchy, but excludes the congregations. It is no longer correct, therefore, to say that one has studied at the University of Paris, because, by University is meant the entire body of teachers, from the very lowest up to the governing council. There is no University of Paris, but there is the Academy of Paris.

"The original constitution of the University was very imposing. Its head was the Grand Master, raised at the Restoration, also to the position of Minister of Public Instruction. Then came the Council, composed of eight members, with high salaries, appointed for life, and invested with judicial sanctity. By them everything connected with education was directed and governed. No person could undertake to teach even the arts of reading and writing without their consent; whilst, on the other hand, no professor could be deprived of his position and privileges but by their decree. The University was eminently an independent, self-governing body. The manifest object of its founder was to create an institution which, by its influence, should counterbalance the Catholic Church. To enable it to undertake this task with any chance of success, it was necessary to create an *esprit de corps*. The object was completely gained; and, as I have already hinted, the University, composed of the very materials which had exercised such a dissolving power in the previous century, became at once a great instrument of conservatism; as far at least as it is possible for the votaries of science and letters, which are by their nature progressive, to be so.

"This state of things has now, since the *coup d' état*, completely changed. The supreme direction of the University has been transferred to the hands of the Minister of Public Instruction; or, in other words, to those of the Chief of the State himself. The Council continues to exist in name; but its members are unpaid and removable at pleasure. In order

to show that its duties are merely a sham, the members chosen are for the most part people who have never paid any attention to the subject of education; or bishops, to combat whose influence the University was originally established. One of the principal personages is a jolly officer of dragoons; another is a late apothecary and episodical minister; a third, a bilious astronomer, and so on. I shall mention an instance of the way in which discussions are carried on. Some proposition was made; a member, forgetting that he was there only *pro formâ*, lightly said that the said proposition was against common sense; upon which M. Fortoul, the minister, gravely observed that he declined discussing the matter, because the opinion impugned was not his, but had a much more august origin. It may easily be imagined that every one cried out against the unlucky critic, protesting that the proposition was the sublime of common sense.

"Formerly all professors were chosen by the Council, and were obliged to prove that they had passed certain examinations; now the minister takes them where he finds them, and makes no inquiry, except to ascertain the extent of their devotion to the Imperial Government. Many piquant anecdotes have been related to me in illustration; but I refrain from repeating them, because it would be unnecessary to give pain to individuals. No doubt the pain in most cases would be merited, but I cannot volunteer to perform the office of an executioner.

"Next in rank to the members of the Grand Council were the Inspectors-General, whose duty was to visit the establishments of public instruction—all educational establishments, indeed—and discover in what spirit they were carried on. Their principal vigilance was directed to find out whether the Jesuits or other advocates of the old régime had contrived in any manner to get children under their care, and whether they

were teaching them corrupt views of history and theology. A few questions made to the pupils would easily enable them to discover under what influences were the minds of the children: whether, for example, they were taught that the Saint Bartholomew was a glorious day; whether Napoleon was represented as only the Lieutenant-General of the kingdom of France; whether Henri Cinq was insinuated to be the real sovereign, etc., etc. Under the new system, the number of the general inspectors has been diminished to four. The object is as much as possible to retain the nomenclature of the old University, and thus not draw attention to the fact that it is utterly destroyed. At the same time the office of these inspectors has become superfluous, because the Government has determined no longer to oppose the efforts of the clergy to give a false direction to study. It has at length discovered that the Church only can prepare the minds of youth for slavery. This, among other advantages, is an economy. The four inspectors never leave Paris, and never inspect anything.

"The country was formerly divided into twenty-seven districts, each with its academy, governed by a rector and two or more inspectors. A complete academy answered nearly to our idea of a university, containing faculties of theology, law, medicine, science, and letters, with royal colleges, communal colleges, etc. The Academy of Paris was, of course, the most considerable—partly from its position, partly from the tendency there existed to send children and youth to study at the capital. At present there are academies in every department—each headed by a rector, and each entitled to confer degrees. The rectors, instead of depending only on the Grand Council, are revokable on the denunciation of a bishop, a priest, or a maire. As, however, it was impossible to establish eighty faculties, there are what may be called

ambulating faculties, going about from one academy to the other at stated seasons. The persons employed in this service are *agrégés* of the colleges, or substitute professors.

"A boy sent to a royal or imperial college is required to take a trousseau and to pay a thousand francs a year. The price is fixed and uniform, and there are no extras. Those who do not board, and the number is great, pay comparatively little. One of the privileges of the former royal colleges was, that all pupils in private schools were compelled every day to go and attend certain classes; so that it was absolutely impossible that the current ideas of the day should be shut out from them. This mechanism was in itself admirably adapted to effect its purpose, and we can only regret that French legislation and philosophy could find no better means of protecting the youthful mind of the country from the disastrous influence of ultra-catholic doctrines, than by inculcating, as it did rather indirectly than directly, the doctrines of pure Deism. I do not mean to say that it was the professed object of the University to inculcate these doctrines, but their adoption was the natural and necessary consequence of the whole system of education; as, indeed, it must be the consequence of all merely literary, scientific, or professional instruction, directed by people who regard revelation as an absurdity.

"Every year, what was called a programme of studies was published for the government schools; and although the private schools were not directly compelled to abide by it, yet virtually they were so, because otherwise their pupils could not be prepared for the examinations that formed the necessary steps to all kinds of employments. Since the establishment of the Empire, the tone of the studies has been generally lowered; and in one of the programmes it is expressly forbidden 'to incite the children to reason.' As

much as possible it is recommended to fill the memory with results, and to pass over demonstrations. The whole object of the Imperial system, which, according to the present Minister, is calculated to renew the generation in ten years, is to suppress the use of the active faculties of the mind, and even to falsify the most ordinary notions of history. Children are not allowed to advance in the annals of their own country beyond the time of Henry IV., except that they are taught the chief incidents in the reign of Napoleon. I have heard of a recent instance in which a priest explained to some pupils that the Saint Bartholomew was merely a row between the Catholics and the Protestants, in which the former got the upper hand. One of the lads, who had heard a different account, went and asked for information from a professor of history, who gave him the real facts. He was immediately denounced, and received a letter of reprimand from the Minister, and a warning to keep his knowledge to himself for the future.

"When the programme of 1852 was published, many professors were not prepared to adapt their lessons to it. A bookseller saw that it would be a good speculation to publish a series of volumes on the various departments of study. Among others was a history of Napoleon, the writer of which had not been sparing of enthusiasm. However, a literary man, though inclined to subserviency, cannot emulate the monotonous baseness of a courtier. Two 'dangerous' phrases found their way into the epitome. One was this—a mere rhetorical qualification—'In spite of some faults,' and then followed a gorgeous catalogue of the splendors of the Empire. The second was as follows: 'The clergy obstinately refused to abandon the *dîme*.' Both were perceived and denounced by a priest. The Minister, however, glancing over the pages, had himself picked out the sacrilegious sentences,

and had sent for the author in all haste to request him to suppress them before publication. But meanwhile four copies had been sold; the denunciation of the priest complicated the affair; and the Minister was obliged publicly to reprimand the author, who has probably since learned to tame the extravagances of his imagination.

"I have already noticed some of the changes that have taken place in the constitution of the University, and have shown that, according to the idea of its founder, it no longer exists. It is singular that the great work of Napoleon I. should have found its chief antagonist in Napoleon III. However, we must bear in mind, in order to understand this fact, that the work of destruction was commenced by the Legislative Assembly under the Republic, at the instigation of the Legitimists and Church, and by means of what was called the Great Party of Order." *

The Sorbonne is the great school of Paris. It was founded in 1255, by Robert de Sorbon, and was rebuilt in 1629, by Jacques Lemercier. It is the seat of the offices of the Academy of Paris, and of the three faculties of Catholic theology, literature, and science. The great law and medical schools for which the city is famous form a part of it also. The solemnities of the University are held at the Sorbonne, especially the yearly distributions of the prizes of the lyceums and colleges of Paris and Versailles.

The buildings are, in general, old and venerable in appearance. The various schools are supplied with fine libraries, cabinets, and special collections. The *Grand Amphitheatre* is decorated with paintings, and is capable of containing from fifteen hundred to two thousand people. The

* These observations were written by Mr. St. John, some years ago, but, with some modifications, are applicable to the state of affairs of to-day.

lectures and examinations are free to all persons. The students number several thousand, and embrace persons of nearly every country. Ladies are not admitted singly, but regulations have been recently put into effect by which they may enjoy all the benefits of the schools. A programme of the days, hours, and places of the lectures, the names of the lecturers and their subjects, is posted in public for the information of all who desire to attend; and the announcements of the examinations are made in the same way. Thousands go to hear these lectures, and in this way knowledge is diffused amongst others than the students. Being free to all, the very poorest may avail themselves of the opportunities afforded by the college.

In former times the Sorbonne was the great pillar of the Catholic faith in France. As a school of theology and canon law, it had no superior, and its decisions came to be regarded as final. "It was," says Jules Janin, "so to speak, a parliament without appeal, where all questions relative to the Roman Catholic belief were gravely and severely discussed. And as, at that time, faith was everywhere, in the smallest pamphlet of the writer, in the slightest word of the orator, in the confidential letter, it follows, from this ubiquity of faith, that the Sorbonne also was everywhere; that it entered every conscience, and had the right to inquire into books and ideas, which are now most foreign to it.

"It was, in truth, a kind of religious inquisition, which, in case of need, had its dungeons and its funeral piles; more than once it employed even the executioner against persons and books. But, compared with other inquisitions, that of the Sorbonne was benevolent, and even enlightened. It summoned around it the noblest minds, the greatest names, and the boldest and most courageous men; it was afraid of nothing but innovators. With the Sorbonne, novelty was

in all things the worst of schisms. Thus, even to the end, this grave and learned institution, which had heard the Prince de Condé and Bossuet support within its enclosure their theological dogmas, remembered the instructions of its illustrious protector, Cardinal Richelieu. It defended itself as bravely as possible from all the rebels against authority, which the end of the seventeenth and the whole of the eighteenth century produced. It defended, step by step, the moral dominion which the Romish Church had confided to it; and when at last it was compelled to give way, it did so honorably, after having stood alone against all, alone against Voltaire, alone against the whole encyclopædia. What do we say? It had stood alone against M. Arnauld and against Pascal!"

This was the Sorbonne towards the close of the eighteenth century. Let us glance now at a picture of it a quarter of a century ago, drawn by the same hand:

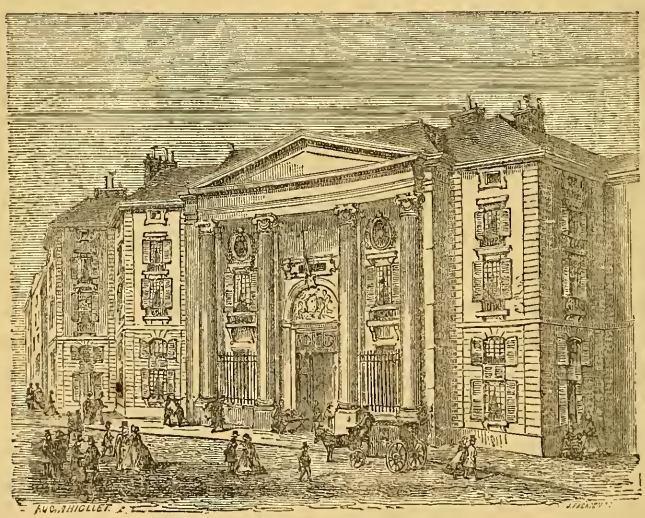
"Imagine that, on some Monday, on one of those grey, dull frosts in the December of a Parisian winter, the neighborhood of the Sorbonne is filled with an unusual crowd; people run from all parts of the city, in all kinds of costume, some on foot, some in carriages, for amongst the impatient and shivering multitude, the prince of the blood must wait until the doors are open, as well as the student of one year's standing. At eleven o'clock the immense court of the Sorbonne is filled; at twelve, the doors are opened. In a moment, the vast hall is entirely occupied; they push and jostle each other; the least space on the oak seats is eagerly disputed; the crowd choose that the doors should remain open, and those who arrive late are kept at the foot of the staircase, only too happy to seize on their passage, some of those powerful vibrations which announce the presence of the master. At the appointed hour, and by a certain entrance,

which is, like all the rest, obstructed by numbers, a man creeps with great difficulty, and makes his way to the pulpit amidst a thunder of applause; he takes his seat in anything but an elegant posture, generally he crosses his right leg over his left; he leans his head upon his shoulder, like many of the great men of antiquity. But let us wait; he will soon raise his head, his animated look will run over the attentive crowd, and his speech will become as animated as his look, and suddenly, the first hesitation passed, you must prepare to follow the orator in the most impetuous caprices of his thought. Ah! what a wonderful literary labyrinth! What a bold mixture of the soundest sense and the wildest flights of the imagination!—an admirable collection of philosophy, history, and literature, in which the most different geniuses, the most opposite talents are found blended and confused with incredible skill: Bossuet by the side of Saurin, Shakspeare by the side of Molière, the Télémaque of Fenélon by the side of the Utopia of Sir Thomas Moore. And through the thousand flowery labyrinths of his thoughts, it was curious to see how this man contrived to make use of present literature; to summon to the aid of the ancients, whose mighty power and energy he proclaimed, the contemporary works which he subjected without remorse to his ironical analysis. You should have seen with what enthusiasm, and at the same time, with what good sense he spoke of the old master-pieces, which he made one love; of the great writers, whom he surrounded with respect, and how he made the youthful assembly support everything, even the praises of Louis XIV. Thus you would follow him, in the literary history of the three great centuries to which Francis I. gave the signal. The auditors of this animated professor would, in imitation of him, pass from Montaigne and Rabelais to Madame de Sévigné and La Fontaine. from Saint

Evremont and Fontenelle to Montesquieu and Massillon, until he has suddenly stopped before J. J. Rosseau and Voltaire, to whose cause he has not been false, even in open Sorbonne, any more than in open Sorbonne, M. Guizot has been false to the cause of Melancthon and Luther."*

In the *School of Theology*, there are seven professorships. It is located at the Sorbonne.

The *School of Sciences*, also located at the Sorbonne, has



The Law School.

eighteen professors. The school bestows diplomas or degrees of bachelor, licentiate, and doctor of sciences.

The *School of Letters*, also at the Sorbonne, has twelve professorships, and confers diplomas or degrees of bachelor, licentiate, and doctor of letters.

The *School of Law* is located in the Place du Panthéon. The

* The orator here spoken of was M. Villemain.

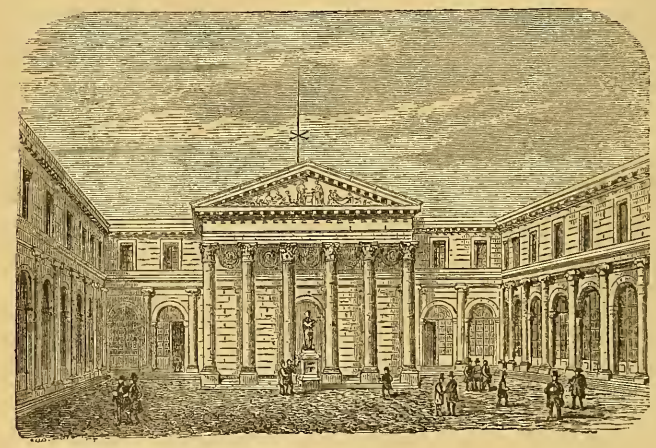
building which it occupies was commenced in 1771, but was not completed until 1823. It is a plain looking edifice, with a pediment supported by four large Ionic columns. It has eighteen professors, who lecture daily on the various branches of law. The number of students is about 2,000. The school has a fine library, which is open to the students every day.

The *School of Medicine* stands in the Rue de l'École de Médecine. The buildings occupied by it cover the site of the ancient College of Burgundy, and comprise a main building and two wings which unite an open gallery formed by two ranges of Ionic pillars. Over the door is a bass-relief representing Louis XV., between Wisdom and Benevolence, bestowing privileges to the School of Surgery. At the end of the Court a Corinthian portico projects beyond the front of the main building. The pediment is ornamented with a group representing *Theory* and *Practice* joining hands over an altar. The interior freize is studded with medallions with busts of distinguished medical men. In the court in front of the portico is a bronze statue of Bichat, erected in 1857. The buildings are on a large scale, and contain besides lecture rooms and schools, a splendid *Museum of Anatomy* and *Materia Medica*, a collection of surgical instruments, and a library of 50,000 volumes, all open daily to professional men and students.

The provision for teaching the science of medicine in all its branches, is very extensive and complete. There are over thirty professors, who deliver lectures to students gratuitously. There are usually about 1,500 students attending lectures, and the average number of graduates is about two hundred and forty annually. Before graduating students are required to pass numerous and severe preliminary examinations. If they pass this ordeal, they receive their diplomas, and are entitled to practice. The fees for these examinations and for the diploma are, in all, about 1250 francs.

Attached to the *Medical School* are the following:

The *School of Practical Anatomy*, in which rooms for dissection and amphitheatres are open for free courses of lectures. Connected with this school is a society of one hundred and fifty pupils, which enjoys special privileges for dissections and chemical experiments. The *Dupuytren Museum* is attached to the school, and forms one of the finest collections in existence.



The Medical School.

The *Amphitheatre of the Hospitals* is situated in the *Rue du Fer à Moulin, Quartier St. Marcel*, upon the site of the cemetery of Clamart. This establishment is owned by the Directors of Public Assistance, and is reserved by them for the students of medicine and surgery, practising in or out of the hospitals of Paris. Courses of lectures, dissections and anatomical demonstrations are given here.

To a lover of the "healing art," it is, perhaps, the most interesting place in Paris. Its operations are conducted on a larger and more thorough scale than those of the other estab-

lishments. "The building," says a recent visitor, "was formerly a hospital, * * * and the entrance to it is laid out in the form of a garden. Passing through this, we entered one of the wards, and my eye suddenly fell upon a scene the remembrance of which might well haunt a man in his dying hour!

"The ward was about fifty feet in length, by twenty in width, and, upon either side, were twelve zinc dissecting tables, on each of which lay a dead human body, or such portion of it as the knife of the student had left. They were lying in all positions, and were in different stages of decay. Here was what had been an aged, gray haired woman, stretched on her back, her arms crossed upon her shrivelled breast, and her sightless eyes wide open and staring! On the adjoining table were a head and a trunk, and next to it was a pair of legs, with the muscles laid bare, and the flesh green with rapidly increasing mortification. A poor little boy's body, with the skull sawed open and the brain bared, lay upon one of the tables; and on another seven or eight *cadavres*, divided into parts, were piled up, or rather tumbled together promiscuously, like so many dead rats in a gutter. In one body the abdomen was laid open and the abdominal viscera were exposed to view, while in another the flesh upon one side of the face was taken off, and the facial muscles and nerves exhibited. Some were so mutilated that scarcely a vestige of humanity could be recognized in their hacked limbs and ghastly faces. A sickly, charnel-like smell pervaded the room, not improved by the odor of tobacco, which most of the students engaged in dissecting were smoking from very ancient pipes. At the tables, patiently bending over the bodies, or parts of bodies before them, sat the students—generally young men—with their knives in their hands, tracing up nerves, muscles, and arteries, or carefully examining the

location of the different organs. Upon entering the wards, they change their coats for blue blouses and white aprons, and each one keeps constantly by his side a little piece of nitrate of silver, with which to immediately cauterize any cut which he might accidentally give himself; as these are always poisonous, and often very dangerous. Ranged along the middle of the aisle were a number of tubs for the reception of the pieces cut off.

"The students usually work on a subject five or six days without submitting it to any preparation; but those wishing to make long and patient dissections, inject the arteries and veins with a solution of chloride of sodium, which preserves the bodies for a long time without decay. There are four of these rooms, all presenting the same general features; and after passing through them, we entered what the students facetiously call the 'Salle de Reception,' where the bodies are received each day, and where all assemble at two o'clock for the purpose of making a choice of 'subjects.' Here was, if possible, a more revolting sight than the other. Thirty or forty naked bodies, males and females, old and young, were laid indiscriminately side by side like logs of wood, and elbowing each other; and as many students were examining them, and noisily discussing their merits and disputing their choice. One among them was what remained of a beautiful young girl—beautiful still in death—and, in this horrid companionship, clean-limbed and fresh looking, with a fine brown, full face, and large black eyes, wide open and staring on vacancy. She could not have been more than seventeen or eighteen years of age, and could not have died of any prolonged disease, for she looked as though it needed but a breath to make that finely developed bosom heave with the impulses of life again. She fell to the lot of my medical friend, and three days afterwards, he told me had cut her all to pieces.

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"The 'subjects' in the dissecting-rooms are furnished principally from the hospitals. Patients who die there are kept twenty-four hours, and if not claimed in that time by some friend or relative, are marked for the dissecting-rooms. About four thousand bodies are thus annually appropriated, the remains of which, after the student has completed his investigations, are deposited in a corner specially appropriated to the purpose, in the cemetery of Mont Parnasse."

Besides the foregoing, there is a *School of Accouchement* attached to the hospital of the Maternity. It is intended to educate midwives for the provinces.

A *School of Pharmacy* (21 *Rue de l'Arbalète*) is also in operation, with lectures and experiments. It has a small but valuable library, and collections of botany and natural history. The course taught here comprises organic and inorganic chemistry, toxology, physics, pharmacy, pharmaceutical natural history, botany, and zoölogy.

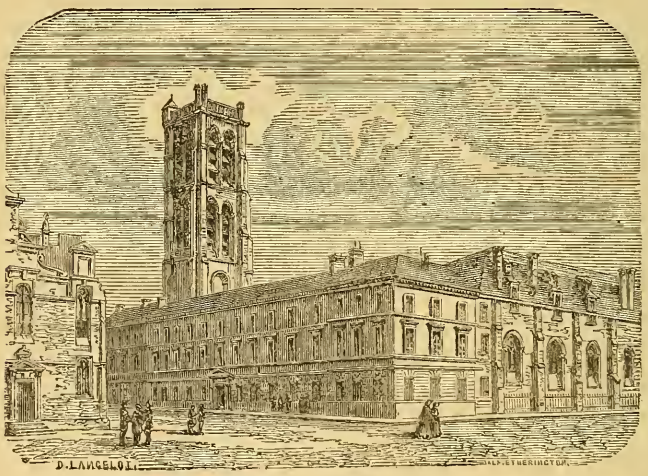
Next in order to the institutions already named are the *Lyceums* (*Lycées*). They are the high-schools of the Empire, and are directly under the control of the State. There are five of them in Paris—the *Lycées Bonaparte, Charlemagne, Louis le Grand, Napoléon*, and *Saint Louis*. They are scattered through the city, and are numerously attended. The annual charge for a pupil is from 1,200 to 1,500 francs, and includes books, clothing, medical attendance, etc. In the pupil's first year, however, there is an extra charge of 600 francs for his *trousseau*, or first supply of clothing, linen, etc. The pupils are uniformed, and the discipline is rigid. The system of education is in the main good, and is directed by the University, of which these schools form a part.

There are other colleges and private schools in the city, which are well attended. They are generally to be found in the less frequented quarters, and some of them have acquired

high reputations; but, whatever their excellence, their pupils are obliged after attaining a certain age, to pursue certain studies in the Lyceums. They are marched there and back as often each day as is necessary.

There are nearly 500 primary or communal schools, infant schools, special schools, charitable nurseries, etc., in Paris. They are attended by about 80,000 pupils.

The special schools, under the direction of the Minister of Public Institutions, are as follows:



The Lycée Napoléon.

The *Superior Normal School*, designed to educate professors for the lyceums and colleges of the University. Candidates for admission are required to pass public examinations.

The *School of Charters* is intended to educate persons in the science of explaining ancient writings and inscriptions. The building in which it is established, No. 14 *Rue du Chaume*, is very interesting. It was built by the Constable Oliver de Clisson, for a residence, in 1371, and was afterwards occupied by the Dukes of Guise.

Special Schools of living Oriental Languages, are in successful operation.

The remainder of the special schools are under the control of other ministers than the Minister of Public Instruction. They are:

The *Polytechnic School*, established in 1794. It is commanded by a General of the French Army, and is intended for the education of young men for the military and naval services. Candidates for admission must be under twenty years of age, and must remain at the school for two years. At the end of this time, they are examined. If found competent, they are permitted to choose (according to their class standing) the branch of the service most suited to their taste. These are usually graded as follows: The service of mines and civil engineers, telegraphs, military engineers, the tobacco manufactory, the artillery, and the staff. The naval grades are open to them in the same way.

This school is considered the first in France, and both professors and pupils naturally regard their positions with considerable pride.

The *School of Fine Arts*, in the *Rue Bonaparte, Quai Malaquais*. It is designed for the education of painters, sculptors, engravers, and architects. It is provided with elegant and commodious buildings, and with extensive museums and collections illustrating the various branches taught here. Connected with it is the *Conservatory of Music and Declamation*, which is situated in the *Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière*. It was established in 1784, and is destined to prepare actors for the Imperial theatres, and to educate musicians of all kinds, singers, professors, and even composers.

There are also special schools for *Staff Officers* and *Naval Engineers*, schools of *Hydrography*. *Military Schools of Medicine and Pharmacy*, (for the education of surgeons, physi-

cians, and apothecaries for the army,) *Shooting Schools*, *Schools of Gymnastics*, *Horse-Training Schools*, *Riding*, *Fencing*, and *Swimming Schools*, and *Schools for the Preparation of Tobacco.*

The Theological Seminaries are those of *Saint Sulpice*, of *Foreign Missionaries*, of the *Holy Ghost*, and several others of minor importance. They are designed for the education of priests, missionaries, ecclesiastical teachers and professors, and also for the education of children destined to the priesthood.

There are also English, Scotch, and Irish, and Polish national schools and colleges, all Catholic institutions, in the city.

The learned societies are numerous, and embrace every topic known to civilization. For an enumeration of them the reader is referred to one of the many guide-books to Paris.

XVI.

STUDENTS AND STUDENT LIFE.

THERE are usually between five and six thousand students residing in Paris, and though they do not, as formerly, confine themselves exclusively to the Latin Quarter, the majority of them may still be found living within it, or upon its borders.

Their ostensible object in coming to Paris is to seek knowledge, and truly they find it; but not, in the majority of cases, such knowledge as is contained in their books. They study new mistresses more than old masters, and are better judges of the measures of the *Closerie* than of the measures of the bards of Greece and Rome. Far be it from me to say that there are no *students*, taking the word in its strictest sense, in Paris. I merely say that the black sheep outnumber the white, and that the drones, and not the working bees, give the character to this human hive. Let us glance at two opposite types of student nature.

M. Hippolyte is the son of a small proprietor in one of the remote provinces. Being the brightest of his family, his parents naturally desire that he shall achieve distinction in the world, and, in order to enable him to do so, make numerous sacrifices of their own comfort and of that of the rest of the family, and send him to school. He passes through the primary and secondary schools with credit, and at the age of twenty takes the honors at his rural college, and is rewarded with a diploma and the degree of Bachelor.

But his education is not yet completed. On the contrary, it is scarcely begun, either in his own estimation or in the opinion of his parents. He can learn nothing more in the provinces, and he must go to Paris for the rest. The great city is a terribly expensive place, however, and the good father hesitates before making the final decision; but his bright boy must not grow up a dunce, and—the die is cast. It is settled that young Hippolyte shall have a fixed income of one thousand francs per annum—a small allowance it is true, but just one-third of the entire dependence of the family. The boy hesitates now, in his turn, for the fresh generosity of youth and the tender home love are yet strong in him. He appreciates the magnitude of the sacrifice that is being made for him, and his first impulse is to give up his hopes and his plans; but he consoles himself with the thought that he may yet rise to wealth and honors with the knowledge he is going in search of, and that he can then repay his dear ones for their goodness to him.

He reaches Paris full of earnestness and hope, and resolutely settles himself down in plain quarters to hard study. The great city is not so simple in its ways as his province, and he has trouble in making his slender income go through the year. He accomplishes it successfully for six months, living simply and working hard. Then the influence of the state of society in which he is placed begins its work upon him. He sees hundreds of his class around him, idle and careless. Their incomes are as small as his, but they are never troubled with care. They have their luxuries, their pleasures, and appear to get along well enough with the schools. He is eager to know how they accomplish so easily that which costs him so much care and labor, and in his effort to discover this, gradually falls into their ways. His hours are less regular now, his books are opened less fre-

quently, and closed sooner. He grows weary and discontented, and adopts the pleasures and dissipations of his comrades. The old home influence dies out, and the conscience which at first pricked him so sorely for his delinquencies, is lulled into a pleasant tranquillity. He began with thinking life a great battle in which he must conquer or fall, and he ends by thinking it a rare comedy which he must enjoy as heartily as possible. The old home influence dies out, it is true, but the companionship of the half wild young men into which he is thrown does not satisfy him. His shirts and his clothing generally are sadly in need of attention, but his income is too small to allow him to spend much money upon them, and he is not willing yet to run in debt. His friends smile knowingly at his troubles, and with one voice advise him to seek the assistance of the bright little seamstress, who is his next door neighbor. He thinks over the advice and acts upon it, and before long it is told about the quarter that M. Hippolyte has determined to practice economy in the company of Mademoiselle Julie.

The rubicon of the student's life is now crossed, and (I speak of French students) an experienced observer will not have much difficulty in predicting the result. M. Hippolyte will either sink into a condition of perpetual vagrancy, always studying, but never accomplishing anything, and fall at last into poverty and want; or he will, after passing a few years of this life, obtain his diploma in some questionable way, and go back to his province, marry, and fall into that state of torpor and stupidity so characteristic of the French provincials.

On the other hand, the career of M. Adolphe is different. He, too, comes from the provinces, and he enters upon his studies with no more honest resolves than did M. Hippolyte. His income is but 500 francs, and his lodging is in a garret.

The purchase of his books reduces his slender store fearfully, and his clothing takes more from it. His privations are more severe than those of M. Hippolyte, and his temptations greater. Perhaps he is more indifferent, or more heroic; but, however this may be, he remains faithful to his task. His little garret is a bleak place for study, and the winter winds sweep through it drearily. The cold strikes into his very marrow, but fire is a luxury he cannot afford. Yet in spite of these discomforts—in spite of poverty, hunger, rags, and bodily suffering—this man toils on, never faltering in his task until he has won the honors of his school. A diploma means more with him than with M. Hippolyte, for he has earned it by the sweat of his soul. Ten years hence, when M. Hippolyte has forgotten almost the name of his college, and is simply a stupid *proprietaire*, M. Adolphe will have written his name high up in the temple of Fame.

These, it may be said, are extreme cases. They do not strike me as such, but however they may appear to others, it will be easy to draw from them an idea of the average student. It may be said that his condition is one of intellectual gypsydom. Your average student has a contempt for the realties and duties of life, and views his present existence and his future chiefly through the medium of his imagination and his passions. He fancies he is on the way to distinction, when in reality he is going to the dogs. He thinks he is becoming great and noble, when he is cultivating qualities which will prove his ruin. Your exceptional student, on the other hand, is grave, shy, retiring, and though he may laugh now at the responsibilities of life, struggles faithfully in the midst of poverty and hunger to fit himself for them hereafter, and it is from this small, exceptional class that France draws her great men.

The majority of the students in Paris come from the prov-

inces. Many of them are really poor; but all, as a rule, are on small incomes. It is a habit of French parents to send their sons away from home to the schools of the most expensive city in Europe, with allowances not large enough to supply them with the ordinary necessities of life. They think that poverty will teach them prudence, economy, and all the virtues, when in reality it has the opposite effect. The average income thus allowed is about one thousand francs, or two hundred American dollars. A mere pittance, you will say, and so it is; but thousands of young men are expected to live upon it and store their minds with learning. There have been men who have done this *in spite* of privations, and therefore French fathers seem to think poverty a *help* to the acquirement of knowledge. "They have read and heard," says a careful observer, "of model young men who have studied for years in poverty on bread and water, until their minds have been made opulent with ideas of exchangeable value, and all imagine that their son, who is, perhaps, wilful, lazy, gluttonous, luxurious, vain, or simple, will emulate so good an example, provided only he be placed in a position of artificial poverty. Many fathers who could afford a handsome allowance, purposely send their children to struggle with the world on an income which a clerk, experienced in want and broken to privation, scarcely finds sufficient. The theory may be good, but the result is deplorable. Virtue is no common thing. Fifty stumble to one that keeps upright."

The manner in which these little incomes are eked out is different in almost every separate case; but all require the exercise of no little ingenuity in the effort to make both ends meet. A student whose case occurs to me at this moment, shall illustrate the best way in which the task is accomplished. He pays one hundred and fifty francs (thirty dollars)

per annum for his rent; his meals cost him about four hundred and fifty francs (ninety dollars) during the same period; the expenses of his education are about two hundred and fifty francs, (fifty dollars); and his incidental expenses, including fire and lights, foot up the remaining one hundred and fifty francs, (thirty dollars.) He does the bulk of his washing, and spends little or no money on his wardrobe. He is an economical fellow; and by stinting himself systematically, gets through the year with very few debts. Imagine, then, the misery endured by one who is not so prudent; the frightful debts he piles up, without the remotest prospect of paying them, and the thousand ways in which his poverty forces him to sacrifice his self-respect and manliness. It costs him many a pang to do these things at first, but he grows careless and shameless with experience, and at length becomes unblushing in his vagabondage. Sit half an hour in a company of students relating their adventures, and tell me if your manhood is not put to the blush for their avowed lack of that quality.

Most students come to Paris with the determination to work, and for awhile they do work hard. Their carelessness and idleness are slow growths, but are unfortunately sure ones. Some, as I have said, resist the temptations around them, and work faithfully until their student days are over; but the majority are unquestionably black sheep. One who spent several years in the schools as a student, asserts that of fifteen hundred law students who were his companions, not more than fifty really pursued their studies. The rest grew careless, and at length became mere men about town. So it is now. Many spend their time at public balls and places of amusement. Others seriously consider themselves studious, but are far from being so. They read poetry and romances instead of law and medicine, and

study the female character more deeply than anything else. They see luxury and elegance surrounding others, and they long for it. Their desires pass far beyond their means, and they relax their energies to dream of comforts, instead of working to secure them. Thus they fritter away their abilities, and, naturally perhaps, cry out against the state of society which makes industry the legitimate price of enjoyment. They are fond of society, and after awhile become very lonely. They seek companionship at some neighboring *café*, or at the public balls of the quarter. Finally, your true student* takes some bright-eyed grisette to his garret, to share his poverty and his embarrassments. When he tires of her, he throws her aside, and she seeks another lover, while he returns home, or goes to the dogs.

As long as they live together, however, the student and grisette are to all intents and purposes man and wife, and are commonly spoken of as such by their friends, a union of this kind being popularly termed a "marriage at the Twenty-first Arrondissement." He carries her to the theatre, to the fêtes, to the Closerie des Lilas, where she has gained the sarcastic nickname of *Étudiante*, and carries her into the country on the holidays. She keeps his "house" for him, mends his clothing, manages his expenses and economizes for him. She is far below him in position and intellect, and she knows it, but she shares with him his troubles and his pleasures, commonly exhibiting more firmness than he in the former. Thus, though in reality a bachelor, the student is practically a married man, and experiences all the cares and most of the responsibilities of wedded life, without sharing its truest pleasures or its respectability.

Most of the students are continually in debt, and generally

* I use the term in its Parisian sense.

to their landlords, the obligation of rent being commonly but little regarded by them. Between landlords and themselves there is always open war. The landlords are very shrewd in their efforts to avoid being victimized. "Unless very much in want of lodgers," says a pleasant writer, "they insist that enough furniture shall be brought in to answer for the rent of two quarters. The law is inexorable in their favor. It is impossible to remove property, except with the connivance of the porter, until the rent is paid; and it is the most important part of Cerberus's duty to see that you do not. If the slightest suspicion of poverty attach to you, your movements are watched with disagreeable perseverance: and though Anatole, living in an entresol, did manage to move through the windows, and Madame Pinson through a shop on the ground-floor of her house—paying I know not what dues in passing—yet it is rare that such attempts are successful. Patrols are particularly inquisitive about carts seen in motion late at night.

"Although the law allows a landlord to retain furniture for rent, it cannot be sold for a year and a day. Lodgers may take away their bed and bedding; also their instruments of labor. Instances, however, in which this privilege is arbitrarily denied occur. Petty infringements of law are always possible when possession and misery are at war. Alexis, who has been peculiarly unfortunate, had himself not long before been deprived even of his easels and his brushes, and was glad to get away in his best clothes. Such a loss was irreparable.

"I scarcely know a single young French student who has not been more than once in serious difficulties when quarter-day arrived. Probably the same is more or less the case all the world over; but in France the situation is so common as to have given birth to a body of philosophy thereunto adapted. It is a received opinion among a large class of promising

youths, who are fitting themselves for the highest offices of State, as well as for the liberal professions, that a demand for rent is an exaction which they are almost bound to evade if possible. Of course the necessities of life, and a certain instinct of probity, often make them run counter to their philosophy; but the most correct in practice are fond of bandying about dishonest jokes, and listen with delight to an account of a moving to 'the sound of the wooden bell,' as they express it. In England, a young gentleman would be ashamed to boast before half-a-dozen comrades that he had carried away the chief part of his furniture bit by bit, or shunted it all out of window on to the top of a cab—partly from unwillingness to admit that he was ever in such straits, but chiefly because he could not be sure that the story would be received with an approving laugh. In many classes of French society, such a confession exalts him who makes it almost into a hero; and the younger and less experienced applaud most uproariously, promising themselves to do likewise at the first opportunity. 'Most men,' say the Cynic Blount, 'are dishonest, but few desire to appear so.' Among these bright youths many do not care about seeming dishonest, if they are so with wit, and in a certain measure.

"When a student receives a sum of money he often repeats the old joke, that, having determined to be economical and avoid all unnecessary expense, he shall decline to pay his debts. Too often the pleasantry is carried into practice; and when it is not so, these jovial fellows pretend that their only object in handing out money is to astonish their creditors. For landlords do not enjoy a monopoly in this respect. Tailors and other tradesmen innocent enough to give credit, are put off to the last moment. This is made a matter of principle, at least in conversation; and the salve applied to the debtor's conscience is, that the villains always charge double the reason-

able price—a plain reason for paying them nothing at all. It will be seen that I carefully distinguish principle from practice; for in this, as in every other case, the French are not half so bad as they pretend to be. However, it is certain that, either from necessity or choice, they put in practice their doctrines sufficiently often to have made them regarded with suspicion by landlords, porters, tradesmen, and other sordid beings, who require to be paid, and see no beauty in art and science sufficient to induce them to supply their merchandise gratuitously. We must take care, however, not to include in our judgment those few ardent workers who, sustained by hope and genius, conquer kingdoms of knowledge whilst they are unable to pay for a dinner, and who sometimes try to laugh off the bitter reflections of poverty, by scoffing at the rights and duties of this world, whilst secretly they subject themselves to sufferings approaching torture in the desperate struggle to meet their engagements. The students generally have fixed incomes, though small; and when they are in difficulties, it is because pleasure or improvidence has exhausted their money.

"In the French novels that undertake to describe the manners of students in Paris, perhaps one-third is taken up with accounts of the stratagems by which landlords and other creditors are evaded; and any joke of the same family, however stale, made use of on the stage, is sure to be received with a shout of laughter. There is a wide-spread sympathy in the public with non-payment. It must not be supposed, however, that I wish to draw too rigid an inference from the tone of contemporary literature. On the contrary, I hope to be able to show that it is impossible to acquire correct ideas of French manners from French novels and dramas, without personal experience, or the assistance that I am endeavoring to give. I merely point out, in order to guard against denial,

that the unconscious admission of native writers coincide with my own observations.

"The difference between real life and the life of the stage or of romance is this, that in the latter, when a young man has spent some years in a society whose code, often infringed, is almost that of sharpers, he, as a rule, makes a marriage of pure love towards the end, and glows with all the virtue of an Aristides, not only paying his debts, but compensating whomsoever he may have wronged. This is not the natural course of things. The action of to-day is the germ of that of to-morrow; and he who has once accustomed his mind to disregard the rules of right in the early time of life, rarely relapses into honesty as he grows old." *

Medical students have the privilege of living in furnished apartments, but law students are required to possess furniture of their own. One might think from this, that the latter were the more respectable of the two, but such is not the case. They are usually on a par as regards their virtues and their vices.

Students in Paris, as elsewhere, resort to all sorts of devices to avoid their studies and yet escape the consequences of their negligence. Many of them content themselves with answering to their names at roll call. Then they abscond. Often friends answer for each other, and even carry this deception to the point of replying to a question put to the absentee. It is said that the professors are not always entirely deceived in this way, but are too good-natured to investigate the sham. I have been told, though I cannot answer for it, that students have actually attended the examinations under false names, and have thus obtained certificates for comrades who were ignorant of almost the first principles of law, and I have seen

* *Purple Tints of Paris.*

it asserted that a man was arrested some years ago, who was charged with making his living by personating students at examinations, and securing for them certificates which they did not deserve. His disguises and simulations of voice were said to be perfect. The worst of it is that these frauds are regarded by the students not as dishonesty, but as excellent jokes. The fellow just referred to, though arrested and imprisoned, was not even tried for his offence, but was discharged on the plea that there was no law by which to prosecute him.

I have mentioned these blots upon French student life chiefly because the world is familiar with the other side; but I would not be understood as condemning too harshly. I cannot help regarding these young men as victims of circumstances, or more properly, victims of a system both faulty and criminal. Could any better result be produced by a system which throws thousands of young men into the gayest and most unprincipled city in the world, without restraining influences of any kind, at a period of life when the passions are strongest and the imagination most impatient of control? No supervision is exercised over them in matters of the greatest importance. The police watch most carefully over their politics, it is true, but there is no power to compel them to study; no hand outstretched to save them from vice and vagrancy. They come here mere children, utterly incapable in themselves of resisting the influences which surround them, and they are thrown helpless into the midst of temptations and trials which cannot be realized by those who have not experienced them. Is it a wonder then that they fall victims to them? There are those to-day in France who cry loudly for reform in their system of government. What more important field than this lies open to improvement? Surely it must be full of evil to any country to allow its cul-

tivated men to spend their best and freshest years in such a state of society as I have described. The seed sown in such fertile soil must some day yield abundant fruit.

The students are keen politicians, and are generally to be found in the ranks of the opposition. They are ultra socialists in their views—a natural consequence of their mode of life. Established government, a rigid enforcement of order, and a rational and well-regulated state of society, find in them sworn foes. Even those who in after-life become the firmest friends of order and society, generally pass their student days in the lap of Red Republicanism. Your student thinks it a crying shame that there should be rich men in the world while he is so poor, and talks eloquently of the beauties of communism; but let him go out into the world, acquire property, and obtain a recognized position in society, and there is no man so bitter as he in his denunciation of his old comrades. As a student he believes in the holiness of passion; let him marry, and he is the last man in the world to submit quietly to any invasion of his domestic peace.

The students of Paris are bitterly hostile to the existing Government of France, and rarely let pass an opportunity to show their hostility to the Emperor and his system. The forms which this hostility assumes are rarely dangerous, but are generally puerile and amusing. Yet they do not shrink from more serious manifestations; for if they have the faults of youth, they have also one of its chief virtues—courage. To their credit be it said, they have never failed to prove their faith by their works, and in every revolution which has changed the government of the land, their dead have lain thick in the streets of Paris. Naturally they are closely watched by the police. Their residences are all recorded, and their every movement jotted down in the note-books of the spies and informers who hang upon their track. Let

them be never so immoral, never so careless of their duties, it is nothing to the State; but the slightest whisper of politics unsatisfactory to the authorities, and they get into trouble. They are never at peace with the police, and the police never relax their surveillance of them. Reprimands and warnings are frequent, and the occasions for them full as common.

They are queer looking fellows, and you may recognize them by their affected and ludicrous styles of dress, and their outlandish manners. Refinement is detested by them, and each one seeks to be as eccentric and oftentimes as rude as possible. The poverty of their dress is their misfortune, not their fault, for doubtless all would sacrifice this much to refinement were it in their power to do so; but as water is plentiful and soap cheap, there can be no excuse for the dirt, which is a distinguishing feature of their appearance. They live principally at the *Crêmeries*, unless, poor fellows, they are too poor to go even there. Drunkenness is not common amongst them; though it is said that *absinthe* is becoming a favorite in the Latin Quarter. Their principal dissipations are an evening at the theatre or at one of the public balls, or a day in the country. They are generous to each other, and faithful beyond expression. It is very rare that even the most searching investigation by the authorities succeeds in discovering anything by their evidence. Traitors are almost unknown amongst them. Their quarrels are sharp and severe, and are occasionally settled by the duello; but these affairs are hushed up, and the utmost caution exercised in them, for the interposition of the police is not desired. Their friendships are romantic, but sincere, and often last, through trial and adversity, far into after life. Wild and fierce as they appear, impatient of civilization and restraint as they are, the most of them are downright clever fellows, and if I have

painted their faults too strongly, it is through no hostility to them. Would you see them in all their glory, seek them at the *Closerie des Lilas* when the evening is half over, and the sport is growing wildest and most ungovernable. There they have thrown off all restraint, and you can study them at your leisure.

XVII.

THE PARKS OF PARIS.

I.

THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

FOUR miles from the Louvre, and just beyond the western walls of the city, is a magnificent park, covering two thousand five hundred acres, and known as the *Bois de Boulogne*, from the little village of Boulogne just beyond it.

In the twelfth century Philippe the Tall, gave permission to some citizens of Paris to build a chapel in this wood near the little village of Menus, in commemoration of a pilgrimage they had just made to Boulogne-on-the-sea. The chapel was built and called *Notre Dame de Boulogne*. In Charlemagne's reign, the wood in which this chapel was located extended from the Louvre to St. Cloud, and at the time I refer to, it was the principal remnant of the ancient forest of Rouveray, which had always been famous as the haunt of assassins and robbers. It was so much infested by them in the reign of Charles V. that the stout Constable Duguesclin wrote to the King, "It is a great pity, Sire, that within two leagues of your capital one cannot travel in safety, or without being at the mercy of thieves. At the approaching peace, I will make, if your Majesty will permit it, a circuit of this wood with my men-at-arms, and will purge it of these vermin." Until the reign of Louis XI., the wood was

The Lake in the Bois de Boulogne.

known as the Forest of Rouveray and the Forest of Saint Cloud, but at this time it began to be called the Wood of Boulogne. Francis I., passionately fond of hunting, enclosed it with walls, laid it off regularly, and stocked it with game. Later still, he built here the Chateau of Madrid. Henry II. and Diana of Poitiers gave brilliant fêtes here; and Charles IX. built La Muette, and spent much time in hunting upon a truly royal scale. Henry IV. planted a number of mulberry-trees here, in his efforts to promote the manufacture of silk in France. Louis XIII. hunted here sometimes; but Louis XIV. deserted it for Versailles. Louis XV. visited it, it is true, but it was only that he might have more license at La Muette for his debauchery than he had at Paris. It was here, also, that Louis XVI. received Marie Antoinette, when she came from Austria to marry him. In 1815, the English and Prussian armies occupied the wood, and cut down the old trees for fuel. In 1852, Napoleon III. presented the wood to the city of Paris, and, in concert with the municipal authorities, proceeded to lay it off as a park. Lakes were dug out, waterfalls formed, mounds raised, new roads cut, and the old wood converted into one of the most beautiful and delightful pleasure grounds of Europe. The trees are small, being comparatively young, but all the shrubbery is beautiful, and is kept with the greatest care and taste. There is no more beautiful, no pleasanter, place of resort in Paris.

The principal route to the Bois is by the *Avenue de l' Impératrice*, a magnificent street extending from the *Arc de Triomphe* to the fortifications. The middle of this avenue is occupied by a fine carriage road, and a soft track for equestrians runs by its side. Passing the fortifications by a wide gateway, near which is a station of the Belt Railway, we enter the Bois. Taking the principal road before us, the *Route du*

Lac, we reach the borders of the *Lac Inférieure*, a pretty sheet of water, 1,200 yards long, and covering about twenty-six acres. It is from two to ten feet deep, and contains two islands, on one of which is a café, and restaurant in a Swiss châlet. Pretty row-boats ply on the lake, at moderate charges. The banks are bordered by a series of charming walks and drives, which are always full of people in fair weather. The lawn between the lake and the fortifications, is called the *Parc aux Daims*, and is stocked with deer. The upper end of the lake is ornamented with a fine artificial waterfall, and with an open space provided with chairs, called the *Rond des Cascades*. Just beyond is *Lac Superieur* (the "upper lake"), much smaller than its neighbor, and connected with it by a little strait spanned by a handsome bridge. A little to the south of this lake is the *Butte Mortemart*, a considerable mound formed of the earth obtained in excavating the lakes. It is prettily laid off, and commands a fine view. In the south-eastern corner of the park is the *Mare d' Auteuil*, a pretty little natural lake, shaded by weeping willows.

A broad and finely constructed avenue leads from the fortifications, at the *Porte Maillot*, to the southwestern portion of the park now occupied by the grounds connected with the race course of *Longchamps*. At the end of this road is a magnificent artificial waterfall, forty feet in height. This is regarded by the Parisians as the chief beauty of the park, and the effect is indeed very fine and natural. An extensive view may be obtained from the top of these rocks of the meadows which border the Seine and the country back to Mont Valerien and Saint Cloud.

Just beyond the cascade is the famous race course of *Longchamps*, fitted up with handsome stands, booths, and every convenience desirable at such a place. Between the race course and the cascade, are the ruins of the famous old abbey

of *Longchamps*, to which the court ladies used to retire to atone for their sins by pious meditations, and perhaps with a view of recuperating their energies for fresh conquests. The site is in part occupied by the Villa of the Prefect of the Seine, and the only trace now left of the original edifice is an old tower. Close by is a mill, built by Blanche of Castille, the mother of Saint Louis, for the use of the Abbey. It is now repaired and pumps up the water for the lakes. To the west of the northern end of the *Lac Inférieur* is an obelisk erected in the seventeenth century, on the site of an ancient cross which Philippe le Bel placed here to the memory of Catelan, a troubador who was murdered on the spot by a band of assassins. He was carrying a box of scents for the King at the time of his death. The box was stolen from him, and the murderers were discovered by the perfumes which they had used. Close by is the *Pré Catelan*, prettily laid out as a garden. Concerts are given here several times a week.

At the northeastern angle of the *Bois* is the Zoölogical Garden, which will be described further on.

Omnibuses from the city pass the *Bois* at various points, and carriages and saddle-horses may be hired for a ride through it at moderate charges. The roads, alleys, and drives are generally filled with vehicles, equestrians and pedestrians in the afternoon. Saturday is the most fashionable day, and in fair weather the Imperial carriage will be frequently seen dashing through these lovely drives, with its outriders and attendants. The park is larger, but not so beautiful as the *Central* of New York. A day may be well spent in it by any lover of rural beauty.

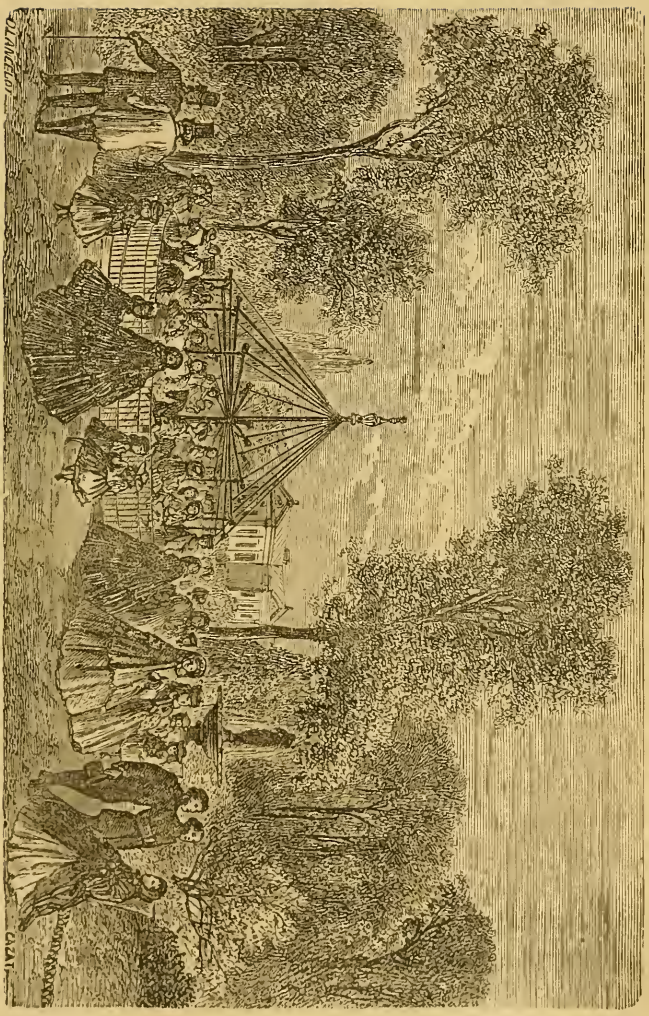
II.

THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES.

BETWEEN the *Place de la Concorde* and the *Arc de Triomphe*, is a broad avenue, bordered on each side for about half the distance, by a handsome park, ornamented with statues, fountains, and shrubbery. This is the most famous promenade in Paris—the *Champs Elysées* (Elysian Fields)—the beautiful rival of the Boulevards. The *Avenue Gabriel* forms the northern, and the Seine the southern boundary. The grounds originally extended to the *Arc de Triomphe*, which still forms the terminus of the *Avenue des Champs Elysées*, but since 1860, the portion above the *Avenue Montaigne* has been laid off in streets, and built up in a great measure. The main avenue, from the Arch of Triumph to the Obelisk of Luxor is 2,400 yards, or nearly a mile and a half long.

Originally these grounds were an open field, dotted in some places with cultivated patches and laborers' cottages. In 1616, Marie de Medicis had the southern portion, which borders the Seine (from the Place de la Concorde to the Bridge of the Alma), laid out and planted as a promenade for her own use. This triple avenue is still called *Cours de la Reine*. Later still, the whole field was planted with trees, and laid out with walks. It at once became a favorite place of resort for all classes, and received the proud name it still bears. In 1815 the allied armies bivouacked here, and greatly injured it by cutting down the trees and shrubbery. In 1860 the lower part was laid off as a garden, and all the grounds have since then been highly embellished.

The *Avenue des Champs Elysées*, which is in reality a continuation of the promenade formed by the main avenue of the Tuileries Gardens, rises in a continuous slope from the



Gardens of the Champs Elysées.

Place de la Concorde to the *Arc de Triomphe*. About half way between these two points, it is broken by an ornamental circle, in the centre of which stands a beautiful fountain. This is called the *Rond Point*. Several fine fountains, and a number of statues are scattered through the gardens, and the entrance from the *Place de la Concorde* is ornamented with two fine groups placed there by order of the National Convention. The *Palace of Industry* occupies a large portion of the lower part of the grounds, and several concert-gardens, a circus, and some open-air theatres add to the attractions of the place. Prettily constructed booths, for amusement and refreshment, may be seen on all sides, and several puppet-shows draw crowds of children to them.

The *Champs Elysées* are deserted in the morning, but towards three o'clock in the afternoon begin to fill up with carriages and promenaders. On fine afternoons, especially on Thursdays, which is the fashionable day, the grand avenue is thronged with thousands of brilliant equipages, and presents a scene unequalled in any other city in the world. At night the effect is truly brilliant and fascinating.

During the Revolution and the Empire the *Avenue Montaigne* was known as the *Allée des Veuves* (The Widow's Alley), because it was the favorite resort of widows and persons in deep mourning whom fashion prevented from appearing in the gay throng that swept along the main drive Madame Tallien lived here, and it was in her house that the young Corsican met the beautiful and accomplished Creole that his love exalted to the throne of France.

The greatest display to be witnessed on the *Champs Elysées* is in Passion Week, and is called the *Promenade de Longchamps*. It was the fashion in the palmy days of the old Monarchy, to attend vespers at the Abbey of Longchamps, in the *Bois de Boulogne*, during Passion Week. The

Abbey has disappeared, and its place is occupied by the handsome villa of the Prefect of the Seine, but the custom of driving to the spot is still kept up. True, it has fallen off somewhat, of late years, but it is still a sight worth witnessing.

"We are in the last days of the holy week. Easter already throws its green palms in the forest. Passion Wednesday is not far off, and yet there is suddenly a strife as to which can show the richest ornaments, the newest dresses, the most magnificent harness, the most modern carriages. This day a trial is made of elegance, of luxury, of the toilette, of brilliancy; the promenade at once assumes a grave and imposing appearance. People are no longer there merely to exhibit themselves, but to be judged. At this moment, every lady trembles for her empire, every cavalier for his horse. She would fain be so beautiful! He would fain appear so well mounted! But the one and the other, in order that they may be better seen, go slowly; they cross the crowd which looks at them; and amongst that crowd, stand most attentively—for they play an important part in this affair—the milliner who has decorated the bonnets, the seamstress who has trimmed the stuffs, the coachmaker who has fitted up the carriages, the dealer who has sold the horses on credit. They see themselves pass in all their glory; they applaud themselves; they admire their own work. For them, this day will decide the success of the next season; it is a question of popularity or death. In fact, *to succeed*, here is the whole history of the men and women, the poets and artists, the orators and soldiers, the merchants and coquettes of the city of Paris!"

Grand Avenue of the Champs Elysées.

III.

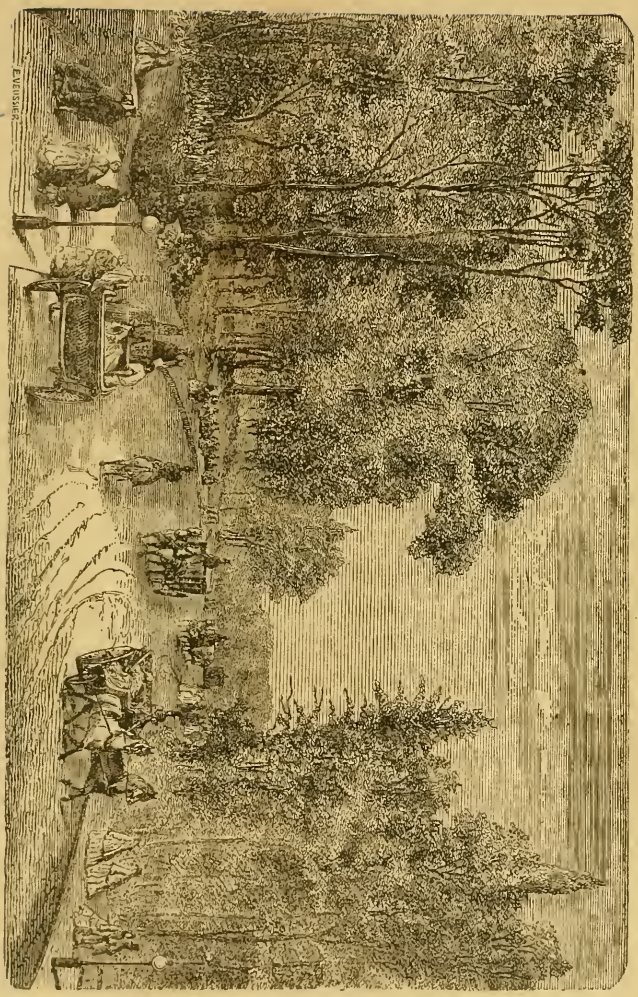
THE PARK OF MONCEAUX

In leaving the *Arc de Triomphe*, turn your face to the heast, and pass down the beautiful avenue of Queen Horse, and a ten-minutes' walk will bring you to the gates of ne prettiest little Park within the city limits. It is a mere doll's garden compared with the great *Bois* beyond, and not so crowded or so magnificent as the *Champs Elysées*; but it is *prettier* than either. It takes its name from the ancient village of Monceaux, or Mousseaux (a part of the site of which it occupies), and adjoins the former suburb of Monceaux, now a portion of the city. Until the year 1778, it was a bleak and barren plain, but in that year the Duc de Chartres, afterwards the Duke of Orleans (*Philippe Égalité*), enclosed it, and employed Carmontel to lay it out as an English garden. Carmontel spared no expense; and indeed the task before him was one in which economy could not be practised. The garden had to be constructed entirely by art. The ground was arid as well as bare, and every drop of water needed for its ornamentation had to be carried there by artificial means. The transformation which the artist affected was almost marvellous. Grottoes, fountains, mounds, cascades, smiling lawns, long, shady alleys, and flowers of every hue sprang up on all sides, as if by magic. The National Convention, by a special decree, devoted it to public amusements. Napoleon I. presented it to Cambacérès, who, finding it too expensive, returned it to him. At the Restoration it was restored to the Orleans family, who retained possession of it until 1852, when the present Emperor confiscated all their possessions in France. It had been used during the Republic of 1848, as the headquarters of the National Work-

shops and after its confiscation became the property of the city of Paris, and was thrown open to the public as a promenade.

The grounds are beautifully laid out. Two broad avenues for carriages cross it in opposite directions, intersecting each other at right angles, and several alleys diverge from them. An artificial lake and several fountains add to the beauty of the place. It is a favorite resort with lovers of quiet and rural enjoyment, and being situated in one of the best quarters of the city, is much sought by ladies, and by children with their nurses. Though in the heart of a busy, populous section, it is as quiet as if Paris were a score of miles away.

While Louis Philippe was king he still retained the proprietorship of the park, which was a great favorite with him, and came here more frequently than to any other place. He had placed in charge of it, one of those old gardeners that belonged to a race now extinct, an old grumbler who cared for nothing but his plants. Père Schoëne (for that was his name) did not hesitate to speak his mind before the King, and it often happened that His Majesty yielded to him and allowed him to carry his point. Schoëne had concentrated all his affections upon three objects—the King, his short pipe, and his plants. Louis Philippe detested tobacco, and often reproved the old man for the use of it. Père Schoëne's pipe never left his mouth, however, no matter in whose presence he stood. "Come, now!" said the King to him one day, "I can pardon your smoking before me, but how dare you smoke in the presence of the Queen and the Princesses?" "Sire," replied the old man, stoutly, "the habit is stronger than I am. If your Majesty is displeased with my conduct, you can pay my bill and let me go. I should die, no doubt, with mortification; but it would be with my pipe between my



Park of Monceaux.

teeth." The King's features relaxed into a smile, and the old fellow was pardoned.

A number of exotics stand in the gardens, some of them very fine specimens. The greatest care is taken in keeping the place in order, and enthusiasts in ornamental gardening cannot do better than watch the system practiced here.

IV.

THE BUTTES CHAUMONT.

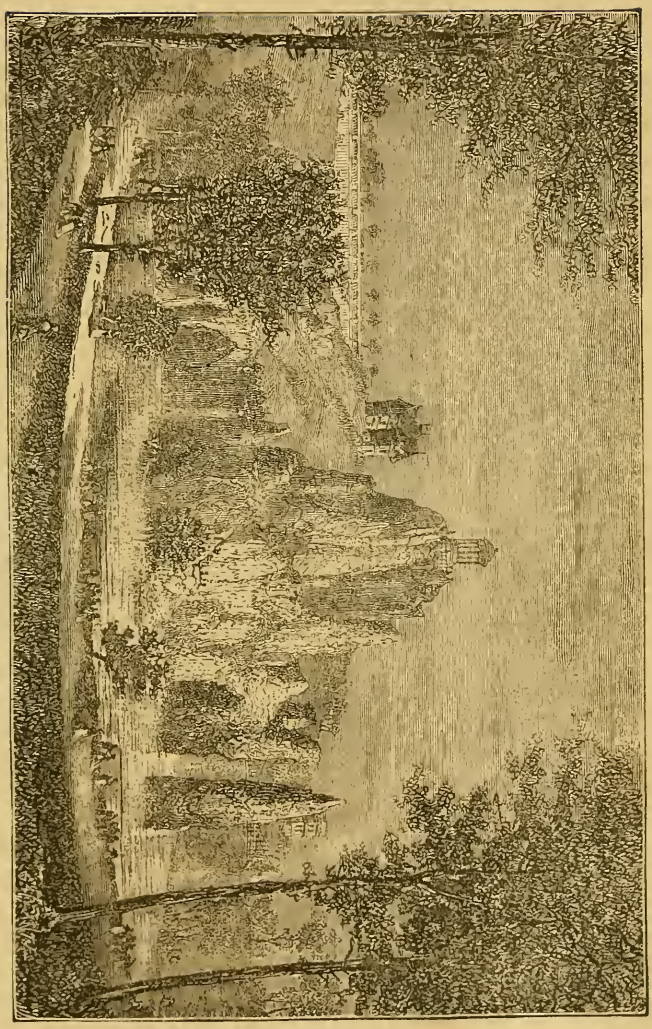
Between Belleville and La Villette, in the northeastern part of Paris, the city authorities have constructed a handsome park, which will, in time, compare favorably with any of the pleasure grounds. It is known as the park of the Buttes Chaumont, from the tall peaks or *Buttes*, which rise out of the centre of the lake. The park is in the form of a curvilinear triangle, being between the *Rue de Crimée*, and two curved boulevards now in process of construction. It covers an area of about fifty-five acres.

Previous to 1860, this was one of the plague spots of the city. It was an immense gypsum quarry, which had been worked for long ages, and was one of the most remarkable excavations around Paris. It was useless for every other purpose. Nothing would grow in such soil, and the cuttings were generally full of stagnant water which poisoned the surrounding atmosphere with its foul exhalations. Besides this it was the haunt of thieves and assassins. Respectable people avoided it, and it was detested by all classes. Property in its vicinity was almost worthless, and until the year mentioned above, it seemed that nothing could be done to remedy the evil.

In 1860, however, the government, acting in concert with

the city, determined to take the matter in hand, and convert the foul spot into an ornament to the capital. The Parisians smiled incredulously at the scheme, and pronounced it "another waste of the people's money." Work was begun, however, and carried forward energetically. About a thousand laborers and a hundred horses were employed in the undertaking. First, the bed of gypsum was laid off in accordance with the plans decided upon. The lake beds were dug, caves were cut and blasted, and the rough rocks hewn into the most picturesque shapes. So neatly has all this been done that it is almost impossible for an observer to tell where nature ends and art begins. A bed of hard clay, mixed with marl and loam was then formed over the gypsum, and upon this was thrown about 200,000 cubic metres of vegetable earth, manure, etc., brought here in carts. Trees and shrubbery were then planted, lawns were laid off, and drives formed. Water was let into the lakes from the reservoir of Menilmontant, and fountains and statues erected. The park was entirely finished by 1867. The trees are now growing finely, the shrubbery and flowers are thriving beyond all chance of failure, and the experiment at which Paris first laughed so mockingly is a triumphant success.

In the centre of the lake stands a tall peak, ornamented with a copy in miniature of the Temple of the Sybil at Tivoli. A suspension bridge connects it with the shore, and a fine view of the grounds and the neighboring quarters of the city may be obtained from it. The grounds are already popular with the people of the quarter. The working classes throng here in their leisure hours, and call it their *Bois*.



Park of the Buttes Chaumont.

V.

THE BOIS DE VINCENNES.

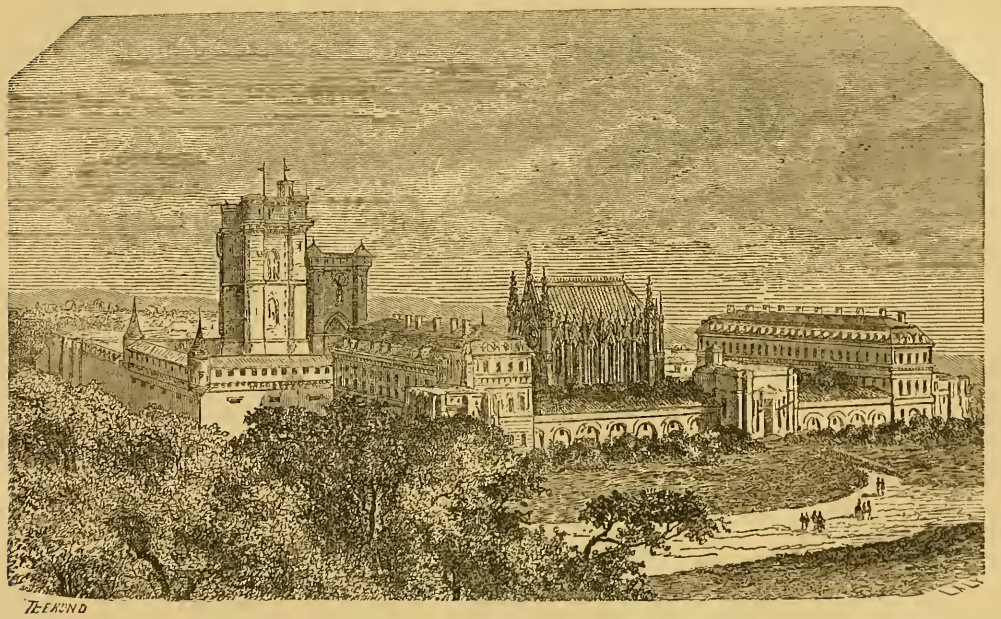
THE *Bois de Vincennes* is the oldest park in France, and was originally a Gaulish forest. It lies on the north side of the Seine and Marne, just beyond the southeastern walls of Paris. It covers an area of 2,515 acres, and is handsomely laid out and ornamented.

Louis VII. built a wall on the side next the city, and erected the old tower of Saint-Mandé as a guard-house. In 1183, Philip Augustus continued the enclosure, and stocked the grounds with deer sent him by Henry II. of England. Later still, Saint Louis built the walls which border the Marne. The present enclosure, however, dates from 1671. Louis XV., in 1731, replanted the wood, and made numerous improvements in it, in order that it might form a pleasant promenade for the people of Paris. Other changes were made in it during the Empire and the Restoration, and in 1857 it was laid off as it stands at present, under the orders of the Emperor Napoleon III.

The forest now consists of two portions divided by an open space. This open space is occupied by a race course, a field for the manœuvres of bodies of infantry, a polygon for artillery practice, a rifle gallery, and a model farm, called the *Ferme Napoléon*. The farm lies in the southeastern part of the grounds, and is just inside of the military road and the Gravelle and La Faisanderie Edoutes. Beyond it is the race course, and above that is the field for infantry manœuvres, in the midst of which stands a pyramid erected by Louis XVI. West of this is the polygon for artillery practice, and at the northern extremity of the whole field are the rifle gallery and the castle and fort of Vincennes. To the left of the fort is

the pretty villa of the officer commanding the post, who is usually a general or a Marshal of France. Just above the race course is an immense circular drive, in the centre of which is the *Lac des Minimes,* covering an area of twenty acres, and containing three pretty islands. The smallest island is provided with a Swiss châlet, which is used as a restaurant, and is connected with the shore by a bridge. Near the *Redoute de Gravelle* is a large basin called Gravelle Lake, which is connected with Lake Saint-Mandé, in the northwestern extremity, by an artificial river three miles long. The latter lake is beautifully situated in a hollow, and forms one of the prettiest parts of the park. In the centre is a small island. Near the *Porte Picpus* is a large lake, containing two islands.

The grounds are handsome, but are not equal to the *Bois de Boulogne*, and are not as popular with the Parisians. One sees more visitors, more pleasure seekers at the latter place in an hour than in this park in an afternoon. Yet it is a great addition to the city, for it brings a pleasant place of resort within easy reach of the quarters which are too distant from the other parks to allow many visits to them.



Castle of Vincennes.

XVIII.

ADVENTURERS.

Paris is the Paradise of adventurers. They flock here from all parts of the world in the hope of reaping a rich harvest, and the majority end by eking out a miserable existence in a manner which even the police, who watch them so closely, cannot understand. Others again, make a good use of their abilities, and mount up high in position and wealth. I do not mean to include in these remarks that large class known as *Bohemians*, for I shall speak of them separately hereafter, but refer exclusively to those professional adventurers, or "sharpers," (for I know of no other terms which describe them,) who live by their wits.

One cannot mingle much in society here, without meeting some dark, bearded, mysterious-looking being, tolerated for the sake of his many accomplishments, but suspected by all who know him. You will be told that he is an exile from his own country—a beaten leader of some great political party who is scheming now for the final triumph of his cause. His most intimate friends know nothing of his affairs. It is necessary for him to keep them secret, they will tell you, in explanation of their ignorance, and he is too wise, too much of a statesman to commit himself or his cause by injudicious confidences. Besides, the Imperial Government is not partial to conspirators, and he must do nothing and say nothing calculated to compromise himself. You may believe all this, or, influenced, perhaps, by your American way of viewing

things, doubt it, and stamp the object of so much interest as an impostor. Certainly his airs and self-importance are not calculated to raise him in your esteem. To you he will most probably seem simply ridiculous, but to the French, his mysterious conduct is irresistibly fascinating. Conspirators by nature, they like nothing so well as intrigue. In short, they exalt these exiles into heroes, and insensibly allow them (I speak of individuals, not of the nation) to gain an influence over them against which their better judgment struggles in vain. This much accomplished, the exile grows a little more confidential to his very particular friends, slight loans are asked and the request is repeated. The exile finally disappears, and his friends, on comparing notes, find they have been victimized. Women are most commonly the victims of these scamps, but it not unfrequently happens that they catch the sterner and more suspicious sex in their toils.

Women form a large part of the adventurer class. Like the men, they represent every nationality. How they get into good society is a mystery which few can explain, but it is certain that you will find them there. They rarely molest their own sex, but fasten themselves upon the lords of creation. Your Frenchman is powerless to resist the temptations of an intrigue, and before he recovers his senses he is so completely in the hands of his ensnarer that he can only escape by the payment of a good round sum.

Again you will meet some yellow-faced, wrinkled old woman at almost every entertainment to which you are invited, watching like a hawk over some pretty, innocent-looking young girl. You will be told that she is the Marchioness this, or the Countess that, the widow of some foreign nobleman. She is said to be immensely wealthy, but a perfect old miser. The young girl is her daughter or grand-daughter, as the case may be, and will one day inherit her wealth. At

present, however, the old woman will spend nothing upon her. Your attention is thus drawn to the pretty creature, and you watch her closely. She sees this, perhaps, and a modest blush dyes her cheek and her eyes droop. Nothing could be more maidenly or proper than her demeanor. With what pretty reserve she receives the compliments of that rich young banker who is addressing her, and how grimly the old dragon watches over her. When he solicits permission to pay his respects to her at her own residence, how girlishly she hesitates and glances at the old lady. The dragon now comes to the rescue, and reminds Monsieur that her dear child is very young and utterly unused to the ways of the world. She has never had the pleasure of meeting Monsieur before—but—if he will be so good as to call to-morrow, Mademoiselle may see him. He calls the next day, and the intimacy begins.

Now, my dear friend, this old dragon may or may not be a woman of rank, but it is certain she is neither rich nor a miser. She is miserably poor, and the lodgings in which she will receive Monsieur, the banker, are hired for the occasion. That young girl, so fresh and pretty, is old in the ways of the world, for since her early childhood she has lived by her wits. Madame, her mother, has taught her many a lesson of this kind, and has made a capital actress of her. Both want money, and both are determined to have it, and Mademoiselle finding that Monsieur, the banker, has nibbled in all sincerity at the bait she has thrown out, will play with him with the profoundest caution, and then she will haul him on her hook. She will do nothing rash, and when she has him in her power will make him feel it. Perhaps she will lead him into a marriage before he recovers his senses, or perhaps the spell will be broken before she can succeed in this. At all events, her main object will be ac-

complished. She will have placed him in such an unpleasant position that he will be glad to escape at the cost of a few thousand francs. In case he marries her, Madame, her mother, will not be long in throwing off her disguise, and will claim her share of the profits of the transaction; or, perhaps, the young wife herself, unable to keep up the sham now, will show Monsieur, the banker, in a thousand different ways, what a fool he has made of himself. Monsieur will find that his wife is not the novice he supposed her; that those dove-like eyes are not so gentle now as before he gave her his name; that the lips he found so sweet in the moments of his passion are not so pure now as he deemed them then. Worst of all, he may find that while his young wife's hand is his, her heart is given to another who had claimed it long before he ever knew her, and who may, after all, be a party to the fraud of which he has been the victim. These are unpleasant discoveries, and I know that in romance they would lead to direful consequences. But romance is one thing and reality another, especially in France, and I am writing of reality in that country. Monsieur, the banker, is a philosopher, and he neither storms, nor tears his hair, nor shoots his wife, nor cuts her lover in pieces. His chief care is to keep the matter quiet. To publish it would be to make himself ridiculous, and your Frenchman dreads ridicule worse than death. He quietly informs Madame that their intercourse as man and wife is at an end, and an agreement is made for a separation, perhaps a divorce, upon some fictitious ground. Madame receives a handsome allowance, the parties separate, and in a little while the affair ceases to be talked of, and is forgotten.

It would be impossible to even mention all the forms which imposture assumes in the upper walks of social life. To do so would require a larger volume than I intend offering to

the reader. I can only mention a few of the instances which occur to me, and then pass down the social scale.

I once heard of an English cockney who had come upon the Continent to enjoy his money. He had a young wife, and was *en route* for Italy. Madame was utterly ignorant of the language of love and poetry, and prevailed upon her liege lord to allow her to employ an Italian master while in Paris. A master was soon procured, a bearded, long haired, lank, and unkempt individual, a count, and a political exile of course. There was a shrewd look about the fellow, which the still shrewder cockney did not like, but Madame was charmed with him. According to the master's accounts she improved rapidly. Her exercises were written at his dictation in the purest Italian, and as regularly carried away by him, in order, he said, that he might show some of his stupid pupils what a woman of talent could do. A month passed by, the worthy couple began to prepare for their journey over the Alps, and the Signor was informed that his services could be dispensed with. That was all very well, replied the noble exile, but he was not to be thrown off so easily. Madame had done him the honor to bestow her affections upon him, and he was not willing to let her off without some compensation for the loss of her love. This compensation he modestly fixed at the sum of ten thousand francs. He had proofs, he said, at least a dozen letters in Madame's own handwriting. Cockney was horrified, and indignantly demanded to see the letters. He should see them, said the Signor, if he would pledge his honor not to destroy them. The pledge was given, the letters were produced, and Cockney was confounded. The writing was indeed that of the wife of his bosom, and the letters, according to the Signor's translation of them, were more passionate and tender than any she had ever addressed to him. Trembling with rage and grief he summoned the

fair delinquent, and charged her with her fault, which she indignantly denied, and demanded to see the letters. The Signor coolly held them before her, and she at once proclaimed them the *exercises she had written at his dictation.* Of course her husband could no longer doubt her innocence, and the Italian did not attempt to deny it. He confessed the plot, but demanded ten thousand francs for the exercises, and threatened to show them publicly in the social circles in which Cockney had moved, and even to send them to the friends of his victims in England. It was a most unfortunate as well as an infamous complication. Cockney was perfectly convinced of his wife's innocence, but knew also that to make the so called letters public would damage her as much as if they were genuine. The result was a compromise, and Cockney paid five thousand francs for the letters. The documents once in his possession, he seized the Italian by the collar and kicked him into the street. The Signor complained to the police, Cockney was arrested, and being unwilling to state the cause of his quarrel with the wretch, was fined roundly for his assault, and only saved from a week's imprisonment by the interposition of influential friends.

Spiritualists, bogus inventors, and the like, are "thick as hops" in Paris, and the manner in which they succeed in getting the better classes into their toils, may be seen from the following account of a suit recently tried in one of the French courts.

"The long pending case of Princess Isabeau de Beauvau Craon," says a letter written from Paris, "has come to a close and it is so long since the last hearing that I am afraid I must refresh the reader's memory, and tell him what it was all about. The suit was brought by Princess de Beauvau, who petitioned the Civil Tribunal of the Seine to 'interdict' Princess Isabeau, her daughter, or, in plain English, to declare her

non compos mentis, and deprive her of all control over her property (which is very large.) The petitioner set forth that her daughter, who had at first been only a little eccentric, gradually grew more so, allowed herself to be influenced by quacks, spirit-rapping adventurers, etc. First, she took to patronizing a charlatan named Dhelle, who pretended he had invented an electric fluid for bathing and washing. Princess Isabeau was so much struck with this brilliant discovery that she lent him large sums of money for the purpose of 'carrying on experiments.' All the plate in a country house at Garches, near St. Cloud, which belonged to the petitioner, but which she allowed her daughter, the defendant, to occupy, suddenly disappeared. It was discovered that it had been pawned by another of the Princess Isabeau's *proteges*, an homœopathist. The petitioner had at various times remonstrated with her daughter as to the absurdity and folly of her behavior, but to no purpose, and things were going on in this uncomfortable way, when the petitioner was startled, just about a year ago, at receiving the following note:

"'JUNE, 29, 1868.

"'MADAME LA PRINCESSE:

"'I went to Garches on Sunday afternoon, and found my dear Isabeau so very ill that I induced her to leave, though she objected, under pretext that she did not like parting with her horses. In order to pacify her, and above all, to make her come with me, I gave orders that the horses should be brought away too. On our return from the seaside I shall have the pleasure of calling on you with my brother, Baron Lucius de Guldenstubbe. But meanwhile I must let you know something about our family. Under King Charles V., called the Wise, a period at which a number of German Bohemian gentlemen were mixed up with French affairs, one Max

Augustus de Guldenstubbe served with distinction in Normandy under Duguesclin. This nobleman married Louisa, of Hapsburg, fifth grand-daughter of the Emperor Rudolph. One of the children born of that marriage in 1340, Augusta Mathilde de Guldenstubbe, married Margrave Jacob of Nuremberg, from whom as you sprang the Hohenzollerns—the ancestors of the Kings of Prussia.

'Receive, etc.,

'BARONESS JULIE DE GULDENSTUBBE.'

"The surprise and indignation of the petitioner at receiving this note may be imagined. She went down to Garches, and heard that a tall, lanky old man and a hideous looking little hag, also very old, had come a few days before with a large van, and carried off Princess Isabeau and a quantity of furniture. These were the Guldenstubbes, the allies of the Hapsburgs, Hohenzollerns, etc. They had omitted to leave their address, but the petitioner discovered that they lived in the Rue de Trevise, and were spirit-rapping adventurers. Considerable amusement was caused in court by the description of their practices. The 'Baron' has published a book about spirits and spirit-rapping, which he entitles 'Experimental Pneumatology.' He locks up a piece of paper in a box, and calls on the spirit of Cæsar, Hippocrates, etc., to favor him with their autographs. A rapping is heard, the box is opened, and the paper inside is found marked with a scrawl which the baron readily deciphers. Among the 'autographs' thus obtained, and of which he gives fac similies in his books, there is one of the 'muse Polyhymnia.' The signature of Hippocrates is recommended by the baron as a sovereign cure for bronchitis. Well, the petitioner tried hard to get her daughter out of the clutches of these adventurers. One of the friends of the Beauvau family, Count de Meffray, very

ingeniously penetrated into their den, and saw Princess Isabeau in a dirty, narrow, filthy room, and tried hard to persuade her to come home. She was very incoherent, cried a good deal, said she had taken a fearful oath, and the count was about to carry her off bodily, when the baron made his appearance, flanked by a sergent de ville, who forthwith turned the count out. The petitioner's son, the defendant's brother, made another attempt to rescue his sister from the clutches of these spirit vampires, but it proved ineffectual. There was a violent scene, and on his getting out of his cab, on his return from the interview, a pistol he had taken with him, probably to frighten the Guldenstubbes, accidentally went off, and killed him on the spot. Within about three weeks of her brother's tragic end, Princess Isabeau wrote to the various members of her family that she was about to marry Baron de Guldenstubbe. To prevent such a disaster the petitioner and all the members of the family took the requisite steps to have the Princess Isabeau protected against herself, and a long course of litigation was commenced. Meanwhile Princess Isabeau ran away, first to London and then to Belgium; but she defended each successive stage of the proceedings by letter and by counsel.

"At the last hearing she resolved on a bolder course. She appeared in court and defended herself in person, replying to a crushing speech of her mother's counsel. Hér lady-like appearance, perfect composure, and self-possession produced great impression, and her speech was a very good one. On her rising, the President, with that curious disregard of fair play and common courtesy, which characterizes some French judges, of whom it is not too much to say that they are not an ornament to the bench, touchingly told her to "express herself in becoming terms." The Princess replied that she thought that remark might have been spared her, and that

she would not forget that her mother was her opponent. She admitted that she had run away, but simply because she knew that her family would have had her locked up as insane had she not done so. She then went on to argue very temperately that if a taste for supernatural sciences were a proof of insanity then some of the highest in the land were insane. She set forth that the ground of the misunderstanding between her mother and herself was exclusively pecuniary, and related to the inheritance left by her father; and wound up her speech by asking the Court, now that they had heard and seen her, whether they believed this trumped-up charge of insanity. The Crown Advocate took up a whole day to state his opinion on the case. He held that the defendant was of sound mind, and urged that the petition be dismissed. The Court, however, took a middle course; it rejected the petition, holding that the state of mind of the defendant was not such as to justify interdiction, but, considering that the Princess had a tendency to be extravagant in money matters, appointed a *conseil judiciaire*, or curator, and adjudged her mother to pay her alimony at the rate of 2,000 francs per month."

Another class of adventurers are those who hang around the *cafés*, and make their living by insinuating themselves into the good graces of strangers and young men. They are perfect at dominoes, billiards, and all the games a gentleman is supposed to know. Sometimes they play for money, but most generally for refreshments, and are always moderate in their ventures. They are the pleasantest fellows in the world, are well dressed, and have irreproachable manners. Their wit is brilliant, and their fund of anecdote inexhaustible. In a little while they become wonderfully intimate with their new acquaintances. They accept invitations to dinner, or to breakfast, or to the theatre, and if, in the excess of your

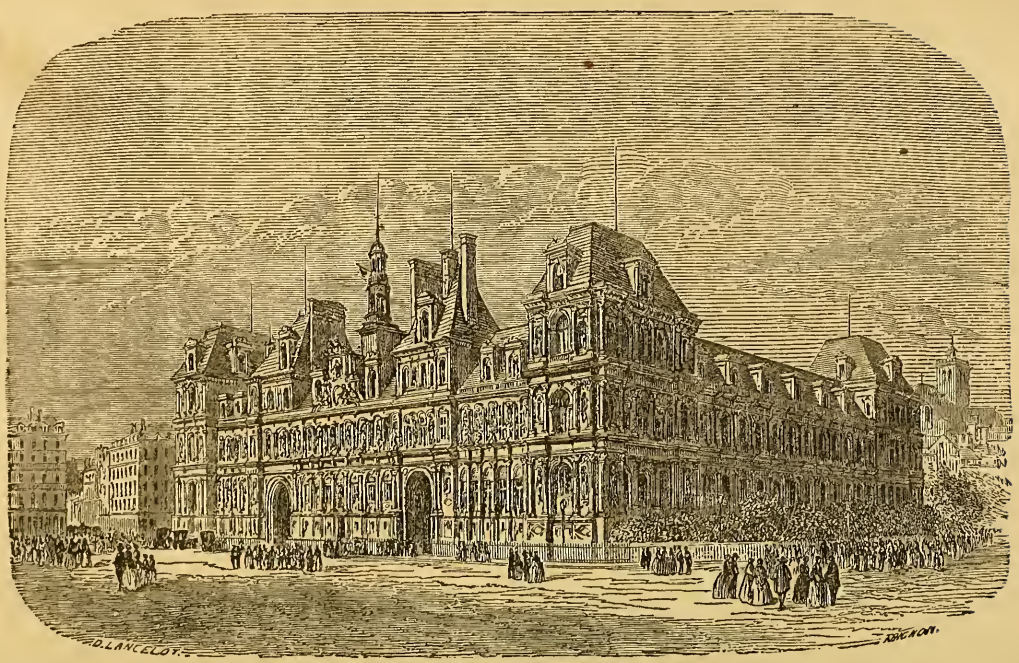
generosity, you offer them some trifling present, such as a man of honor may accept, they will not refuse it. They manage to be always with you, and yet do everything with such discretion and such ease that they never bore you. Finally, they lead you into small games at cards at "a friend's house," and the result is that you are fleeced of your money, for a "square game" is unknown to them, and you must be unusually expert to detect their tricks. These men rarely trouble their own countrymen, but find their victims amongst the strangers who visit the city. They regard the English and Americans as their legitimate prey. If you care nothing for play, they have a dozen other resources at hand to drain money from you. Sometimes they do not hesitate to resort to downright robbery or murder.

Another class frequent the hotels, and haunt the Boulevards and other places where strangers are thickest. They are well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking fellows, and speak English like natives. They approach strangers with unblushing impudence, and offer their services as guides. If accepted, they are not long in proposing to initiate their new acquaintance into the mysteries of Parisian life. They do not ask you to mingle in the scenes to which they wish to lead you, but merely to come and look on as a curious observer. These fellows are either the paid runners of notorious Lorettes, or of gamblers, or are seeking to do a little business on their own account by drawing you away into sections of the city where you will be at their mercy.

The best, and indeed the only safe rule is to avoid making acquaintances in public places. Gentlemen and honest men are, as a general thing, reserved and cautious in offering their friendship to strangers, and those who do not observe this course are almost sure to be influenced by bad motives.

It is amusing to see how utterly unsuspicious Englishmen

and Americans become in Paris. They are shrewd and knowing in their own countries, and to deceive them at home would be an impossibility; but when they reach this city they seem to lay aside their caution, and to enter with perfect readiness into every trap set for them. They seem to think the Parisians a harmless, simple set of people, when in reality they are the shrewdest and most cunning of men and women. *They* would not think of introducing *their* mere street acquaintance into *their* families or amongst *their* intimate friends at home; but accept at once the offers made them by unknown individuals at cafés, of introductions to circles of fashion and refinement, forgetting that the *entrée* to society is quite as difficult here as in their own country. Their forgetfulness is of short duration, however, for they are soon reminded of their fault by bitter experience. If they would only remember that the fundamental rules of social intercourse are the same in all countries, they would save themselves much trouble.



Hôtel de Ville.

XIX.

THE HÔTEL DE VILLE.

At a very early period the municipality of Paris became conscious of its power and importance, and it was not long before the chief officer of the city, who was known as the *Prévot des Marchands* (Provost of the Merchants), acquired both the dignity and influence to which his position entitled him. He was, by virtue of his office, the head of the Council of Merchants which traced its origin back to the days of the Romans, and which became, in the Thirteenth Century, the *Municipal Corps*, and had its privileges confirmed by royal ordinance. This body first held its meetings in a house on the *Quai de la Mégisserie*, in the vicinity of the *Grand Châtelet*, and subsequently in a house which stood on the site of the present *Place du Châtelet*. Later still, the meetings were held on the opposite side of the river, near the *Porte Saint-Michel*. Feeling the necessity for some fixed place for the city Government, Étienne Marcel, the famous Mayor of Paris, bought a house situated on the *Place de Grève*, and called the House of Pillars (*Maison aux Piliers*), from the row of massive pillars which adorned the front and supported the first floor. It was sometimes known as the Dauphin's House, because Charles V. had lived there whilst he was dauphin. This was the commencement of the present Hôtel de Ville.

In 1529, the House of Pillars was found unsuited to the necessities of the municipality, and was pulled down, and on

the 15th July, 1533, the first stone of the present edifice was laid. It was not completed, however, until 1605, during the reign of Henry IV. It was considered a splendid establishment at the time, but was so far from supplying the wants of the city in the Eighteenth century, that in 1770 it was proposed to abandon it and build a larger town-hall on the south side of the Seine just below the Pont Neuf. This plan was not carried out.

The present splendid structure was erected principally during the reign of Louis Philippe. The old building was found to be too small and too common for the uses demanded of it, and it was resolved to enlarge it. The work was begun in 1837, and finished in 1841. The old building, which comprises the centre of the front of the present edifice and the court back of it, was allowed to remain, but was very much improved. The houses and churches that surrounded it, from the river to the present *Rue de Rivoli*, and from the *Place de l' Hôtel de Ville* to the rear of the present edifice, were swept away, and the hall enlarged to its existing dimensions.

It is at present one of the handsomest buildings in Europe. It forms an immense quadrangle about three hundred feet long by about two hundred and fifty feet deep, and has three fine courts in the style of the Renaissance. Its principal front is towards the west, and is massive and handsomely ornamented; the central portion and the two pavilions with pointed roofs which flank it, constitute the front of the original pile. The buildings and pavilions at the north and south corners were erected during Louis Philippe's reign. The façade on the *Place Lobau*, which forms the rear of the Hôtel, and the lateral galleries connecting it with the western front, date from the same period.

Two immense archways, used upon state occasions, lead from the street to the courts, but the principal entrance is by

the doorway in the centre, under the statue of Henry IV., which adorns this part of the building. Over the statue is an illuminated clock, and above that still an eight-sided bell tower. The building is two stories and an attic high, and is surrounded by niches containing statues of the great men of France, who have been famous in the history of the city, from the earliest times down to Lafayette. It is said that there are several hundred statues in and about the building.

Entering by the gateway under the statue of Henry IV., the visitor finds himself in a splendid court, which formed a part of the old building, but which has been covered with a glass roof under the present empire. It is handsomely paved, and is decorated with colored marbles. A statue of Louis XIV., as a Roman warrior, and one of Charlemagne stand in the court. Just opposite the entrance is a fine stairway, consisting of two flights, ornamented with fountains. It was built for the reception of Queen Victoria, at the time of her first visit to Paris, and leads to the apartments of State.

"There are two suites of State apartments: the first and oldest on the lower floor, and inhabited by the Prefect, are not generally shown; they are in the primitive building, and contain the *Salle du Trône*, ninety-five feet long; the chimney pieces at each end are of the time of Henry IV. This room is magnificently decorated, and is used for State banquets, and will hold two hundred guests. On the walls are allegorical paintings intended to represent Paris at different epochs from the fifth century. Here was the Cabinet Vert, so called from its green draperies, where Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just were arrested on the 5th Thermidor, in the year 5. From its window Louis XVI., in a bonnet rouge, appeared before the mob, and from it Lafayette presented Louis Philippe to the people in 1830. On the landing place leading to this

hall, Robespierre and his associates attempted suicide. In the adjoining *Salle de Zodiaque* are wainscotings by Jean Goujon. In one of the rooms called *Salle Victoria* are busts of the Queen and Prince Albert, presented by them to the city of Paris after a magnificent ball given in their honor by the city on the 25th August, 1855.

"The rooms which are shown were decorated in the reign of Louis Philippe, so as to make them perhaps the most gorgeous apartments in gorgeous Paris, towards which painting, gilding, carving, glass, and velvet have done their utmost. They are entered by a passage from Escalier A, in Great Court on the right. The first two rooms offer nothing very remarkable. In the second one are seen the marks of two balls fired in 1848. The third is most splendid, the *Salon des Arcades*, seventy-one feet long, and divided into compartments by magnificent gilt arches; the ceilings are covered with modern allegorical paintings of the sciences, and the walls with arabesques. The chandeliers and vases are magnificent. Beyond this is the large naked dining hall, leading to the Salle de Napoleon I., which contains his portrait by *Gerard*, and on the vault a large painting of his apotheosis by Ingres. From here opens the *Galerie des Fêtes*, a vast ball-room, occupying nearly the whole eastern length of the building, having at each extremity ante-rooms called the *Salles des Prévots*, opening on the grand staircase, in which are relief busts of the Prévots des Marchands or Mayors of Paris, from 1205 to 1705, and forming a kind of cornice. The great gallery is magnificently painted and furnished, surrounded by gilt corinthian columns, and lighted by chandeliers which contain nearly 3,000 wax-lights. At each extremity are the music galleries. The whole suite is upwards of 1,000 yards in length, and is lighted and thrown open to some 7,000 guests, at the balls given by the Prefect. A certain number

of tickets for these balls are sent to the different ambassadors through whom strangers may obtain admission."

The Hôtel de Ville is the official residence of the Mayor of Paris, or Prefect of the Seine, as he has been styled since 1789. It may be seen on certain days of the week by applying to the Prefect for tickets of admission, which are usually granted without hesitation. In addition to the State apartments, it contains the rooms of the Prefect, which occupy the side facing the river, four hundred offices for the clerks connected with the municipal government, magnificent apartments, for the sessions of the Council, and a library containing 70,000 volumes. This collection is particularly rich in documents relating to the history of Paris, and in works concerning the towns and cities of France.

There are few buildings more interesting in an historical point of view, for its history is almost that of the city of Paris. It was the central point of the *émeute* of the Maillotins, in 1358; and in 1606 was resplendent with the fêtes which welcomed Henry IV. to his capital; and during the troubles of the Frondé was one of the most important points of the city. In 1660, Louis XIV. was married here to Maria Theresa, and in 1759 it witnessed the marriage of the daughter of Louis XV. to the Duke of Parma. In 1765, the Dauphin was married here. It was not until after the capture of the Bastille, however, that the Hôtel de Ville achieved its greatest notoriety. The leaders of the populace at once established themselves here, and three days later Louis XVI. was forced to show himself at the central window of the great hall, wearing the *bonnet rouge*. It was here that the terrible *Commune de Paris* (Common Council of Paris) held its sittings, and here it was that Robespierre and his friends took refuge on the 27th of July, 1794. When the gendarmes and soldiers entered the building, he was found on the landing place of the

great hall with his face half blown away from an ineffectual attempt at suicide. During the Revolution of 1830, the Orleanist clique established themselves here, and it was from the central window that Lafayette presented the trembling Louis Philippe to the populace as the "citizen King." In 1848, the Red Republicans established their headquarters here, but the moderate Republicans managed to make their way into another portion of the building, and finally got possession of the government. Lamartine made his great speech from the principal stairway, and by his eloquence saved the country from anarchy. Troops were quartered in the building in 1848 and 1849, and some slight damage was done to it. In 1867, a number of magnificent fêtes were given to the sovereigns attending the great Exposition. A lady who was present gives the following account of the "Ball of the Sovereigns," which took place on the 6th of July, 1867:

"To the event of the 6th at the Hôtel de Ville, then, without further preface or promise, except the insertion of a copy of the municipal invitations of the season, and the instructions as to dress for gentlemen, accompanying; not issued for this special occasion, it is true, but supplying some idea of the strict though unpretending form used in such instances:

I.

LE SENATEUR, PREFET DE LA SEINE
au nom du Corps Municipal de Paris,
a l' honneur d' inviter
MADAME ———
à là Fête qui aura lieu
à l' Hôtel de Ville
le Samedi 6 Juillet 1867, *à* 9 *heures.*
ARMS OF PARIS.
Ce Billet, rigoreusement personnel, aura être remis aux huissiers chargé d' annoncer.

II.

Leurs Majestes l' Empereur et l' Imperatrice et les Souverains étrangers alors à Paris devant honorer la Fete de la Ville de leur présence, le Corps Municipal sera en grand uniforme avec la culotte blanche.

Les Invités sont pries de vouloir bien etre également en uniforme, ou, à defaut de costume officiel, en frac avec la culotte courte ou le pantalon collant.

"Neither you nor most of your readers need be told that the 'City Hall' of Paris is almost or quite the equal of the Tuileries and the Louvre in its architecture, and that it has a history quite as extensive and interesting as either; but some *need* to be told that there are apartments in the Hôtel de Ville more richly decorated and showing the evidence of a costlier taste from floor to ceiling, than any of the other palaces of France! Yet so it is. Here, as sometimes it used to be in London, the 'City' occasionally asserts itself, and shows that when it will it can come near to overtopping the 'State'—the civic above the national—money above the political sinews which it strengthens if it does not create them.

"There was even more rarity in the ball at the Hôtel de Ville than in the grandest at the Tuileries. For the Imperial palace is often ablaze, and in the 'season' so many fêtes are given, that gaities there seem to be things of course. But it is different at the civic palace. It has not before been entirely opened for any festivity, since Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were entertained there, ten or fifteen years ago—I do not remember how many; and I suppose that nothing less than a congress of sovereigns, like that which has lately seemed in perpetual session in Paris, could again have brought the pet palace of the city into entire requisition. For, apart from the costly splendor, it is no trifle of space that is surrendered to festivity when the Hôtel de Ville is given up to it—they say the *salons*, placed in a line, would extend some-

thing like fifteen hundred yards or little less than a mile! They tell me, too, in spite of my woman's horror of any other 'figures' than those of beauty or a cotillon—that the Grand Hall is nearly two hundred feet in length by half that distance in width, and that very few less than one hundred thousand wax lights are necessary to bring out all the rooms of the immense building in their full glory! You can imagine that they must be 'occasions,' indeed, on which this space is occupied, and all this outlay in chandlery justified! But justified they were, then, if ever; for did not the number of regular invitations reach beyond six thousand?—and are there not plenty who believe that the number present, beside a perfect assembly of notabilities forming part of it, must have reached nearer to ten thousand than six? We have seen two or three thousand persons, on rare occasions, at our old New York Academy of Music; but multiply that number by three, or possibly five, and the splendor of each particular group by fifty or one hundred, and some faint idea may be formed of the guests of Baron Haussmann on that Saturday evening!

"You are aware what magnificent open spaces surround the Hôtel de Ville, with the Rue Rivoli on the one side of it, and the Seine with its bridges and quays on the other—with the great Caserne Napoleon behind it, but at a considerable interval, and the shops and houses in front standing at a corresponding shy distance. Well, can you imagine what a crowd it was that filled that wide open space?—the Czar only just arrived in Paris, everybody on tiptoe to see him, and the additional excitement of standing in the glare of that line of gaslights stretching across the palace front, and seeing hundred upon hundred of the showiest people in Europe, and many of the handsomest women, going by in the handsomest of equipages, and to the most magnificent of balls? An orderly crowd, I must admit—though I do not believe in

the good order or harmlessness of Parisian populace, as I may have after-occasion to tell you; but still a crowd of the densest and most eager description, making the passage of that wilderness of vehicles almost impossible.

"Were you ever a fire-fly?—a will-o'-the-wisp?—a fire-balloon? or a comet? I suppose not, and yet I saw something of one or the other, or of all of them, that night, with humanity supplying the material! Think of one feature of the arrival of the Imperial party through that crowd, in so many carriages that I do not like to hazard a guess at the number—perhaps twenty, perhaps thirty, or forty; all guarded down the side by squadrons of the splendidly-uniformed and dashing lancers of the guard; and every carriage, with its gorgeously appointed occupants, lit up *inside*, as if it had been a ball-room on its own account! Think what a line of magnificent will-o'-the-wisps that must have made; and how that light must have flashed and glittered to the eyes of the crowd, on face and figure that they wished to recognize—on dress and jewel and decoration! It was a case of distinguished people 'making a show of themselves,' to please the public eye—a case odd enough to deserve mention, and I think a little commendation. I could only see that part of the pageant for a few moments, glancing back from my carriage as I made an arrival almost late enough to have been 'royal' in my own right; but I am not likely soon to forget the general effect, even in that which followed.

"*Light* is to be the glory of the other spectacle, to be spoken of by-and-by. *Music* and *flowers* were the features of this, as if something ugly in the past needed to be covered up and danced merrily over. Ugh!—I wonder if there was not? *Ma foi!* as my French hosts say, I thought so before I left the building; but I must tell you that in its proper place. Music and flowers—flowers and music—probably the

order should be changed, for there were even more floral glories than witcheries of sound.

"There is one portion of the Hôtel de Ville with which I know you are familiar, for I have heard you speak enthusiastically of it—the grand entrance from the Place de la Hôtel de Ville, with its costliest hangings of cloth and silk, gold-fringed and gold-emblemed, sweeping down around columns that seem to have been shaped and gold-incrusted during some one of the many dreams of the 'Arabian Nights.' There is nothing like it, I think, in the world; as there is certainly nothing else that I have ever seen, comparable in costly splendor to its elaborately-decorated saloons, with their frescoes from the ablest pencils, their panellings in which cost seems to have been entirely ignored, and their pictures, which have certainly been derived from the unscrupulous 'appropriations' of centuries, as well as from the 'liberalities' of one of the richest cities on the globe.

"There may be more glorious sensations of being in another world while yet breathing the breath of this life, than those supplied on entering the civic palace; but I have no hope of ever sharing them, and it is not too sure that any accession would be desirable, even if one could arrive at it. Imagine that more than regally-splendid vestibule, with its gorgeous hangings and decorations, with so many and such rare flowers decking it at every point, that all else seemed to be but unreal exhalations sprung up in the midst of the most rich and varied garden of the generous tropics—with a great fountain of exquisite shape and detail in the centre, flashing out its wealth of water, every drop a gem in the soft blaze of the innumerable wax-lights that made doubly beautiful everything upon which it radiated; with all that could be devised of most gorgeous in attendance and reception, scattered among all that could be selected of royal, rich, queenly, and

fair—pearls and diamonds on brow and bosom of beauty, answered by the flashing of the like rare gems on the starred and crossed and decorated breasts of manhood—silks, satins, and velvets, little less than a sea in which the gazer seemed to be floating, swimming, almost drowning; and then add to this the most voluptuous music that ever floated from horn or rang from string, seeming to drip from that marvellous baton waved by white-gloved Strauss himself—Strauss, to whose notes, even when others gave them feeble utterance through picked-up orchestras that had never known the master-hand, our senses have thrilled and our feet bounded so often—add all this, and throw over it all that glamour which only comparative youth and full happiness can bestow, from that fairy-land in which we have all believed since childhood—then and only then will some dim light creep into the eyes and some suspicion into the brain, from that moment of moments enjoyed on entering the 'Ball of the Sovereigns' at the Hôtel de Ville.

"But do not suppose that either the splendor or the interest was exhausted at this mere first glimpse—neither was further entered into than the building—the vestibule only in each. For, the great *escalier* once ascended, in the midst of that human, musical and floral bewilderment, no less than a dozen of those great halls, *au deuxième*, opened into each other, all devoted to the purposes of the fête, and each, as it seemed, more ravishing than the others in the rarity of its pictures, the talent employed upon its frescoes, the richness of its hangings, the softened blaze of its waxlights, and the sense of passing into some new and charmed existence, inevitable on entering; while the very ingenuity of taste had been employed in creating little passages, at the end of which came sweet new surprises, in the way of rare flowers, more ingenious arrangements of light, and temptations to lose one's

self away from the present and wander into the charmed past and rainbow future of romance, history, and—let me be honest on the dangerous theme—the intoxicating whispers of love-making, that might not have been indulged in a more matter of-fact existence!

"I have omitted, so far, one of the rarest elements of pleasant intoxication, of the whole. It has appeared to me that it should crown all, and have no mention while any rivalry remained. Does the thought strike you what other sense must have been ministered to than even the sight, the sound, the pride, the vanity, and the sense of the romantic? What must have been the perfume, think you, of all the sweetest flowers of all lands, thus grouped and gathered, and flung broadcast with lavish wastefulness? What else than the very drunkenness of delight must have ravished the sense, when all the sources from which Lubin and Violet have extracted their thousand odors, were blended in one wealth of fragrance, carrying the weight of sweetness to the very verge of oppression? We have all heard of the lady who 'died of a rose, in aromatic pain,' and I beg you to believe that I could have easily fainted from the same influences, under slight additional strain of the over-delighted olfactories.

"Let me recapitulate—something which they say is a woman's custom, especially in detailing grievances—and see whether I have succeeded in conveying any idea whatever of that wonderful scene. The grand halls of the Hôtel de Ville; music under Strauss's own hand, and by the orchestra brought by Strauss himself from Vienna; wax-lights by the ten thousand; flowers by the literal cart-load, and perfume with no measurement but its own volume; ornamentation; pictures; statues; five or six thousand well-dressed 'nobodies,' half of them fair woman, and all bedecked and bejeweled in the utmost splendor of a wasteful age; hundreds of celebrities,

Ball Room of the Hôtel de Ville.

noble if not royal, and each the cynosure of many eyes; and, to crown all, emperors, kings, and royal highnesses enough to have revolutionized a republican world, each more or less resplendent in court blazonry and gemmed orders, while on brow and bosom of their ladies blazed diamonds and rubies and pearls and sapphires, of such size and cost that they seemed seas of light in which kingdoms had been melted. This is what I saw, quite as much with my mind as my eyes; this is where I was—that part of me which had not floated away in the enchantments of luxurious novelty."*

* *Paris in '67.*

XX.

THE TUILERIES.

In the sixteenth century, Louise of Savoy, having become tired of the *Palais des Tournelles*, requested her son Francis I. to buy the tile yard on the north bank of the Seine just beyond the Louvre. The king made the purchase, but his mother soon abandoned her design of building a château upon it, and gave it to an officer of the Court. When Catharine de Medicis left the Tournelles palace, after the death of her husband, she resolved to carry out the plan of Queen Louise, and purchased the old *Tuilerie*, or tile field, and began the present palace, which derives its name from the use to which its site was formerly put. The architect to whom she entrusted the task was Philibert Delorme. He began his work in 1564. According to his design, the present building was merely to be the principal front of a more extensive pile. He also intended that there should be a centre with colonnades on each side leading to the wings. His plan was not carried out, however. The front facing the gardens has been altered frequently since his day. Henry IV. built the large wing on the side next the river, and Louis XIV. built that adjoining the Rue de Rivoli and raised the centre and the porticoes. Louis Philippe also made important changes in the portion which lies to the right of the centre. The front facing the Place du Carrousel remains very nearly as it was originally built.

Although Catharine de Medicis took such care in building

the palace, neither she nor her sons ever inhabited it. Henry IV. stopped there only in passing through the city. Louis XIII. never liked it, and Louis XIV. honored it with his presence only upon rare festal occasions. Louis XV. dwelt in it during a portion of his minority, but left it as soon as he was his own master.

When Louis XVI. came to the throne, he followed the example of the two monarchs of the same name who had preceded him, and made his home at Versailles. It was very retired and peaceful there, and the noisy disturbances which were rocking the capital to its centre could not annoy the Court. But one fine October morning, the good citizens of Paris, thinking it a shame that their sovereign should keep himself so far aloof from his people, sent a deputation to Versailles to induce him to come and dwell amongst them. Although the mission was successful, it must be confessed that his Majesty's subjects set about it in a very rough way. It was hardly a triumphal procession in the midst of which their Majesties came into their capital, for the crowd which pressed so roughly against the state carriages was drunken with a great victory over royalty. The arms which they bore had cloven asunder that day the last ties which united the King and the Commons, and instead of marching under the golden lillies, they carried the heads of the king's best friends on their pikes. How the fishwomen yelled at the white haired Austrian who gave them, even in her humiliation, scorn for scorn. Right on, down the broad avenu leading from Versailles, the dreadful procession passed, wi its captives, on, on, past the faubourgs and through the streets of the Capital, halting only when the Tuileries were reached. The people had decided that their king must content himself there for the future, and there they kept him well, leaving him the semblance of authority for a little

while, but soon forcing him to realize most bitterly that he was a prisoner in his own palace. A fortnight later, the National Assembly came into the city from Versailles, and commenced to hold its sittings in the *Manége*, or riding-school, which stood at the corner of the present streets of Rivoli and Castiglione.

When the people had shut up the king in the old palace they put a green riband, across the principal walk of the garden to show that they had separated themselves forever from the children of St. Louis. It was a simple barrier, but not even the most hardy had the audacity to pass it. A young man once set his foot beyond it, quite by accident, and in the presence of the people, took off his shoe and wiped off the royal dust with his coat.

It is a sad history that is connected with the stay of the royal family at the Tuileries. You can hardly look up at one of the old windows without seeming to see the king stand there, to receive the insults and not the homage of his people, for there is scarcely a window along the whole line of the private or State apartments which was not the scene of such humiliations for him. At each of these windows also stood the alien Queen, holding her child in supplication to the mob. Day and night they called the wretched pair to face them. Here too, they broke their way into the regal halls, and forced the king to exchange the crown of St. Louis for the red cap of Saint Antoine. His attempt at flight was a failure. Brought back from Varennes, he was kept a still closer prisoner. True, he had a show of royalty, but even his guards were under the orders of his enemies. On the 10th of August, 1792, the populace swept his protectors before them, massacred the brave Swiss who were so faithful amongst the faithless, and swarmed into the palace. Nothing stopped them. Even the bed chamber of the Queen was

invaded, and the royal couch, still warm, was thrust through and through with bayonets. The king and his family fled in dismay, and sought the protection of the National Assembly, only, however, to be sent as prisoners to the Temple.

On the 10th of May, 1793, the convention left the *Manége*, and occupied the *Salle des Machines*, which was used as the private theatre of the palace, and which stood on the site of the present Chapel and theatre. They were in session here, when Napoleon Bonaparte undertook their defence, and swept back the attacking mob with his cannon on the Day of the Sections, October, 3, 1795. The convention was succeeded by the Council of Ancients, which was afterwards expelled by the victorious Corsican.

On the first of February, 1800, the First Consul occupied the Palace as his official residence. He it was who raised it to its height of glory. It must have required no little moral courage for Napoleon, conqueror as he was, to enter and dwell in this palace, for the guillotine had stood just beyond the garden wall, and the blood of the last tenants of the old pile was hardly dry on the flags of the *Place de la Revolution*. The Directory had not dreamed of venturing within its walls. "The effeminate Barras and his worthy colleagues," says Jules Janin, "those three men who possessed every kind of audacity, even the audacity of fear, dared not inhabit the Château des Tuileries. Its solitude frightened them: the history written upon its walls made them turn pale, and tremble from the depth of their souls; they fancied there must be, at midnight—the hour for spectres—in these royal dwellings, royal shadows, beheaded ghosts, who carried their crowns upon their necks, for want of heads, a royal widow, with long white hair, who returned from the dead, dressed in the short gown, which an actress was charitable enough to lend her, and the black robe which she had mended with her

own hands, before marching to the scaffold. Barras was afraid, that ambitious profligate, who succeeded for an hour, because he found himself on a level with the vice of his time—even he, dared not take possession of the Queen's bed; he was afraid that he should scarcely fall asleep, before the great king Louis XIV., impelled by the pride of his race, would cause the silent pavement to ring with his red heel, and would himself draw the curtains of the bed, and ask this wretched being, lying there in the midst of the Tuileries, and upon the fleurs-des-lis of France, what was his name of Bourbon, and what place his reign occupied amidst so many reigns. The Directory left the Tuileries deserted; its life of every day—its nights of revelling—the intermission from its slavery—the combinations of this Venitian policy, Venitian from its vice and its horror—its alarms caused both by its victories and defeats; the Directory concealed all these in the palace of the Luxembourg; that palace built in the Italian style, by the Italian Medicis."

Whether it was an act of moral courage or not, it was certainly a master-stroke of the young Consul to establish himself here. It was the house of kings, and the fitting place for the Ruler of France. Once securely seated here, half the victory was accomplished. Men attached more weight to bulletins and proclamations from the Tuileries than if they had been issued from the Luxembourg; and the man who had dared to take possession of the throne itself came to be regarded by his fellows as worthy to sit upon it. And who shall say what inspiration the Consul himself drew from the vast halls through which he moved? Republican only in name, he was at heart a King. Chief of an already tottering State, he was looking around for some means of saving his country from anarchy. The very walls whispered to him stories of absolute power. The very floors, as he trod them,

creaked solemn protests against the new doctrine of political equality. He was already secure in the old palace, and therefore was its master, and the masters of the Tuileries had always been masters of France. Men had grown accustomed to the first part of this great programme, why should not they submit to the rest? So the plan unfolded itself, and at length the little man who had entered these stately halls a simple citizen, stood up in them a monarch; not with the chaplet of Saint Louis on his brows—for he disdained the bauble which had been so easily and shamefully dragged in the very dust from which he had sprung—but wearing the hardier and more glorious crown of Charlemagne. What mattered it to him how Europe raged around the barriers he had thrown about his France? Was he not master of the Tuileries? and did not his star shine brightly still over the pointed roofs of the palace? Here he brought the trophies of his conquests; here he established that brilliant court, which France still remembers with wonder; here he was happy in the love of the beautiful Josephine; here he demanded, and received as his right, the hand of the daughter of the Cæsars. Usurper, his enemies styled him. *Emperor*, *Father*, his people called him.

At length he fell, and all Europe came marching into Paris to hold down one beaten man. They set to work to "purify," as they said, the palace of the Tuileries. They scraped the walls of their proud frescoes, and covered the Imperial emblems with a gray-stone tint, imagining that they could thus efface the memory of the great Emperor from the hearts of his people. When the palace was "purified," and the last token effaced which could remind the Bourbons of their country's glory, Louis XVIII. moved into it. At the very windows where his ill-starred brother had received the jeers of the mob, he stood to watch the long line of foreign

troops file out of his capital. Just below him lay the old walk across which the green riband had drawn the barrier between his house and the people of France. The riband had disappeared years ago, but the barrier was drawn now across the heart of France.

Blind like the rest of his race, Louis fell into a fancied security from which he was rudely aroused. "A courier from the frontiers, knocked suddenly, one night, at the gate of the Tuileries. His knock was that of a man who brought bad news:—he was told that the king slept, but his answer was that he must be immediately awakened, for there had been seen on the road, a little man in a small hat, dressed in gray, with his hands crossed behind him, who had arrived on foot and alone, with his sword in its scabbard, again to take the Constitutional throne of France from its legitimate kings. Thus said the courier, and he would take no reward for the intelligence; he chose it should be an act of charity to the house of Bourbon."

The Emperor came on to Paris in hot haste, and Louis XVIII. fled from the palace into which Europe had thrust him. His flight was so sudden that he even left his medicine on the table of his chamber. Napoleon came at once to the Tuileries, and, weary with his journey, sought his old bed-room, from which the fugitive king had just betaken himself. It was in disorder, and was littered with physic-bottles and half-picked chicken bones. The latter were thrown in every direction—even under the bed. "Look!" said the Emperor, indignantly, turning to a friend who had accompanied him; "as if it were not enough to make a kitchen of my bed-room, they have made a dog-kennel of it."

For one hundred days more, Napoleon was Emperor of France. Yet even he, so hopeful in adversity, must have been full of despair then. The bright star that had guided

him, no longer shone clearly over the Tuileries. The fickle people he had loved so well and made so great, were changed. The great heart of France no longer beat responsive to his own. Victory had deserted him, and power had fled from him. No wonder then that he could not sleep. No wonder that he paced these floors in anguish and despair. His day had gone by. The old walls whispered no more to him of power and splendor. If they spoke at all now, they must have told of the misery they had witnessed when they held a king as a prisoner.

Once more the Tuileries welcomed back a king. We may be sure the old palace imparted no inspiration to him, however, for *it* was a monument to the glory of France, whilst *he* was the proof of her shame. The people of Paris had no longer cause for pride as they glanced at the Tuileries, for the yellow walls held a man who had consented to humble his country at the feet of Europe, that he might be a king in name. The great Emperor could not sleep as he contemplated here the future of his country during the Hundred Days, but this last child of Saint Louis slumbered with true Bourbon stolidity in the midst of his country's shame. Time passed on, and France, bound and enslaved now, came at last to see that in deserting her Emperor, she had deserted the cause of liberty and progress. She had sought peace and repose, and she had purchased them at the cost of her liberty. Napoleon had won for her the first place in the world; the Bourbons had sunk her to the lowest.

Charles X. was no less a Bourbon than his predecessor, but he was a truer Frenchman, and a better king. Yet even he failed to draw from the old pile the moral support it had given to the Man of Destiny. The mark of the green riband had been growing deeper across the hearts of the French people, and when it burned so fiercely into them that endu-

rance was no longer possible, they rose as one man, and the war cry of Saint Antoine was heard once more under the walls of the Tuileries. The king fled, and the populace once more swarmed into the splendid halls. These rioters of 1830 were less sentimental than those of 1792, and were consequently less merciful. Failing to find the royal family in the palace, they turned their fury against the palace itself. They broke or carried off the furniture, tore down the hangings, and destroyed the ornaments. The wine in the royal cellars proved a rich treat for them. They devoured the contents of the pantries, rolled over the royal beds, and shouted out ribald songs from the throne itself. They were good patriots, no doubt, these uncouth children of Saint Antoine, but they were very destructive fellows on this July day. They never reflected that there was no enmity between the old château and themselves, and that they were in reality demolishing their own property. Heaven knows how far they would have carried their vandalism, if some shrewd fellow, by a happy inspiration, had not cried out that the army of the king was at Rambouillet, on its way to chastise them. Instantly the arms which had been thrown aside for plunder were caught up, and the mob of "good patriots" surged out of the palace, and took the road to Rambouillet to complete their work by demolishing both the king and his army. When they got there, however, the king was on his way out of the country, and the troops had deserted his cause. Back they went to Paris, and made straight for the Tuileries.

"But during this interval," says Jules Janin, "Some dexterous person, one of those men who guess beforehand, the monarchies which are about to rise, had, already, on his own authority, closed the château of the Tuileries. Then the people, who were gaily returning to it, were told that each man must go back to his wife, and that the Revolution of

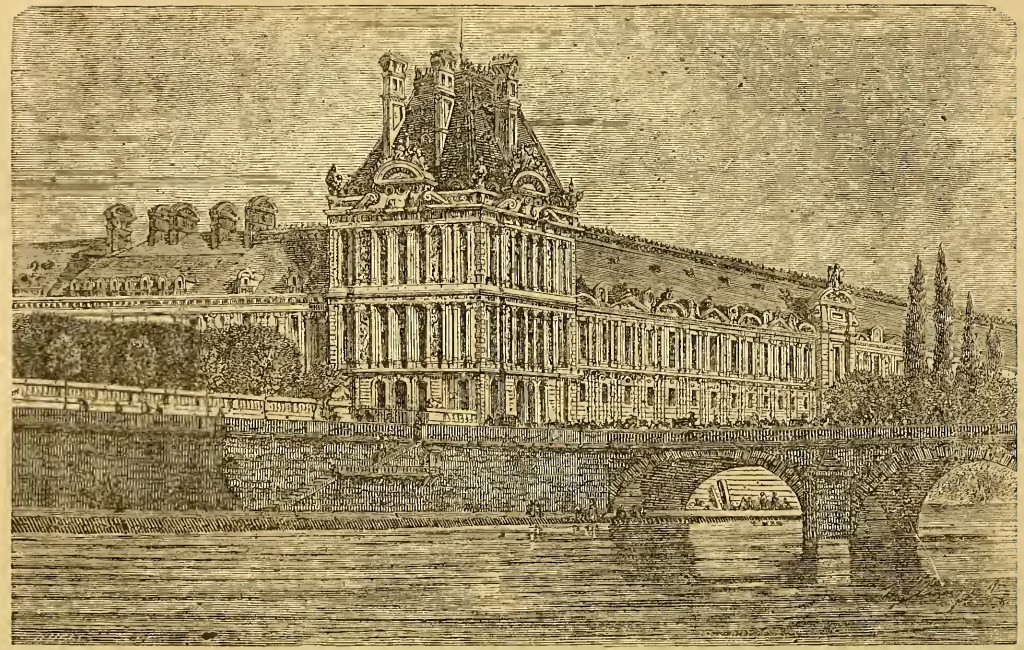
July would not answer for the consequences of three nights passed away from home. So our conquerors threw down their arms, left their carriages, and set out in great haste for their dwellings, terribly afraid of being scolded by their wives, and called *lazy bones!* Immediately an invisible hand possessed itself of the guns of the conquerors of July, never to return them. The horses were taken back to their stables, the carriages into the coach-house, and the Château des Tuileries was closed, as they say in the play-bills, on account of repairs, and in order that the new piece may be repeated."

Louis Philippe hesitated a long time before he consented to occupy the Tuileries after he became king. He made many changes in the palace, and restored it to the degree of splendor it had enjoyed under the empire. Yet he, too, fell before the people, for the green riband had cut off *all* the children of Saint Louis from France. Bad as the palace had fared at the hands of the mob in 1830, it suffered still more in 1848. Troops in abundance were at hand for its defence, but Louis Philippe had not the courage to fight for the crown he had gotten by the sacrifice of his manhood. Almost at the first signal of danger, he and his family deserted the château, and fled from the country. The mob broke down the doors, and occupied the palace; plundering and destroying on every hand. For ten days they held high revel in these sumptuous halls. They carried the throne to the Place de la Bastille, and burned it, swearing that another should never be set up in the old château. When their fury and the wines of the fugitive king were exhausted, they slunk away from the palace, and went home. The building was then converted into a hospital for the wounded of the Revolution, after which it was used for an exhibition of paintings.

Just over the Place de la Concorde there dwelt, at this time, in the shadow of those trees you see growing so prettily

in the gardens of the Elysées palace, a silent, thoughtful man, whom they called President, as they had called the first of his name Consul. From where he dwelt he could see the pointed turrets of the old château rising above the tree-tops, and beyond the river the sunlight glittered proudly on the tomb at the *Invalides*. Was it not natural that his thoughts should wander from the one to the other? that he should remember that it was the great man asleep under the golden dome that had made the old château the centre of the glories of France? There was a wonderful resemblance, too, between the circumstances in which the President was placed, and those in which the Consul had found himself, when he first set foot in the Tuileries. The Consul had stood alone between the country and anarchy in 1800, and now the President filled up the same gap. The Consul had planted himself on the throne and averted the ruin which threatened France, and there was no other course for the President to pursue. He took the decisive step, and in 1851, the Tuileries were tenanted again.

If the old palace had gathered around it a galaxy of glories during the First Empire, it has been made still more glorious during the reign of its present master. When Napoleon III. entered the Tuileries he had not only the injuries to his race to repair, but, better still, the wrongs of his country to avenge. One by one he has avenged them, little by little he has set up again the structure which the enemies of France once boasted they had pulled down. He has humbled the pride of the foes who humiliated her, and by peaceful means has forced her worst enemies to sue for her friendship. Since he mounted the throne, the old palace has witnessed a succession of rare triumphs. It has received as its guests the monarchs of Europe, heirs of those sovereigns who came to it in 1814, and under its very shadow swore that the name of Napoleon



New Pavilion of Flora-Tuileries

should be forgotten in France. They have come as the guests of the heir and successor of the monarch whose throne their fathers destroyed, and have come, acknowledging in effect, the justice of his cause, and the folly of the Holy Alliance.

The palace of to-day is one of the most magnificent of any of the royal châteaux of Europe. It is the town-residence of the Emperor and Empress, and is always occupied by them while they are in Paris.

The façade towards the garden is very irregular, but is imposing and picturesque. It is three stories and an attic in height, and is one thousand feet long, extending, in short, from the quay which borders the Seine to the Rue de Rivoli. In the centre is a handsome projecting building, with a curved roof, called the *Pavillon de l' Horloge* (the Clock Tower), from which floats the Imperial standard during the occupancy of the palace by the Court. The principal entrance from the court-yard, as well as from the gardens, is through this tower. The north wing, which adjoins the Rue de Rivoli, is called the *Pavillon Marsan*. It contains the chapel, theatre, and several of the State apartments, besides the apartments of the officers and attendants of the Imperial household. The last named rooms also occupy a part of the gallery bordering the Rue de Rivoli. To the left, or south of the *Pavillon de l'Horloge*, is the *Pavillon de Flore*, which has been recently rebuilt. This wing contains some of the State apartments, and the private apartments of the Imperial family. The principal entrance to the latter is on the ground-floor in the archway of the clock-tower, but a private stairway enables them to communicate with the gardens without using the central door.

The State apartments are usually shown to visitors once or twice a week during the absence of the Court, but while the

Emperor is residing here, it is impossible, of course, to visit them. The order of showing the rooms is varied sometimes, but at present is as follows: Visitors enter from the Place du Carrousel and the court-yard, through a doorway on the right of the *Pavillon de l'Horloge.* A small stairway, constructed during the reign of Louis Philippe, leads to the vestibule admitting you to the most northern of the State apartments, the beautiful *Salle des Gardes*, or Nobles' Saloon. On the right, as you pass down the hall, is a side door closed, in part, by a wooden railing, over which you may gaze down into the chapel, where the Emperor and Empress hear mass. It is a very small apartment, and is very plain. The altar is on your right as you look down, and the Imperial "pew," if I may so call it, in the gallery at the opposite end. The appointments of the chapel are plain and simple, but handsome. The ceiling is ornamented with frescoes, the central piece representing the *Entrance of Henry IV. into Paris.* Just back of the chapel is the theatre, a handsome little hall, fitted up for the private entertainment of the Court. It is not usually shown to visitors. The chapel and the theatre were built by Napoleon I., on the site of the old *Salle des Machines,* in which the Convention had sat during the Revolution.

The next saloon is the *Salle de la Paix*, finished in white and gold, and ornamented with a colossal Statue of Peace, presented to Napoleon I. by the City of Paris. This is one of the most magnificent apartments in the palace, and is generally used as a ball-room. The next is the splendid *Salle de Maréchaux* (Hall of Marshals), which is, perhaps, the most magnificent room in Paris. It occupies two stories of the *Pavillon de l'Horloge*, and is sixty-five feet square. Its walls and ceiling are magnificently frescoed, and the room is adorned with portraits and busts of the most famous Marshals of France. A number of caryatides, copied from

those of Jean Goujon, in the Louvre, support an elegant gallery which surrounds the upper part of the hall. Several magnificent chandeliers light up the room, and the furniture is of the most elegant description. Unlike the other rooms, the *Hall of Marshals* occupies the entire depth of the palace. Its rear windows look out upon the court-yard, while the front windows open upon the gardens. From the central window the view ranges over the gardens and the *Champs Elysées* as far back as the *Arc de Triomphe*. It was in this hall that the present Emperor, when President of the Republic, opened the Legislative Chambers, after the *Coup d' État*, and it was here that the civil marriage of the Emperor and Empress was performed, on the 29th of January, 1853.

A door on the left of the hall leads to a suite of magnificent apartments which border the court-yard of the palace. The first is called the *Salle du Premier Consul*, because it contains a portrait of Napoleon I., as First Consul. It is now used as a card room. The next is the *Salle d' Apollon*, also very handsome. This opens into the *Salle du Trône*. This magnificent apartment is hung on all sides with Gobelin tapestry, and the ceiling is beautifully frescoed. The windows look out upon the court-yard, and at the opposite side, on a raised platform, under a magnificent canopy of crimson velvet worked with the Imperial arms, and studded thickly with golden bees, is the throne of France. It consists of two handsome arm-chairs, the one on the right for the Emperor, and that on the left for the Empress. A massive gold eagle is perched on the top of the canopy. Immense chandeliers filled with wax candles, hang from the ceiling and several tall candelabra stand about the room. The ceiling and fire-place of this room, as well as those of the entire suite to which it belongs, date from the time of Louis XIII. The fire-places are worthy of examination. The ceilings are fine specimens

of their kind. The Emperor and Empress hold formal receptions in this apartment at certain times of the year, and all State ceremonials take place here. The present throne replaces the one which was burned by the mob in 1848. The next room is the *Salle du Conseil* (Council Chamber). It is hung with Gobelin tapestry, and is ornamented with Sevres vases, and the ceiling is beautifully frescoed. The last of the State apartments opening upon the court is the magnificent *Galerie de Diane.* It is one of the largest and most gorgeous halls in the palace, and is used as a dining room upon State occasions.

You will have noticed in passing through the *Hall of Marshals* and the rooms succeeding it, a temporary railing in the centre of the apartments. This is placed here in order to mark the route the visitor is expected to pursue in examining the palace. You pass down the side next to the court-yard as far as the *Gallery of Diana*, entering that hall by a door on the same side. On your return, you leave the gallery by a door on the opposite or western side, and go back through the apartments you have examined until you reach the *Hall of Marshals.* You leave this room by its northwestern door, and find yourself in the vestibule containing the *Grand Stairway.* This is a magnificent work of art, consists of three long flights, and is constructed of white marble. Descending it, you pass out, through the *Pavillon de l'Horloge*, into the gardens.

With the exception of the *Hall of Marshals* the State apartments lie entirely along the court-yard. To the north of the clock tower the Grand Stairway, the Chapel, and the Theatre, lie between them and the gardens, and to the south of the clock tower, the garden side is occupied by the private apartments of the Imperial family. Those of the Emperor and Prince Imperial are on the lower floor. The Emperor's

are furnished with great simplicity, and are more for use than ornament. The Prince Imperial's apartments are also simply furnished but are provided with all the comforts needed by one of his tender years. The apartments of the Empress are on the same floor which contains the State halls, and are connected with those of the Emperor by a private stairway. Her sleeping room was once occupied by Napoleon I. as a library. It is beautifully frescoed, and is furnished in rosewood and bronze. Near the bed-room there is an oratory and a chapel. Adjoining these are the private library, a working cabinet (*Cabinet d' études*), the latter of which is adorned with portraits of the Emperor, the Princess Mathilde, and the Princess Clotilde. That of the Emperor is the famous portrait by Cabanel. All the furniture and appointments of these rooms are in the style of Louis XIV. and Louis XVI. There are other suites of rooms used for various purposes, and all the apartments are fitted up in a style of unequalled splendor, worthy of the beautiful woman who is their chief ornament. One of these rooms, the *Salon des Fleurs* (Hall of Flowers), is said to be the most exquisite piece of workmanship in the world.

All the apartments of the Imperial family look out upon the gardens. You will try in vain, however, to get a glance at them from without. During the absence of the Court the blinds are closed, and when the rooms are occupied you cannot approach near enough to satisfy your curiosity.

Stand off in the gardens, and gaze up at the time-worn façade. A finer old pile you will not find in this city of palaces, and you will seek far for one more picturesque. It does not look like a place for ghosts; yet they will tell you in Paris that it has its evil genius, a little red man who shows himself at certain fatal epochs. You will be told that this strange being was seen in 1814, in 1830, and in 1848, and that on the day the Duke of Orleans died (during the reign of

Louis Philippe), he was seen walking around the flagstaff He says nothing, but walks hurriedly about the palace. No one has ever spoken to him, for none who have seen him have ever been bold enough to do so. You will laugh at the story doubtless, but you will find many in the city who are perfectly satisfied that should trouble or danger ever threaten the present occupants of the old château, the little red man will be seen in some part of the palace, to herald the coming storm.

The State balls of the Tuileries are famous for their magnificence; but the most magnificent ever held there was the ball given to the Czar of Russia, at which the King of Prussia was also present, on the 10th of June, 1867. A lady who attended it, gives the following description of it:

"In the place of the six to ten thousand invitations issued to the festivity at the Hôtel de Ville, not more than six to eight hundred had been issued to that at the Tuileries, while the command had been given that evening instead of the court-dress usually assumed by the gentlemen, something of the air and exclusiveness of the 'private ball' should be imparted to it in all its details.

"That particular part of the line of carriages bearing guests, in which I happened to be ensconced, must have reached the Gardens of the Tuileries about half-past nine, coming across from the Rue St. Honoré to the great gate leading in from the Rue Rivoli at the Place des Pyramides. The gardens themselves were entirely cleared; but without the gate, and the in wide Rue * * * far as the eye could see in the comparatively dim light of the lamps and the young moon hanging in the west—for the illumination directly to be spoken of had not yet commenced—a densely-packed crowd surrounded the gardens, stretched away into the distance, pressed close against gate and railings, hemmed in the

Palace of the Tuileries.

carriages so that with all the efforts of the police they could scarcely move two steps forward without a check. Workmen, many of them, from their blouses; something worse than workmen, probably, some of those who wore costlier material that the blue chambray; no small proportion of women of the *blanchisseuse* and wine-seller condition, capped and ferocious. But oh, those visages of the male mob of Paris! Oh, the thin cheeks, the lowering brows, the shock heads, the wild, bad eyes that scowled half-hungry defiance as the owners thrust them into the very faces of the shuddering occupants of the open carriages! Oh, the clenching hands, the muttering lips, the sneering and yet too-earnest tones, the evidence that only a spark was wanting to explode the magazine of temporarily-indolent hate—that never tiger tore to pieces its prey with more demoniac joy than those 'dear children' of the Emperor, the hand of power for one moment lifted from their necks, would have shown in murdering the whole array of guests, from the host downward, slaying the male members of the cortege, butcher-like, with quick and sudden blows, and making a horrible feast of rapine and twice-terrible slaughter among the dainty flesh of the weak women who accompanied them! Ugh, I shudder to think of dozens of threatening, glaring, frightful faces, thrust into my own in the few moments of pause at the gate, in spite of the efforts of the police to prevent the outrage, and creating the same pleasant impression of security as if a whole menagerie of ferocious beasts had been present, uncaged, and each held only by a cord of pack thread that might snap at any instant. * * * * * *

"At all events, we passed the gates after a brief delay, and were in the Tuileries Gardens, set down at the grand entrance, which, as you will remember, is in the centre of the garden-width as well as of the palace-front. * * * * Whether

the lights had before existed but kept low, and were at that instant flung into full blaze; or whether by some electric arrangement all the lighting took place then and at once, I cannot pretend to say. I only know that in an instant, sprung into full glory, from mere ordinary evening-light, the *illumination of the Tuileries Gardens.*

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"You know the Gardens of the Tuileries—that portion of them, especially, which lie immediately in front of the grand entrance of the palace—the wealth of fine trees which make just enough of shade, in the daytime, to supply the loveliest of walks; the shrubs from every clime, with flowers of every form and color, which make the whole nearer portion of the Gardens one wonderful piece of floral embroidery. Then you know, too, some of the fire-witcheries of the Jardin Mabille and the Chateau des Fleurs—the skill with which great rows of lily-bells, which would seem entirely natural if they were not so gigantic, are made to burst, at a given moment, into lily-bells with tongues of flame; and how the globes of fire are so disposed there as to dazzle anew at every turn and present continual new groupings of brilliancy. Multiply all this by an hundred or two if you can; then add to it little lines of globed colored lights creeping around the roots of trees and shrubs, as if an endless menagerie of fiery serpents had been let out to twine and circle everywhere; and hang from every bough, and apparently from every cluster of leaves, a colored globe or lantern, with such a variety in shade that they seem to mock the hues of the very flowers they rival. Extend this up from the shrubs to trees, until there seems to be a line of light half-way skyward, brighter than the Milky Way, and almost as countless as the orbs composing it; and throw over walk after walk arches of delicate pipe, the agency invisible in the absence of daylight,

but little jets of light shooting and radiating from them with the soft freedom of so many issues of bright water; then, when the extreme of beauty in fire and artificial light seems to have been reached, let great broad flames of calcium blaze stream down from airy distances, continually varying in color, and fading and glowing as if high over all a comet of ever-changing ray was shedding down portions of the 'light which no mortal may know.' Let this all reflect upon the glory of white statues and sparkling fountains, and the noble front of that wilderness of separate palaces, the Tuileries, and flash far away upon the great column of the Place de la Concorde, and seem to light up the Seine and its farther banks on the one hand, and to touch the great city with a broad belt of flame on the other.

"But there was something upon which the blaze of that illumination shone, a part of the Tuileries and yet not of it, which made the second notable feature of that imperial magnificence. This was a platform built especially for the occasion, outside one of the great drawing-room windows, approached from without by thirty or forty low steps, and from within from the ball-room floor by the full-length window; with a canopy of green silk and gold, the Emperor's golden bees studding it, and the whole so richly draped and ornamented with the rarest flowers and costly gems of art, that it seemed a part of Aladdin's palace left behind when the rest of the structure vanished. It was here that the imperial and royal party sunned themselves, so to speak, in that wonderful light, and added to the brilliancy of the scene, to near spectators, by the reflections on gem and order and decoration. The structure seemed to belong to the light, and the light to the structure. Both were wonderful, unrivalled, magnificent in their way.

"I thought that I had before been 'received'—more than

once in the course of my life; but all that I had ever before seen of this detail of 'society' seemed to me at the moment mere neglect and rudeness beside that highest development of a science in which the French excel all other nations as if they belonged to a different race. Such clouds of rich-liveried attendants, each seeming to blend the obsequiousness of the servant with the suave dignity of the gentleman, chanced to be in exactly the right place at the moment when every lady stepped from her carriage and passed within the vestibule, and so deftly and quickly relieved her of cloaks and wraps and dropped into her hand the little ivory check that was to redeem them, that not one but appeared to be the object of special attention, and to have precisely the proper servant at her exclusive command. And then such a Master of Ceremonies met every lady in the vestibule, just at the entrance of the music-flower atmosphere, at precisely the moment when her wraps had fallen, her robes settled into graceful fold, and she was ready to do fashionable battle to the death—met each as if she alone, of all that assembly, was the object for which his unimpeachable evening-dress had been assumed, and seemed rather to sweep than conduct her up the grand escalier and toward the *salons* of festivity—that he seemed to be multiplied into at least an hundred, all possessing the same rare qualifications.

"But I must pause again, as I did pause, a little in defiance of etiquette, at the escalier. You have seen that noble central staircase of the Tuileries, and know what it is at ordinary times; what must it have been, think you, when the rarest flowers from all the world seemed to have twined around it, as if the hundred years of a 'Sleeping Beauty' had overgrown the whole palace with glory to hide decay! But ah, there were other and terribly-handsome flowers there—flowers that had brown in no garden—nothing less than a line of

the Emperor's splendid, richly-uniformed six-feet *Cent Gardes*, crowned with the silver helmet and long drooping white plume, and filling each end of every second step with magnificent and immovable human statuary!

"Statuary, indeed! for I believe that the palace might have burned or fallen under the shock of an earthquake, and not one would have moved without orders—just as the stout old Roman guards at Herculaneum are said to have stood motionless while the shower of hot ashes from Vesuvius gathered up to their chins and then smothered out their lives.

"Those splendid fellows not only *seemed* immovable, but *were* so, as I happen to know; for a pleasant but very laughable *contretemps* occurred just when I was on one of the lowest steps of the escalier, some hint of which has already crept, as I see, into the French newspapers. It created, for a moment, quite a buzz among those who observed and understood it, and would have forced a smile, I think, even from the grave lips of the Emperor. Miss H——, one of our pretty little American belles *par excellence*, finding her slipper loosened when half-way up the stair, stopped to fasten it, leaning against what, from its immovability, she took to be one of the many statues of military personages lining the steps. It was the form of a *Cent Garde* against which she supported herself by one hand and her snowy left shoulder; and that form remained as stony and motionless, outwardly, as the statue could have been—whatever the sensations that may have surged through the pulses of the soldier at being thus brought within touch of a warm breathing beauty so far beyond his ordinary reach. The silent figure breathed, however, even if lightly; and the lady's absorbed senses finally took the alarm at feeling a trembling motion under her hand; so that, with a pretty scream, half fright and half apology, she drew herself suddenly away, forced on the refractory

slipper, and tripped up the escalier a little more nimbly than she had intended.

"But what a spectacle met the unaccustomed eye and even dazzled one used to festive splendors, when we had been marshalled by the courteous Master of Ceremonies through two magnificent *salons, au deuxieme*, each perfect in frescoes and decorations, regal in its appointments and furniture, blooming with flowers, and ablaze with a thousand lights, into the grand *sallé du trone* of the evening—the great ball-room of the Tuileries! You know the wonderful size of that room, though I suppose, like myself, you could not render the result in feet and inches—only say 'one of the largest in the world,' and certainly 'one of the most gorgeous.' Frescoes, gilded ornamentation, rare flowers in matchless profusion in raised vases, a great candelabra radiating softest and yet most brilliant light from so many points that it seemed to be a blending of sun and moon just overhead—I do not see how you can do otherwise than receive these little descriptive items in the gross, and apply and elaborate them at your leisure.

"And here a word of the lights. I have used the phrase 'candelabra' instead of 'chandelier,' which really means the same thing—because the first conveys a more nearly correct idea. Do you suppose that the Tuileries is lighted with gas for festive occasions?—that female beauty, which I must own to be sometimes a trifle, delicate and in need of nursing, is at such times subjected to the searching influences of that inflammable discovery of the nineteenth century? If you do, you err seriously: the same description of light which shone upon Marguerite de Valois and Marie de Medicis, radiates upon Eugenie de Montijo and her attendant luminaries. Wax candles—nothing else throughout; wax candles in such unlimited profusion that the production of a

world would seem to be consumed in a single evening; but nothing more glaring on the female cheek, on such occasions, than this soft kiss of warm golden splendor, which takes away pallor where it exists, and does not deal too harshly with rouge and enamel. There! I have let you into one of the secrets of my sex; let me catch you making undue use of the admission if you think it advisable!

"But now I know that you are impatient, or at least your readers will be, to see more closely some of the royal and other celebrities occupying their position in the grand *salon*, and to hear of the action of the ball proper. Know, then, that at the end of the room right from the entrance there was a raised dais or platform, richly carpeted, and with two carpeted steps leading up to it; that on the dais were precisely twenty-five chairs—I think that for some reason or other I counted them a dozen times over; and that on and around that dais, during the evening, shone the great luminaries in whose blaze we were all basking—republicans quite as much as any of the others.

"I should say, however, that the Imperial party entered the *salon* after the most of the company had assembled—perhaps at about ten or half-past; and I cannot find a more appropriate place than the present to tell you of a little incident connected with their entrance, which the newspaper people are quite likely to omit, intentionally or otherwise, and which seemed to me to display one of two things in the Empress—wonderful childish naiveté, or wonderful artful mannerism of a peculiar character. The Empress entered on the arm of the Czar of Russia, as the special guest of the evening, the Emperor and other notabilities immediately before, behind, and around. Of course she was at the moment engaged in the very highest exercise of hospitality—introducing a guest and endeavoring to place him at ease;

and yet can you imagine what she did? I do not think it at all probable that six hours could have elapsed since her last sight of the Duchess Anna Murat de Mouchy, who has been for some time one of her pets; but at all events she left the arm of the Czar, without a word of apology, rushed one third of the way across the room, with the air of a mother flying to a beloved child not met for a twelve-month, seized and kissed the young Duchess in a way that I can only describe as *devouring*—leaving the Czar, in what I could see, was a very awkward position, stopping the whole progress of the Imperial party, and causing the Emperor to look at her in a manner which would not have been pleasant if *I* had been the subject of the glance, and the gazer *my* husband! This may have been quite 'the thing to do'—probably it was; at all events it was what we call 'stagey,' and I should not have liked to risk the impression of my being underbred, had I performed the same evolution under similar circumstances.

"The dais found its occupants at last, and I shall endeavor to give you a brief descriptive word of a few who then and later filled the chairs on it, as I saw them then and to a better advantage afterward, when dancing or moving among the guests.

"First, the Czar of Russia, the special guest of the evening—a tall, large man, moustached, broad-faced, inclined to be blonde and northern-looking as well as fine-looking—older than most of his pictures, and beginning to remind one of his imperial and imperious father, Nicholas, He would have looked much better, I think, in anything else than his complete suit of white cloth covered with orders—the general effect so unusual to our 'evening' eyes.

"The Empress entered with the Czar, leaned on his arm, and sat beside him on the dais; and she is well entitled to a

place as early as the second. She is certainly very handsome yet, and wears her dignity proudly; though not even my regard for my own sex can prevent my noticing that she is losing something of her fine outline of form as she grows a shade stouter, and that the once clear skin is thickening so that the veins on the temples need to be supplied artificially instead of showing through as they used to do. I should do very little violence to my impressions, in applying to her the well-known alliteration, 'fair, fat and forty'—somehow that is her atmosphere. She was heavily enameled, very *décolleté*, and a little sad-faced when in repose, as she may well have been, even in the midst of these splendors. Her outer adornings certainly won my eyes, if I could speculate upon her physique. She wore a robe of some white Algerian silk material, with a thread of silver running through it, and bias-flounced; a ribbon bow of diamonds on the right shoulder, fastening a broad tri-colored ribbon which crossed the breast and ended in a jeweled order at the left hip; a necklace of black velvet, closely studded with solitaire diamonds of great size and beauty, with depending strips of strung solitaires falling fern-like down bosom and back, until they almost formed a covering for what otherwise had none; a bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley in her hand, and a heavy diamond circlet or demi-crown spanning her front head, which she had removed during the course of the evening, because it either was, or *ought to have been thought*, too heavy for comfort. If the Anna de Mouchy demonstration was real, so was this, probably; if otherwise, this may have been a strip of the same pattern.

"But I must pause here again to make an explanation, covering—or perhaps the opposite—others than the Empress. I have spoken of her as being 'very décolleté,' and 'heavily enameled.' There is no occasion of repeating the terms for

each of the female notabilities present, though I might do so with propriety for most of them—all, certainly, except the very young. 'Very décolleté' does not express the whole fact, at all, with the Empress. She had about four inches of waist above the belt. She was, to use plain words, *half-naked.* So were her guests; so were her maids-of-honor; we were all more or less half-naked. Either I should not much have cared to have my husband see me at that juncture, or I should have preferred to have *him* see me *only!*

"Then as to the enameling! The Empress could no more have shown her natural face than changed the length of her D'Alba nose. Nor could any of the rest of us—we were enameled, roughed, daubed, plastered—artistically, of course, but nevertheless daubed and plastered. Felix, the wonderful 'artist' of the Rue St. Honoré, made me up, coated me, finished me off, as if I had been a building and he a stone-mason. I was very handsome, when he had done with me, but I was not *myself* by any manner of means; I looked in the mirror, and fell in love with the girlish face that I saw there—something that I am not vain enough to do habitually. So let it be understood that we all more or less wore masks that evening; and if any of my hurried descriptions fail to convey an idea of the actual people, the fault will not be mine, but Felix's or that of some brother 'artist.' The descriptions will be of *what I saw.*

"And now to the Emperor and *his* special companion of the evening, the sister of the Czar—Grand Duchess Marie something, if I do not misremember the name.

"The Emperor was among the best-dressed men present; certainly among the most modest, in his plain black evening suit, with no startling ornament whatever, except the broad, red ribbon of Grand Commander of the Legion of Honor, which crossed his breast, and the great star of the Order, one

side of which showed from under his lapel. But oh, his face! that took away all thought from his garments! He looked so listless, so lifeless, so distrait, so broken!—so impossible to be amused even by the pleasant attentions of the Grand Duchess, so much as if his thoughts were upon a distracted kingdom, a hostile Europe, a sick boy, and Maximilian in peril of his making! And yet the face seemed nobler then than I had ever before seen it; and more than once, yes, more than twice, when he folded his arms a little wearily and seemed to say: 'Ah me!—I wish all this mockery was over!' the resemblance in face and figure to the pictures of the First Napoleon was startingly marked and suggestive. I caught myself asking, when the likeness struck me once and again—What does this mean? Is it family, *all?*—or position? or something else about which people do not care to talk, and about which a mere guest at one of his balls had probably as well avoid gossiping?

"There was nothing special about the Russian Grand Duchess, a tall, dark-haired woman of forty or fifty, with a pleasing manner, nothing marked except her diamonds, which were of wonderful size, profusion and lustre. The Emperor was evidently pleased with her, and as attentive as a distrait man could be, whose heart and brain were absorbed.

"Next, by right of power, if for no other cause, came the King of Prussia, a tall man, young-looking for his advancing years, moustached and side-whiskered, scarcely seeming to have strength and stamina to command the success so literally showered upon him within the past two years. But perhaps —ah, here was the answer to my doubt, in the very tall man, plainly dressed, and with few decorations, who approached and took me by the hand in recognition of a previous presentation.

"Bismarck! sharp ringing Sclavonic-sounding name of a strange man, who is certainly one of the 'men of the day.' Very tall, as I have before said; rather angular in figure; blonde, bald, small-headed, moustached, with large protruding blueish-gray eyes; his whole manner something that cannot be described, while it does not appear to be anything seriously different from the common—a manner urbane and corteous at will, but evidently capable of being something very different when the other side of the will is aroused. I found time and opportunity for a chat with the man who has given the first effectual check to the world's worst tyrant, Austria; told him the truth, that I had rather made his acquaintance than that of any other man in Europe, and had the pleasure of being assured that such words from American lips were always welcome, as he felt fully convinced of the sympathy of the best American statesman with his efforts and policy; and then the 'man of the day' passed away into the whirl of other conversationists.

"Here my eyes again catch the sweet azure orbs of Anna Murat De Mouchy, an American girl by birth and early residence, as you are aware; and I half forgive the Empress her affectation—if it was one—of being hungry to kiss her! A perfect blue-eyed, sweet-faced blonde, of medium height, or perhaps a line less, looking twenty or twenty-two, with splendid neck and arms, altogether fine, plump figure, and a manner so sunshiny and genial that no wonder the Parisians sometimes call her '*La Petite Chaton*,' literally, 'the Pet Kitten.' She wore a blue tarlatane, with all her jewelry in large blue turquoises—a combination which would have been fearfully trying to most complexions; but to hers—Rubens might have come back, specially to paint that exquisite propriety of form and adornment.

"The Prince of Wales, in black evening dress, with the

jeweled Star of the Garter his only decoration—looking manlier, and handsomer, and yet less lovable than as we saw him when yet a mere boy. He has evidently more talent of a certain kind than we, or England, thought: it is sad to fear that the son of a noble father, and a good, even if crotchety mother, may be found to have less principle than had been hoped. The Prince of Wales has filled too many mouths in Paris, during the season; let us turn to his sister—

"'Princess Alice of Great Britain and Ireland,' as she is designated in royal ceremonials; a modestly-dressed and most lovable-looking girl, blonde, sweet-faced, and radiating the very soul of goodness in her smiles. Queen Victoria is at least happy in her daughters.

"Let me present a foil to the sweet young English princess, in one whom I saw standing near her at a certain moment—the Princess Metternich, twenty-five or six, tall and angular, with an apish face, 'dressed to death'—as our mothers used to say—gaudily, and with too many diamonds; in the habit of driving a yellow chariot, and reputed to be 'fast' and shameless as she is hideously ugly. Ugh! it is no trouble to turn away from *her*, in spite of the flash of her hereditary diamonds and that grand ball of her own, in which she succeeded in vieing with the Russian embassy, rivaling the Emperor as to cost and splendor, and making herself conspicuous to her fullest desire. *Mem.*—I did not go to that ball. I should like to have been caught putting myself under obligations to such a hostess!

"Prince Napoleon, fat and quiet—they say he has been a good deal crushed, lately, though he may be only 'biding his time'—his face a heavy First Napoleon, and his brow sombre. The Princess Clothilde, his wife, and as you remember, a daughter of the King of Italy—looking as homely and as much like a short-nosed brownie as ever,

though good beyond a doubt, and beginning to show a *fadē* suspicion.

"Count de la Ferrière, First Chamberlain to the Emperor, Master of Ceremonies by right of his office, and by that far better right of being the very Admirable Crichton of all accomplishments. The Count must be fifty or fifty-five, but looks younger—gray, with a fine profile, the courtliest manners imaginable, and considered the handsomest gentleman at court. He has the reputation of having been the most successful in his attentions to American ladies, of any living Frenchman.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"The Emperor and Empress did not dance. The latter was, no doubt, prevented by the ill health of the Prince Imperial, and the former by his own ill health and the unfortunate Mexican perils just then—though we did not know how nearly—closing around poor Maximilian. Of course no one else danced before or at the same time with the royal party, for which two quadrilles of eight commenced at about eleven o'clock, led by the Prince of Wales and other youthful potentates in embryo. There was nothing peculiar in these quadrilles, for monarchy 'kicks up its heels' very much like common humanity—except that the many gems and jeweled orders produced a brilliant effect when in motion, and that the lovely Princess Metternich tripped during the course of it, fell sprawling, and raised another of those general commotions from which I would always prefer to be excused, even if I had more grace than she to make the operation less embarrassing!

"The opening quadrilles over, as if there had been some arduous labor demanding recompense, came the distribution of presents to the favored participators—elegant little bouquets of the rarest and costliest flowers, shaped into symbols

of various orders and held together by gemmed ribbons. Then, 'the King of Persia having dined, the rest of the world might go to dinner;' the royal party returned to their dais, to the Aladdin balcony or the reserved gardens, where living flowers, fountains, concealed music, and all the other appliances of luxury, made up the most perfect dream of enchantment—or mingled with guests on the floor, and dancing became as general as the severe rules of etiquette and the limited number allowed to take the floor at once, could well permit. But the truth is—and you may print this in smaller type, as a secret, if you like—that *flirting* is quite as much the business of a Parisian ball, as dancing; so that the rules did not press with undue severity.

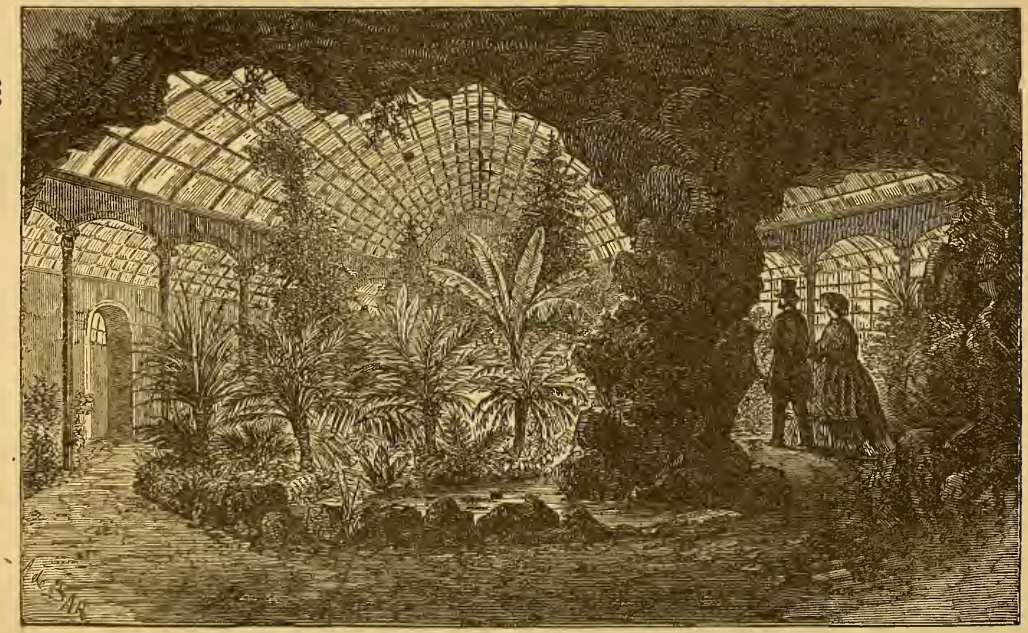
"I have said that the dancing began at about eleven. It was about one when the company moved from the grand *salon* to the great dining-hall, ushered with the same ceremonies which had marked their entrance.

"Scarcely the 'company' however—only a part of it; not more than two or three hundred found place in that magnifi cent banqueting hall of the Tuileries, with its repletion of frescoes, gilding, flowers, and waxen illuminations. After the guests were seated with the due order of precedence, at tables radiant with every variety of costly service, and loaded with (hot) soups, meats, and costly confections—the imperial party were announced and passed through in a body to the separate dining-hall provided for them at one side of the great hall—the guests rising and cheering with much enthusiasm as they passed, whether in honor of royalty, or at the near prospect of supper I confess that I did not stop to inquire, though I gave my little woman's cheer with the rest!

"This imperial dining-hall, at the left, was raised a little above the main hall, and full glimpses could be caught of it

through the open doors, while the supper was in progress. It was splendidly decorated with flowers, fountains over which gauze prevented undue dampness from filling the atmosphere, the flags of the different nations, etc.; while it was worth something to see, for once, what are the meanings of the phrases 'plate' and 'table service,' when they apply to gold, silver-gilt, gem-incrustations and lavish splendor generally, devoted to the satisfying of royal palates. But I said that monarchs danced like other mortals; so they ate and drank, as we observed them through the open doors—with no more of dignity than the occupants of the great hall, and I fancy without keener appetite; for there is nothing better calculated to sharpen the taste than dancing, fatigue, and supper at half-past one.

"My rambling story of the Grand Ball to the Czar—and I fear it has been a dry one—is nearly over. It only remains to say that the large number of other guests, who failed to reach the great hall, were otherwise accommodated; that after supper we were ushered into another apartment, where ices, jellies, and the most delicate of cooling confections awaited us; that dancing was resumed on return from supper, and continued until half-past three—the royal party leaving somewhat earlier, perhaps at half-past two; that again, on leaving, came the Master of Ceremonies, the accurate and yet not disagreeable formalities, the wonderful attendance, the lights, flowers, and music of entrance, the regulated crush of carriages without, even a few of the glaring and defiant faces staring into the carriages as we rolled away up the Rue Rivoli or through the Place des Pyramides."



The Great Hot-House in the Garden of Acclimatation.

XXI.

THE ZOÖLOGICAL GARDENS.

I.

THE JARDIN ZOÖLOGIQUE D'ACCLIMATATION.

At the northern angle of the *Bois de Boulogne* is an enclosed garden, about five acres in extent, which has been given to the *Societé d'Acclimatation* for the purposes of a Zoölogical Garden. It was opened to the public in 1860, and since then considerable additions have been made to it. It is handsomely laid out, and is provided with every convenience necessary to the attainment of the objects of the Society controlling it. It contains an extensive greenhouse, two large aviaries, a heated nursery for rearing silk-worms, aquariums, paddocks, houses for beasts, and dwellings for the keepers. The admission fee is one franc for persons on foot. The principal entrance is at the eastern extremity, near the Porte des Sablons, but there is another entrance at the western extremity, near the Madrid Porte.

There are no wild beasts, according to the usual acceptation of the term, in this garden; but here may be seen, perhaps, the most complete and extensive collection in Europe, of animals and living vegetables utilized by man in different climates; animals of labor, for food, hunting, amusement, or luxury. With the aid of a catalogue, a most instructive morning or afternoon, or even several days, may be spent here.

Entering by the principal gateway your attention is first called to the *Magnanerie*, or Silk-Worm Nursery. You will see here every species of silk-worm that has yet been introduced into Europe, and the arrangement is such that you can study them at your leisure. The nursery is situated in the midst of a grove of mulberry, oak and other trees used for bearing food for the silk-worms.

The great *Aviary* is sixty-eight yards long by five yards wide, and is composed of twenty-one divisions and two pavilions, glazed and warmed. Here are collected birds of almost every species. They live very harmoniously together, and form one of the finest collections in the world. The ostriches and cassowaries have separate parks.

The *poultry-house* is one hundred yards long, and contains fifty-six compartments. In front are the fancy poultry and pheasants, and behind, the farm and breeding varieties.

The *stables* are situated at the bottom of the garden, and contain a splendid collection of zebras, yaks, zebus, tapirs, and other animals. Among them is a fine specimen of the American Bison.

One of the principal, as well as one of the most valuable features of the place, is the *Aquarium* in the southern portion of the garden. It was constructed under the direction of M. Lhoyd, who is famous for works of this kind, and is devoted to the study of the manners and habits of the denizens of the sea and fresh water. It contains fourteen reservoirs, rectangular in shape. One of the walls of each reservoir is formed of a pure sheet of Saint Gobain glass, which admits light, and permits the study of the fish, shell fish and mollusks. The light is graduated differently for each reservoir, and is, as nearly as possible, the exact degree to which the inmates of the case are accustomed in their native haunts. By means of a machine placed behind the *aquarium* the sea water is

distributed to the different reservoirs, and then withdrawn, purified, supplied with fresh air, and brought to a temperature suited to the animals for which it is intended. Nothing can be more beautiful than the creatures contained in these marvellous cases which are made to resemble the bed of the ocean by being supplied with miniature rocks and marine vegetation. The sea anemones are exquisite, and far more wonderful than anything art has ever produced. The coral insects toil busily under your very eyes, and you may become as well acquainted here with the inhabitants of old ocean, and note their ways and mode of life as well, as if you were yourself a resident of Neptune's briny kingdom.

The collection of mammalia is provided with separate buildings, and artificial mounds, rocks, and crags have been erected for the use of the goats, antelopes, etc. They are provided with observatories from which excellent views of the grounds may be obtained.

A commodious cage, enclosed and properly warmed in cold weather, contains the parrots and other tropical birds.

The *Grand Serre*, or Hot House, near the chief entrance is provided with reading and refreshment rooms, and forms the principal winter attraction of the place.

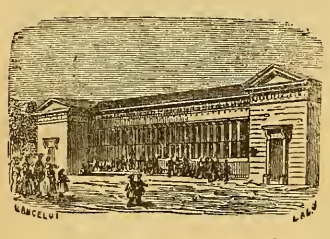
There is also a garden of experiment, in which all new vegetables sent to the Society are cultivated, for the purpose of ascertaining whether they can be accustomed to the climate and soil of the country. A full and satisfactory trial is given to each plant, and a strict record kept concerning it.

The transactions of the Society are of the greatest interest in a scientific point of view, and the curious reader is referred to them for further information concerning the experiments and general conduct of the garden.

II.

THE JARDIN DES PLANTES.

THE Garden of Plants, or Museum of Natural History, is situated on the south side of the Seine, opposite the Pont d'Austerlitz. It is both a Zoological and Botanical Garden. In either respect it is inferior to the English gardens for similar purposes, but is still extremely interesting.

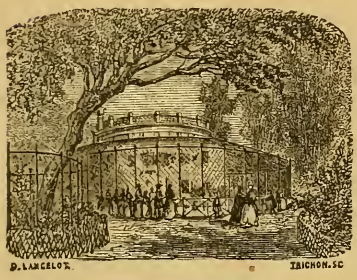


Cages of Wild Animals.

In 1626, Louis XIII. gave orders for the establishment here of a Botanical Garden, which was opened in 1650. It was called the King's Garden until the Revolution, and this name was reapplied to it at the Restoration. It was in fine condition until about 1715, when it commenced to decline. Buffon was then placed over it as Intendant, and he not only restored it to its original usefulness and prosperity, but made many improvements in it, and added greatly to its collections. In 1794, the royal menageries at Versailles and Raincy were transferred to it, and its zoölogical feature thus established. Considerable additions were made to the collection of birds and animals during the early part of the present century but since 1830, very little has been done in this respect.

Aquatic Birds.

The garden, which covers an area of seventy-seven acres, is "comprised between the Quai Saint Bernard and the Place Walhubert on the northeast, the Rue Cuvier on the northwest, the Rue Geoffroy Saint Hillaire on the southwest, and the Rue Buffon on the southeast. The principal entrance is on the Place Walhubert, facing the Pont d'Austerlitz. The garden comprises three grand longitudinal walks (two of linden trees planted by Buffon, and one of horse chestnuts); the transversal walks are planted with acacias, medlars, and exotic trees. On the side of the Rue Buffon, are four thickets of large walnut trees, a nursery ground, a *Café restaurant*, a library, and the botanical, geological, and mineralogical galleries. At the extremity of the garden, between the library and the zoölogical galleries, which are beside the Rue Geoffroy Saint Hillaire, is the ancient house inhabited by Buffon from 1773 up to his death. Between the two grand walks of lindens from the Quai Saint Bernard up to the galleries of zoölogy, are the alimentary, industrial, and medicinal plants; the schools of alimentary and industrial plants; the school of economical plants; parterres of annual ornamental plants; the Chaptal squares for ornamental evergreens, separated by a circular



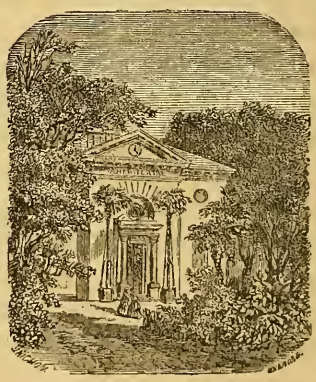
Aviary.

Sheep House.

basin, adorned with indigenous aquatic plants. A railing separates these squares from the zoölogical galleries. On the left, returning toward the quay, are pavilions of hot houses, squares for the botanical school, and a basin for aquatic plants. In the fourth part of the garden, bounded by the horse chestnut tree walk and the Rue Cuvier, are the menagerie, the school of fruit trees, the reptile house, the cabinet of comparative anatomy, the houses of Cuvier and of Geoffroy Saint Hillaire, the amphitheatre, offices, etc.

The Elephant House.

"The *English garden* comprises the orangery, the gardens of naturalization and of seed, the little hillock and the labyrinth. It is bounded by a terrace overlooking the Rue Geoffroy Saint-Hillaire. In the parks of the menagerie, and the neighboring walks are hardy trees which can endure the winter season in the open air.



Amphitheatre.

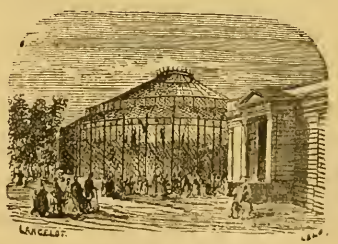
"In the *Menagerie* (with a little rivulet describing various winding turns from east to west) can be seen the *cages for wild animals*, in an interior court, a kennel for wolves and mongrel dogs (a ticket is necessary to visit this court and the interior galleries, the cages, the stables, the reptile and

monkey houses); a vast iron cage of circular construction for the monkeys, outside of the building which contains their winter quarters, as also the cages for rodents; a polygonal for the large herbivora; pits for the bears, alongside the alley of horse chestnut trees; an enclosure with a basin for the aquatic birds; aviaries for poultry, and cages for birds of prey."

The Bear Pit.

The Museums of Zoölogy, Mineralogy, Geology, and Botany are exceedingly interesting and valuable. The Library contains 70,000 works on natural history, besides a large collection of colored drawings of plants, animals, etc.

The *Museum of Comparative Anatomy* is on the north side of the garden, near the Amphitheatre, and is the largest in Europe. It was first formed and arranged by Cuvier, and received his greatest and most constant care during his life. "The rooms on the ground floor contain skeletons of whales and of the larger quadrupeds; and the upper floor, consisting of several apartments, skeletons of the smaller quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, and fishes. These rooms contain nothing repulsive or objectionable for ladies. A hall on the ground floor is set apart for human skeletons of the different races; the most remarkable are those of the dwarf Bébé, of the Hottentot Venus, of the Mussulman fanatic who assassinated General Kleber in Egypt; and in the corresponding one on



Monkey Cage.

the floor above a collection of skulls of quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, etc.; in the other rooms are skeletons of the smaller animals, and preparations to show the growth of teeth, or dentition; and a vast series of others of comparative anatomy in spirits of wine, models of wax, etc. At the end of this, is the Phrenological Collection, formed by Gall, consisting of casts of the heads of men of eminence and genius, and of notorious criminals, skulls, busts, etc. From here we enter into the *Ethnological Collection*, a comparatively modern creation, which fills a series of rooms that surround the court, the object being the history of the different races of mankind: in it are preserved an extensive series of casts of the heads of different races, their skulls, etc., made during the several scientific expeditions sent out of late years by France; as a whole this part of the Museum is unique as illustrative of the races of man, from every country, and in all their varieties.

"Attached to the Zoölogical, Mineralogical, and anatomical collections are laboratories and lecture rooms. To the chemical chair are attached extensive laboratories, to which young men are admitted almost gratuitously to perform manipulations, a most useful and liberal innovation here. In the summer season some fifteen hundred students attend the different lectures, which are wholly gratuitous. The most eminent naturalists in France have always been attached to this institution. There are fifteen lecturers, amongst whom Milne-Edwards, Flourens, Darchiac, Chevreuil, Quatrefages, Decaisne, Bronquiart, Becquerel, Fremy, Daubree, are at the present day the most celebrated."

The garden is open to the public every day in the year from about ten o'clock in the morning until six in the evening. It is generally filled with visitors, the French are very proud of the collection of wild beasts, and come in crowds to gaze at the animals, especially about the hour for feeding

them. The principal points of attraction are the Bears' Pit, and the large circular cage of Monkeys. To a foreign eye there is a wonderful similarity between the little beasts that scamper around the interior of the cage, and the little children that crowd around the exterior.

The Museums are all shown under certain restrictions. Tickets of admission are necessary to obtain entrance to the majority of them. Some of the more valuable collections are shown only to persons with special cards from the professors of the schools to which they belong. These cards or permissions may be obtained very easily, however, as the officers of the various schools take great pleasure in showing them to strangers who will appreciate them. Any of the numerous guide books to the city will furnish all the necessary information as to the manner of procuring cards, the hours for visiting the Museums, etc. Several of the collections are shown only on certain days of the week.

XXII.

THE LOUVRE.

I.

HISTORICAL.

"PARIS contains many beautiful palaces," says Ferdinand de Lasteyrie, "but the true *palace* of Paris, the true palace of France, is, by common consent, the Louvre. In the eyes of the French it is more than a palace—it is a sanctuary. All the glories of the country centre here. The greatness of kings is almost cast in the shade by the glories of art."

The Louvre, strictly speaking, comprises that immense pile of buildings enclosing a square court, which lies on the right bank of the Seine, between the river and the Rue de Rivoli, and which faces the church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, on the east, and the Place du Carrousel and the Tuileries, on the west. It must not be confounded with the *Louvre Gallery*, which connects it with the Tuileries, on the south or river side, nor the ranges which answer a similar purpose on the side of the Rue de Rivoli. In the engraving called, "A Bird's-Eye View of the Louvre," the reader will observe the old palace, which forms a square at the left of the picture. The open space, crossed by a railing and adorned with a triumphal arch, is the Place du Carrousel. The smaller square between this and the Louvre, is the *Place Napoléon III.* The range of buildings which forms the right

hand boundary of the immense pile represented in the engraving, is the Palace of the Tuileries.

In the days of King Dagobert, a hunting-lodge or castle was built on the site of the present palace, then far beyond the city limits, and called *Louveterie*, or *Wolf-hunting Establishment.* In 1200, Philip Augustus rebuilt it as a fortress for the defence of that portion of the city wall which touches the Seine, on the north side, here. He also used it as a prison of State in which he shut up his rebellious vassals, the great nobles of France; an example which his successors were not slow in imitating. Charles V. (1361–1380) made it his treasury and his library. It was a picturesque old pile, a collection of towers in a style of architecture of which the sharp-pointed turrets of the *Palace of Justice* are the best remaining examples. Charles did not persist in his intention to make it a royal residence, however, but built the *Hôtel de Saint Pol*, and removed there shortly before his death. Charles VII. made the Tournelles palace his residence, and his example was followed by all his successors down to Francis II., the son of Henry II.

Francis I. found the old Louvre very greatly in need of repairs, for it had seen hard service since Charles the Fifth's day, and he determined to demolish the old castle, and replace it with a palace which should be a fit dwelling for the kings of France. The castle was accordingly pulled down, in 1527, and in 1541, the work upon the palace was begun under the supervision of the architect, Pierre Lescot. At the death of Francis, which occurred in 1547, the western wing (facing the present Place Napoleon III.), the oldest part of the palace of to-day, was but partially completed, and the south wing, which borders the Seine, was just begun. It was the architect's plan to make the palace a four-sided edifice, as it now stands, and he employed the twelve years

of the reign of Henry II. in completing the western wing, and carrying the southern up to the first floor.

After the death of Henry II., his widow Catharine de Médicis, pulled down the Tournelles palace, and came to the Louvre to live. She occupied the western wing, or "Old Louvre," as it is now called, and the lower floor of the southern, the upper rooms being still unroofed. At the end of the second year of her residence here, she determined to extend the palace nearer to the river, and abandoning the plan of Lescot, employed an architect, who built the wing which extends from the main building to the river at a right angle with Lescot's south wing. She did not entirely complete it, however, but during the latter portion of the time she ruled France, gave her attention and her money to the task of building the Palace of the Tuileries. It was in the half finished palace of the Louvre that the nuptials of Henry of Navarre, and Margaret of Valois, were solemnized in 1572, in the presence of the principal leaders of the Huguenot party, just five days before the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. It was from the southern window of the wing which stretches out to the quay, that Charles IX. is said to have stood on that memorable night, and fired at the Protestants who were seeking safety in flight by the river side. The wing was left unfinished by Catharine, and was in this condition when Henry IV. came to the throne. He completed it, and began the long gallery which connects the Louvre with the Tuileries on the side of the river. The latter palace was without the walls of the city at this time, and the king's object in building the connecting gallery is said to have been to provide a safe and easy means of escaping from Paris in case he should meet with the troubles that had so harassed his predecessor. The gallery was finished sufficiently for him to walk through it before his death. After his assassina

The Old Louvre: Showing the Western Wing.

tion by Ravaillac, his body was brought to the Louvre, and here he breathed his last and was laid in state in one of the rooms of the western wing.

Louis XIII. did little toward completing the palace, but his son, Louis XIV., determined to make it a monument of his glory. He built the eastern wing and the magnificent colonnade which ornaments its eastern front. The architect of this reign was the physician Perrault. The north wing along the Rue de Rivoli also dates from this time. The palace was still left unfinished, however, at the death of Louis XIV., and remained in that condition until the middle of the Eighteenth Century. The work was resumed again under Louis XVI., but was discontinued by the Revolution. In 1803 Napoleon I. determined to use the Louvre as a Museum for the treasures of art he had taken in his wars. Under him the palace was entirely finished, and the gallery of Henry IV., repaired and completed according to the original plan. He also began the range of buildings which connects the Louvre with the Tuileries, on the side of the Rue de Rivoli. He placed here the works of art he had captured, but upon his downfall they were claimed and carried away by their original owners.

In 1830, the Louvre was assaulted on the side of the colonnade by the insurgents who dethroned Charles X., and captured by them after a gallant defence by the Swiss Guards. The assailants who were killed, were originally buried in the pretty gardens which face the Church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, but their remains were subsequently removed, and placed beneath the Column of the Bastille.

Louis Philippe did much for the Louvre, but the Republic of 1848 did nothing for it. The Emperor Napoleon III., however, has atoned for this neglect. He has repaired the parts that had fallen to decay, has almost entirely rebuilt

several portions, has cleared away all the streets and buildings which stood between this palace and the Tuileries, and has completed the gallery or range which connects it with the Tuileries on the north side. Besides this, he has entirely rebuilt the range on the river side from the present Picture Gallery to the Tuileries. The interior buildings which bound the Place Napoleon III., are also the work of the present reign. Besides this, the Emperor has carried the Rue de Rivoli far beyond the palace, and has greatly enlarged the *Place du Louvre*, thus clearing away the mass of houses which surrounded the old pile and allowing its beauties to be seen.

II.

DESCRIPTIVE.

THE palaces of the Tuileries and the Louvre together with the spaces which they enclose, cover an area of sixty acres.

The term *Louvre* is commonly applied to the entire structure east of the Tuileries, and as such I shall describe it.

The *Colonnade of the Louvre* occupies the eastern front of the palace, and faces the *Place du Louvre*. It is five hundred and four feet long and eighty-two feet high, and rests upon a ground story, the front of which is singularly plain and bare of ornament. Above it is an open balustrade the pedestals of which are, according to the original plan, to be ornamented with trophies. This part of the plan, however, still remains to be carried out. The tympanum of the central pediment is decorated with a bass-relief representing Minerva in the act of placing the bust of Louis XIV. on a pedestal, while History is engraving the dedication, *Ludovico Magno*. Under the empire there was sculptured above the principal doorway, a statue of *Fame* in a chariot conducted by genii. The col-

onnade consists of twenty-eight double Corinthian pillars. The façade which it adorns, "by the beautiful symmetry of its parts, the fine execution of its ornaments, the just economy of their distribution, and by the imposing grandeur of its extent, is justly admired as a chef d'œuvre in the architecture of the age of Louis XIV. The southern front is also very fine. Like the eastern front it has a highly ornamental pediment, and is beautifully decorated with forty Corinthian pilasters. The northern front consists of a central pavilion, with two lateral ones, slightly but tastefully ornamented. The western front is intended to harmonize with the buildings erected in the Place Napoleon. Within the Court, the top and bottom stories of this façade have been adopted as patterns for the corresponding ones of the other sides of the quadrangle. The lower story is composed of a series of circular arcades, divided by Corinthian pilasters, with a lofty window beneath each arch. The windows of the second story are tastefully adorned with carved and triangular pediments, a pillar of the composite order dividing each window from the one adjoining. The windows of the upper story are splendidly ornamented with groups in sculpture, trophies, etc. The principal gateway to the Louvre occupies the centre of this façade, and bears the name of the *Pavillon de l'Horloge*. This pavilion is surmounted by a quadrangular dome, supported by gigantic Caryatides by Sarrazin. The various projections of this side are richly ornamented with sculpture. All the gateways are surmounted by pediments, which have in their tympans sculptures by Couston, Ramey, and Lesueur. Two ranges of Doric pillars, fluted, with a carriage road in the middle, form the southern entrance; pillars of different styles of the Ionic order, distinguish those of the northern and western; Doric, those of the eastern vestibule. The Court of the Louvre is also equally

striking, as being one of the finest in Europe. It is lighted by twenty-four beautiful bronze lamps; its centre laid out in bitumen, bordered with beds of grass and shrubs, and surrounded with a low railing of cast iron. A series of gardens enclosed by elegant iron railings, ornamented with laurel wreaths encircling the imperial 'N.' surround the whole of the palace, terminating at the new wing opposite the Rue de Rivoli.

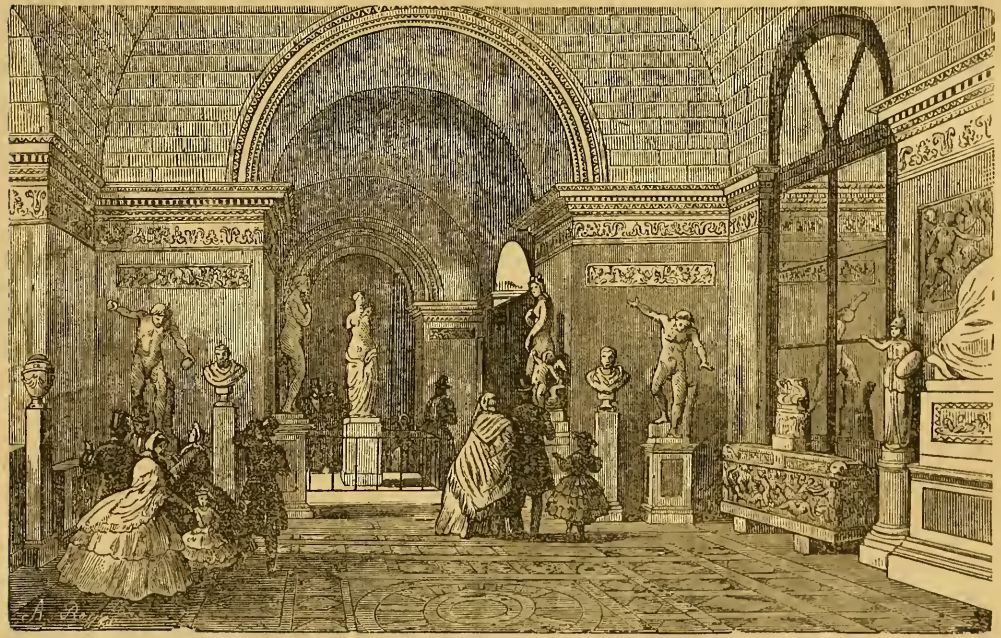
"The southern wing contains the Imperial stables, in which, among other horses, are those ridden by the Emperor at Solferino and Magenta; and the new Salle des Etats, one hundred and thirty-eight feet long and sixty-nine wide, where the chief bodies of the State are received by him. It communicates with the picture galleries. The inauguration of the new Louvre took place here in 1857. A series of galleries runs to the eastward from the *Salle Egyptien* entirely round the building."

III.

THE MUSEUMS OF SCULPTURE.

The Museums of Sculpture are situated on the ground floor of the palace, and occupy the larger portion of the great quadrangle. They comprise sculptures of every period and country, and form one of the most valuable and interesting collections in the world. They are five in number.

I. *The Museum of Ancient Sculpture* (*Musée des Marbres Antiques*). The visitor enters the palace by the principal entrance in the *Pavillon Sully*, or the old "Clock Tower." Turning to the right he passes into the beautiful *Salle des Caryatides*. This room and those which adjoin it were occupied by Henry II., Henry III., Charles IX., and Henry IV., for the ceremonies of their Courts. Here Catharine de Medi-



Gallery of Ancient Sculptures.

cis, of infamous memory held her Court, here Henry of Navarre was married to Margaret of Valois, and here his body was laid in state after his assassination. In 1594 the Duke of Guise hanged four of the chief Leaguers in this hall, and in 1659 Molière had his theatre here. The hall derives its name from the four colossal caryatides which support the gallery at the northern end. They are the master-pieces of the great sculptor Jean Goujon, who was shot here at his work during the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. The statues and busts in this hall are principally of the Roman period. Here are the famous Borghese Vase; the statues of Jason and Germanicus, the latter being one of the most perfect ancient statues in existence; and the celebrated Hermaphrodite from the Borghese collection.

Leading from the *Hall of the Caryatides* is a suite of apartments dating, it is said, from the year 1380. They are ornamented very much as they were during the days of Catharine de Medicis, and are filled with a number of very ordinary Roman works of art. The best of the whole collection is the beautiful Venus of Milo, found on the Island of Milo, in 1820. It stands in one of the halls of the south wing. The halls which form the ground floor of the wing which borders the Seine, parallel to the façade of the palace, contain some of the best Roman sculptures in the collection. They are now in process of reconstruction, and access to them is sometimes denied.

Complete and well arranged catalogues of all the collections of the palace are always for sale at the entrance to the museums. They are in English as well as French, and are indispensable to any one wishing to obtain a comprehensive idea of the collections.

II. *The Museum of Egyptian Sculptures*, occupies the southern part of the eastern wing of the palace. The entrance to

it is under the gateway which faces the Place du Louvre. The collection is very full and interesting, and abounds in sculptures of the kings of the eighteenth dynasty, and in specimens discovered in the sepulchral pits of Lower Egypt, by M. Mariette. The hall containing the collection is itself a beautiful work of art, and is richly worthy of examination. Here are statues and sphinxes of the great Kings of Egypt, from as early a date as the eighteenth dynasty, or fifteen hundred years before Christ. Here is the famous black statue of Remeses the Great, and a sphinx of the same celebrity; the Sarcophagus of Remeses III., the head and feet of the colossal statue of Amenophis III., and the celebrated black bull Apis, which still retains traces of its original coloring, besides many others which it is impossible to mention. Many of the specimens are colossal in size, and are amongst the finest of their kind.

Between the halls occupied by the Egyptian Museum, and the outer wall of the eastern wing, is a narrow gallery containing mosaics, inscriptions, and sculptures of the Roman period found in Algeria and on the North Coast of Africa, including Egypt. It is called the *Algerian Museum*.

III. *The Assyrian Museum* occupies the ground floor of the northern portion of the eastern wing of the palace. The entrance is opposite that of the Egyptian Museum. The collection is very extensive, and consists, in a great measure, of the specimens found at Nineveh, by M. Botta. It ranks next to that in the British Museum in size and importance. "The great hall contains numerous bass-reliefs, and human headed bulls, in the style with which we have been rendered familiar by Mr. Layard's celebrated discoveries. Beyond this is a smaller hall, dedicated to Greek sculpture from Asia Minor; it is called the *Salle du Vase de Pergame*, from the fine vase, with sculptured bass-reliefs, discovered at Pergamus.

Around the walls are numerous bass-reliefs from the Temple of Artemys Leucophris (Diana) at Magnesia. A door opens on the left into a suite of three halls; in the two first are smaller Nineveh reliefs, and casts from those in the British Museum, objects from Nineveh; and numerous Phœnician Sarcophagi; one, in black granite, remarkable for its form and inscription, belonged to Esmunanazar, a king of Saida, the others, in statuary marble, but Egyptian in form, each having a human head on the cover, were discovered at Byblus and Tortosa in Phœnicia. In the third room are numerous specimens of Greek sculpture, chiefly from Asia Minor;" and other specimens of equal antiquity and value. * * * "In a small room opening out of this hall, stand two sepulchral urns of a very unusual form, discovered in what has been called the Tomb of the Kings, at Jerusalem; one with an inscription in Hebrew, appears to have contained the body of a princess of Sidon of the third century of our era; the other had been supposed, without much probability, to have contained the remains of King David. The sculptured ornamentation, in low relief, on it, is curious."

IV. *The Museum of Sculpture of the Middle Ages or Renaissance.* This collection occupies the south wing of the palace, and consists chiefly of monuments, for the most part sepulchral, which have been removed from the churches that were desecrated during the Great Revolution. The specimens are arranged in five halls, each of which is named after the most famous artist of its respective period. Some of the specimens are valuable as works of art, but all are interesting in an historical point of view.

V. *The Museum of Modern Sculpture*, occupies the northern part of the west wing of the palace. This collection consists entirely of works by sculptors of the modern period, but contains nothing by any one now living. The death of the

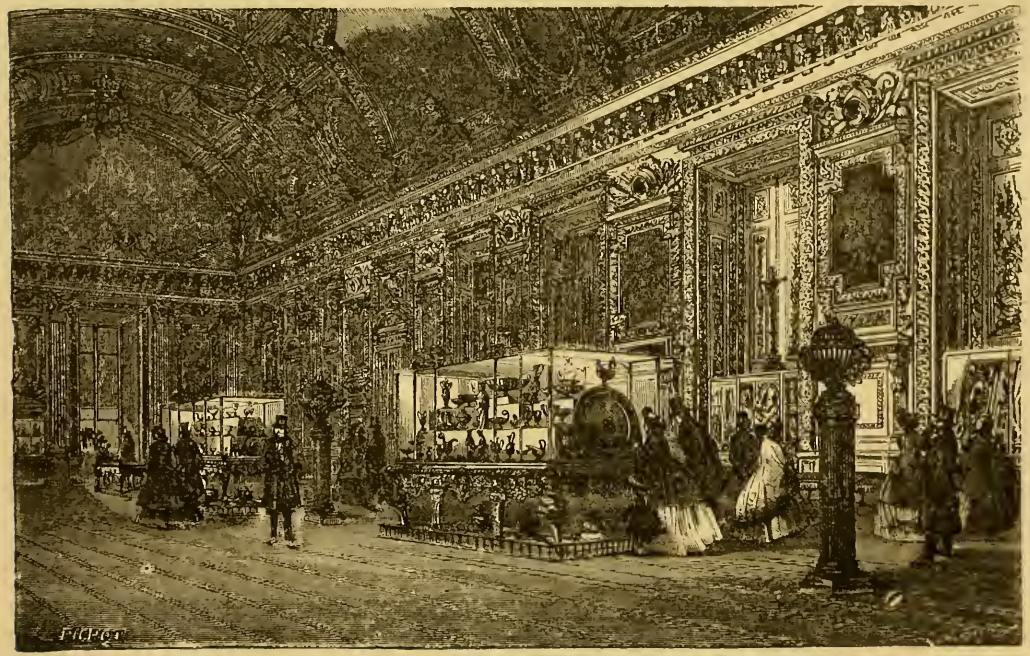
artist is an indispensable condition to the introduction of his works into this collection. Here are statues, busts, and sculptures of all kinds by Allegrain, Bouchardin, Hudon, Clodion, Pajou, Chaudet, Cortot, Ch. Dupaty, Bosio, Pradier, Bartolini, Canova, Rude, and others. Here, indeed, are gathered the master-pieces of the modern French school, and many fine works by artists of other lands.

One may see all the various collections on the lower floor in a day, but it will require a catalogue and a considerable amount of industry to accomplish the task.

IV.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

The principal entrance to the picture galleries is through the Pavillon Sully. Ascending the massive stairs, which date from the reign of Henry II., you enter the *Salle des Assemblées*. Here have been arranged the principal *terra-cotta* statuettes, votive offerings, statues in the archaic style from Ardæa, Etruscan cinerary urns, etc., both in alabaster and earthenware, some with curiously painted bass-reliefs from Chiusi and Volterra, tiles used in house decoration, with bass-reliefs, forming part of the *Musée Napoléon III.* In the centre of the room are several Sarcophagi in rude earthenware, chiefly from Toscanella, near Viterbo; the large fluted oil jars are from Cervetri—the ancient Ceræ. This room is ornamented with a row of fine Corinthian columns, and is surrounded with an elegant wooden gallery. It is painted in antique red, and is lighted from the top. The adjoining apartment, towards the south, is called the *Hall of Henry II.*, and dates from his reign. It is beautifully frescoed, and contains terra-cotta and alabaster specimens. Opening into



The Apollo Gallery

it is the room called the *Hall of the Seven Chimnies.* This was the bed chamber of Henry of Navarre, and it was here that his body was brought after his death. It is filled with the master-pieces of the modern French school of painting. It was fitted up for this purpose during the reign of Louis Philippe, and contains some of the best works of David, Gérard, Prudhon, Gros, Girodet, and Guérin. Here are the magnificent pictures of *Leonidas at Thermopylæ*, by David, *Belisarius Begging at the Gates of Rome*, by Gérard, the *Plague at Jaffa*, by Gros, and the *Burial of Atala*, by Girodet.

Leaving the *Hall of the Seven Chimnies* by the western door, you enter the *Salle de Passage*, containing the Roman and Etruscan jewelry of the Musée Napoléon III. Beyond that, still going west, is the *Great Vestibule*, or Rotunda, which opens on the right upon the Great Stairway. Tread lightly here, for this is holy ground. They brought the gallant Henry of Navarre up these stairs after the cowardly assassin had given him his mortal wound, in order to convey him to his bed-chamber, and it was in this vestibule that his great soul passed away from earth. On the south side of the hall is a pair of magnificent steel doors constructed during the reign of Henry II., and opening into the *Apollo Gallery*, to which I shall presently refer.

Passing through the upper landing of the stairway, you enter the *Salle des Sept Mètres*, which contains the master-pieces of the Italian school. Many of the paintings have been greatly injured by retouching, but they are still wonderful in their beauty. To describe them requires a capacity superior to mine, and I shall not undertake the task. Every picture is by a master hand, and all are worth studying for hours. Raphael has none of his best works in this collection, but there are one or two paintings here which the visitor acquainted with his works, will recognize at once. Paul

Veronese, Titian, Guido, Tintoretto, Salvator Rosa, Andrea del Sarto, Leonardo da Vinci, Dominichino, and others of this wonderful school of art are represented in this collection, and in the adjoining portion of the Great Gallery devoted to Italian Art.

The Louvre Gallery.

The best pictures of this, as well as of the other schools however, must be sought in the *Salon Carré*, which precedes the long gallery and lies between it and the Apollo Gallery. In this room are placed the master-pieces of all the schools represented in the palace. The hall is magnificently decorated, and is a fitting casket for the rare treasures it contains. Here are Raphael's *Holy Family*, and his *Belle Jardinnière*. Ah, those Madonnas! The artist must have been inspired when he put these wonderful faces on his canvass. You linger long here, and after you have seen the pictures contained in this room, you have little disposition to give the rest more than a hasty examination.

The *Great Gallery* lies next to the *Salon Carré*, and opens

into it. It occupies at present one half of the long range of buildings joining the Louvre to the Tuileries upon the river side. Parallel with it, and connected with it by lateral passages, is the new gallery, which occupies the first floor of the new buildings bordering the Place Napoleon III., on the south side. The old gallery is filled with paintings of the Italian, Flemish, Dutch, and Spanish schools, and the new gallery contains the French schools of the Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Centuries. The old gallery was originally thirteen hundred and twenty-two feet long, and thirty-nine feet wide, but at present a considerable portion of it has been closed for repairs. The portion now in use is divided into five parts, separated by arches springing from the roof, supported by Corinthian columns and pilasters, the capitals and pedestals of which are of gilt bronze. It is also ornamented with a number of small marble columns of the Ionic, Doric, Corinthian, and Composite orders, and by twelve busts of the most celebrated painters. Candelabras, altars, and vases of the most exquisite workmanship, are also placed between the columns, and the effect of the *tout ensemble* is considerably heightened by immense looking-glasses placed in the interstices of the pilasters. The light is admitted through a richly ornamented roof, and the paintings have, by this means, the advantage of being all placed in the best point of view.

Under Napoleon I., all Europe sent its treasures of art to fill this magnificent gallery, but upon the downfall of the great Conqueror in 1815, the original owners claimed their property, and the gallery was stripped of its most valuable contents. Here still remain, however, many of the most exquisite pictures in Europe. Raphael, Titian, Caravaggio, Guido, Paul Veronese, Michael Angelo, Murillo, Jordaëns, Breughel, Paul Potter, Rubens, Van Dyke, Quentin Metsis, Rem-

brandt, and others, shed their glories down this long hall. The splendors of the place must be seen to be appreciated.

The French schools in the new gallery, running parallel with the old, contain some fine specimens of early French art. Boucher, Lebrun, Jean Cousin, David, Fréminet, Claude Gellée, François Gérard, Greuze, Pierre Guérin, Jean Jouvenet, Lancret, Pierre Mignard, Nicolas Poussin, Pierre Prudhon, Léopold Robert, Xavier Sigalon, Eustache Lesueur, Valentin, and Joseph Vien are well represented here.

About half way down the present gallery, is the magnificent *Salle des États* used for the opening of the Legislative Chambers by the Emperor in person. The main entrance to it is from the Place Napoléon III.

Along the galleries are numerous temporary stands, easels, etc., at which artists are constantly at work copying such paintings as they may have orders for, or hope to find purchasers for. Many of these workers are women. They are ugly and careless in their dress, and altogether unattractive specimens of their sex.

The Louvre contains at present five hundred and fifty-eight paintings of the Italian schools, six hundred and eighteen of the German, Flemish, and Dutch schools, six hundred and fifty of the French school, and twenty of the Spanish school, making a total of eighteen hundred and forty-six paintings.

Returning by the *Great Gallery* to the *Salon Carré*, you pass from it into the gorgeous *Apollo Gallery*, the most magnificent apartment in the palace. It was constructed by Henry IV., but was burned in 1661. Louis XIV. restored it, and it was almost entirely reconstructed between 1848 and 1851. It occupies the entire first floor of the wing which stretches towards the Seine, and runs parallel with the west wing of the Old Louvre. The ceiling is magnificently fres-

coed, the centre-piece representing *Apollo Destroying the Python.* The walls are set with superb panels which contain portraits in Gobelin tapestry of the principal painters, sculptors, and architects of France. After its restoration by Louis XIV., this hall was used as a picture gallery. At present, however, it contains "the *Musée de Bijoux*, one of the finest of works of Renaissance plate and ornaments perhaps in existence. The different objects have been most tastefully arranged; the jewelry and precious stones, Cellini work, etc., in a certain number of stands in the centre of the room; the incomparable series of Limoges and other enamels on the sides. In this hall are several curious reliquaires, croziers, etc., the most remarkable being the Chasse, which contains the relics of St. Potentianus, Archbishop of Sens, of the Seventh Century, and a metal box which enclosed, according to the inscription, an arm of Charlemagne." The hall is one hundred and eighty-five feet long, and twenty-eight feet six inches wide. It was unfinished during the reign of Charles IX., but the lower story was in full use. The window at the southern end of the gallery opens upon a small balcony overlooking the quay. It was from this balcony that Charles IX. is said to have fired upon the fleeing Huguenots on the Eve of Saint Bartholomew. The *Commune de Paris* in the Year III., caused the following inscription to be placed above the window:—"*This is the window from which the infamous Charles IX., of execrable memory, fired upon his people with a carbine.*" The inscription remained there for several years, but was finally removed by Napoleo I. The *Apollo Gallery* formed one of the apartments of Anne of Austria during her occupation of the Louvre.

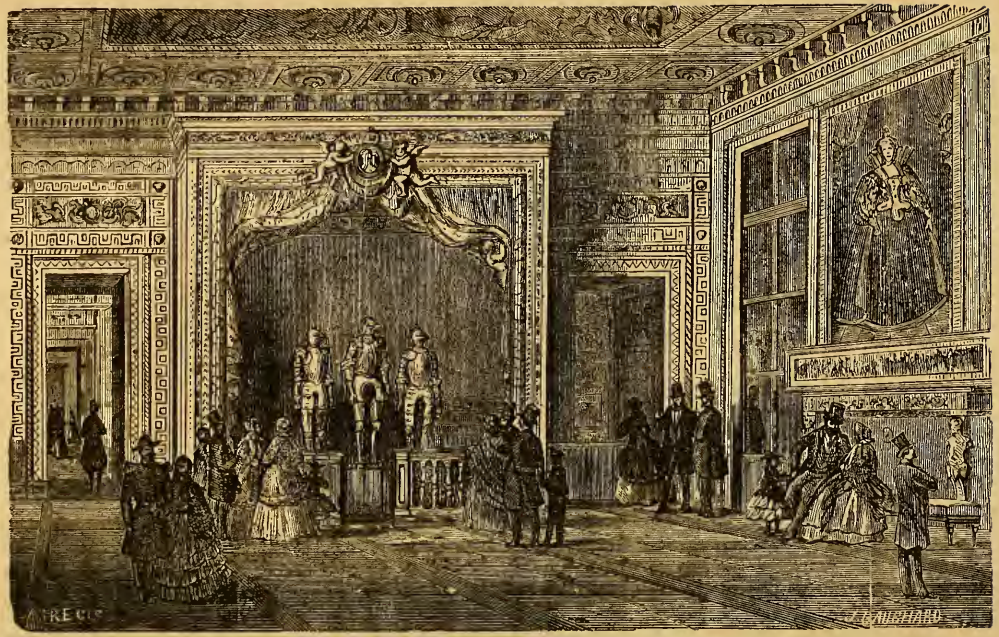
Passing back through the Rotunda and the Hall of the Seven Chimnies, the visitor passes into the suite of magnificent halls which occupy the western part of the south wing.

These halls were formerly devoted to the French schools of paintings, but now hold a division of the Musée Napoléon III., containing Roman paintings, ancient glass, terra-cotta vases, forming the most valuable part of the Campana Museum, sculptures and inscriptions from Cyprus, Asia Minor, Palestine, etc. These rooms which were fitted up during the reigns of Charles X., and Louis Philippe, are very handsomely decorated; the ceilings painted by the first artists of the day; the subjects representing events connected with French history in their connection with the fine arts.

The eastern half of the south wing is occupied by a double row of halls. The four which look out upon the quay contain the *Museum of smaller Greek, Roman and Etruscan Antiquities*, consisting of terra-cotta bass-reliefs, and figures of the Roman period, of Etruscan or Italo Greek vases, of cinerary urns, etc.

The four rooms which border the Court of the Louvre, at this end of the south wing, are occupied by the *Museum of smaller Egyptian Antiquities.* This collection, together with that just named above, is commonly known as the Museum of Charles X., in consequence of these halls having been completed and applied to their present use during the reign of that sovereign. The rooms are fitted up with great beauty and taste. The paintings which adorn the ceiling are the work of Horace Vernet, Abel de Pugol, Picot, and Ingres. The walls are covered with hieroglyphics, bass-reliefs, and inscriptions. The cases contain smaller specimens of Egyptian art and manufacture, such as vases, urns, statuettes, bronzes, jewelry, and articles for ornament and domestic use. A number of ancient manuscripts are also preserved here, and down the centre of several of the halls are ranged a fine collection of coffins of mummies. Figures of the gods are numerous and are of all sizes.

Egyptian Museum.



The Chamber of Henry IV. (Museum of Sovereigns.)

V.

THE MUSEUM OF SOVEREIGNS.

At the end of the last hall of the Egyptian Museum, the door opens into the vestibule of the main stairway of the southeastern part of the palace. Passing through the upper landing, you enter the southern portion of the east wing, which is known as the *Museum of Sovereigns*. It occupies that portion of the palace which Napoleon I. designed for a hall of reception. The first four apartments are filled with souvenirs of the monarchs of the old dynasty which ended with Louis XVI., but the fifth hall is devoted exclusively to the Napoléon family.

The first three apartments are fitted up with the carvings, wainscoting, etc., which once belonged to the royal apartments, and have been removed here for preservation. They are very beautiful, and are models of decorative art. The *Vestibule* contains the ceiling and wainscoting which once adorned the apartments of Anne of Austria, at the Château of Vincennes. The same apartment contains a fine portrait of this Queen, and also one of her husband, Louis XIII., said to be by Philippe de Champaigne. Several exquisite Sèvres vases are amongst the other ornaments.

The first room in the Museum is the famous "Alcove Chamber," used by Henry IV. as his bed-room. The carvings, ceiling, walls, and floors, together with all the appointments of the room, originally belonged to the *Hall of the Seven Chimnies*, in the *Old Louvre*, and were brought here piece by piece. All the workmanship here dates from the reign of the great king for whose use they were made, and remain just as he left them. The ceiling is beautifully carved, and the room is adorned with various devices of

King Henry. Over the mantel is a full-length portrait of Marie de Médicis, the second wife of this king, copied from the original, by Porbus; and on the opposite wall is a portrait of the monarch himself. It is one of the most thoroughly interesting rooms in the palace.* In the alcove stands a silver statue of Henry IV., when a boy.

The next room (going towards the Rue de Rivoli) is the *Parade Chamber*. It is decorated with fine wainscotings, silk tissues, and gold and silver stuffs, imitating paintings in distemper. The subjects represented are the history of Deborah. The eastern wall is ornamented with the altar of the Order of the Holy Ghost, founded by Henry II., and near it are the mantles of State, and several other objects relating to the history of that Order. The reader will remember that this Order was regarded by the Bourbons as the most illustrious in France. Candidates for admission to it were required to show proof of one hundred consecutive years of nobility. When Napoleon I. landed in France, on his return from Elba, the officer who commanded the detachment sent to stop him at Grenoble, had decorated himself with the cross of this Order. It was a decoration peculiarly distasteful to the army, and it deprived the officer of what little influence he had over his command at the beginning of his march.

The next room is called the *Hall of the Monarchy*, and is adorned with fine paintings. It was arranged in its present style in 1852, and contains articles which have belonged to many of the sovereigns from the days of Childeric I., down to Napoleon I. It will be impossible to mention

*The reader will not forget that this portion of the Louvre dates from the reign of Louis XIV. Only the interior work of the rooms of this Museum, brought here from the *old Louvre*, belong to the preceding reigns.

all, and I shall content myself with naming only the most important.

Amongst the Merovingian antiquities are the head of the ance and the battle-axe of Childeric I.; the Golden Sun of Leo, Emperor of the East; and the throne of King Dagobert. The last is richly carved, and is partly of gilt. The relics of Childeric date from the year 481.

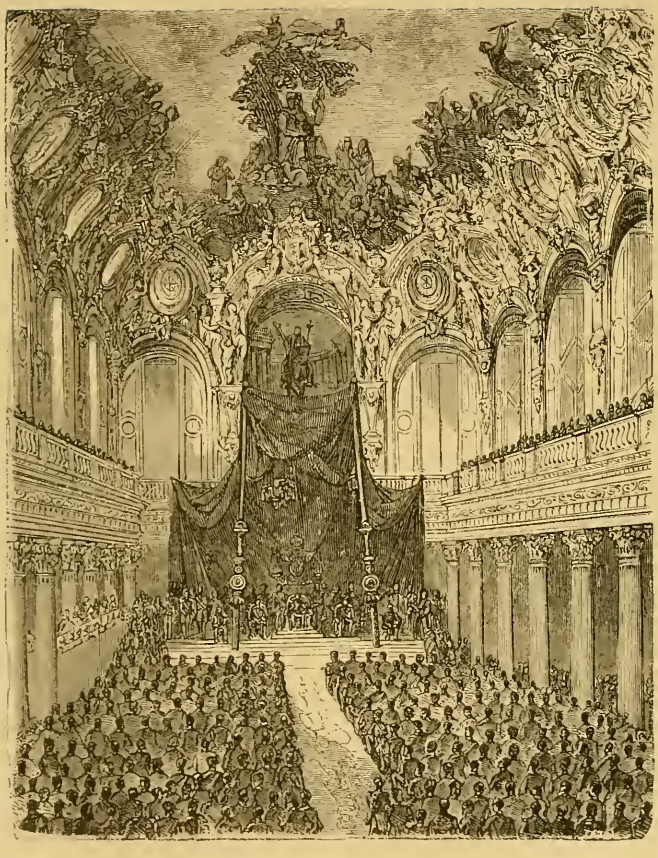
Amongst the Carlovingian antiquities are the sword and spurs of the great Charlemagne, and his *Evangelarium*. The settings of the sheath and belt of the sword are of gold, and the spurs are evidently those of a man accustomed to "ride rough shod" over the world. The *Evangelarium* is a manuscript of the Gospels, written on vellum, and in Latin. It is a queer old document, and is yellow and faded with age. Near it are the Psalter and Bible of Charles-le-Chauve (the Bald), also written on vellum and in Latin. They date from the year 850.

The collection of Capetian antiquities is very full and interesting. It contains, amongst other relics, the Hand of Justice, carried by the Kings of the third Dynasty at their consecrations and coronations; a Vase of Alienor, wife of Louis VII.; a basin of rich Oriental work, used as a font at the baptism of Saint Louis (IX.); also his breviary, which was the property of his mother, Blanche of Castille, the clasp of his mantle of State, his signet ring, his casket, and a window and fragment of his prison at Mansourah, in Egypt. Here are, also, a portrait of King John II., who was so long the prisoner of the Black Prince; the "Hours of the Cross of Jesus," made at Tours, in 1492, by Robert du Herlin; several designs painted by Jeanne of France, and her will, bearing her signature, which she made at Bourges in 1504.

The remainder of the collection is divided into two classes, the relics of the Orleans Valois branch, and the relics of the

Bourbon branch. In the first class is a "Book of Hours," which belonged to Anne of Britanny, Queen of France; also the sword and armor of Francis I.; the Prayer book of Marguerite of Orleans Valois, the sister of Francis I.; the "Book of Hours," and the armor, shield, sword, battle axe and gauntlets of Henry II.; the "Book of Hours" of the infamous Catharine de Médicis; the armor of Francis II.; the Prayer book of Mary Stuart, the beautiful "Queen of Scots" and wife of Francis II.; the armor, shield and helmet of Charles IX.; the laws of the Order of the Holy Ghost, written on nine leaves of vellum; and several manuscripts and altar ornaments belonging to that Order.

In the collection of the second branch (the Bourbons) are the "Book of Hours" (containing ninety leaves and sixty miniatures) of Henry IV., and his sword and backgammon board; a rock-crystal mirror which once belonged to his wife, Marie de Médicis; the armor of Louis XIII.; the jewel case which Richelieu gave to Anne of Austria; the "Book of Hours" of Louis XIV. and his armor, together with a number of objects which belonged to him; the "Holy Week Book" of Maria Theresa of Austria; and the Prayer book of Maria Leczinska, wife of Louis XV. Here is the crown which was placed upon the brows of Louis XVI., only to be torn off again; here is the sword which he could not wield in defence of that crown, and a few of the locksmith's tools which better suited his feeble hand. Here is the fan with which the beautiful Marie Antoinette charmed away so many hearts; and close by is the pretty coffer which the then loyal City of Paris gave her, on the birth of the Dauphin. "Beware of the gifts of the Greeks!" It was this same City of Paris that sent the Queen to the scaffold, and tortured the poor little Dauphin to death in his cruel prison. Here are a writing table which belonged to Louis XVIII., while he was



Hall of the Estates.

an exile at Hartwell; the Coronation robes of Charles X.; and the great seal and desk of Louis Philippe. The desk bears marks of the rough usage it received at the hands of the mob that drove the king out of the Tuileries in 1848.

You come now to the last, and to me the most interesting, hall of the Museum. It is in the centre of the wing, and is called the *Emperor's Hall*. It was fitted up in 1852 from designs by M. Duban, and is filled with several hundred articles which belonged to the Great Napoleon and his immediate family. You may spend hours in this room, examining the precious relics it contains. I cannot hope to mention more than a few, and shall confine myself to those which seem to me the most interesting.

In the centre of the hall stands a silver statue of Napoleon at the age of fifteen. He is represented as a pupil of the military school of Brienne. It was executed at Paris by Louis Bochet, in 1857. The relics are arranged around the room in cases, with the exception of those too large to be placed under cover, which are railed off from the crowd. Here are swords of ceremony and swords of service, worn by Napoleon as First Consul and as Emperor. Here is the sword of honor which was presented to him on his return from Egypt, and near it are fire-arms and poniards of various kinds which were once his. Here are spoils gathered from the hard won field of the Pyramids; here, the flag whose eagle received the last adieu at Fontainebleau, and the tri-colored cockade which the Emperor wore at that sad parting with the Guard. Here are his mathematical instruments, his snuff boxes, the uniform he wore on the day of Marengo, and several of the famous three-cornered hats the sight of which set so many soldier-hearts a throbbing. Here is the old grey riding-coat which forms so prominent a part of every veteran's recollection of the Emperor. It is covered with the dust

of a hundred fields, and is far more precious in the eyes of the world than the gaudy robes which hang near it, and which he used at his coronation. Close by is a book used at the same ceremony, and nearer still the crown of Charlemagne, so worthily worn by his greater successor. Here is the dressing case used by the Emperor in the field, and here the little curtained camp bedstead, his constant companion in victory and adversity. It went with him all over Europe, and shared his lonely exile at Saint Helena, and it was upon this little couch that his mighty spirit passed away. On the faded pillow lies a small white handkerchief embroidered with the Imperial cipher. It is holy in the eyes of the people who come here to see it, for it received the Emperor's last sigh. How plain and simple the little bed and its hangings are; yet they were the favorite resting place of him who had such unparalleled luxury at his command. Many a time did he sink into slumber under these faded hangings with the wild throbbing of his victorious guns for his lullaby, and many a time did he lie here and listen to the sighing of the night wind amongst the crags of his rocky prison. In the recess of one of the windows you will see the throne he won for himself, and not far from it, across the room, the cradle which the City of Paris presented to the little King of Rome.

Like the rest of the visitors, you linger long in this room, so full of interest to an American, but at length passing on, you enter the *Galerie de la Colonnade*, which comprises the remainder of the east wing. These halls contain the paintings of the Musée Napoléon III., purchased from the Marquis Campana by the French Government.

Passing through the hall of the northeast stairway you enter the north wing of the palace. The first six rooms contain the collections of the *Sauvageo Museum*, which is named in honor of the gentleman by whom it was formed and pre-

sented to the country. It consists of a rare collection of relics of the Middle Ages, furniture, carved wood, ornaments, miniatures, etc. One room is entirely devoted to Venitian glass and enamels; another to iron work and bronze sculptures, and contains a good portrait of Henry II. Another room is called the Hall of French Pottery, and contains, amongst other specimens, some of the finest works of "Palissy the Potter," (Bernard Palissy.) There is also a hall of Italian Pottery in this wing, and a room devoted to the bass-reliefs of Luca della Robbia and his school.

The next rooms, going west, are devoted to the *Museum of engravings or Calcography.* This collection is very rich, and according to the catalogue published in 1860, contained four thousand six hundred and nine specimens. It is perhaps, the best, if not the most complete collection of engravings in existence, and forms a noble school for the studies of those who desire to excel in it.

In the centre of this wing is the *Hall of Pastels.* These specimens are done in colored chalk, and "are intermediary between drawing and painting, partaking of one by the process, stroke and hatching, partaking of the other by effects of color and fusion of shades."

The remaining rooms of the north wing, and the northern part of the west wing, are occupied with the *Museum of Designs*, containing the drawings of the Old Masters. "Thanks to the great development of the halls of the Louvre, the directors have been able to allow artists and amateurs to enjoy the sight of the best original designs, without the slightest danger to these fragile relics of art, by exposing them under glass cases." According to an inventory made in 1866, there were in the Louvre, eighteen thousand two hundred and three designs of the different Italian schools, eighty-seven of the Spanish school, eight hundred and two of the German

school, three thousand one hundred and fifty-two of the Flemish school, one thousand and seventy-one of the Dutch school, eleven thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight of the French school, eleven of the English school, one hundred and ninety-eight of undetermined origin, eighty-two Indian designs, nine Chinese, one hundred and ninety-one enamels and paintings on porcelain—in all thirty-five thousand five hundred and forty-four designs.

The central hall of the west wing was formerly the Chapel of the Palace, but is now the *Museum of Antique Bronzes.* "The gates which close this splendid hall are fine specimens of iron work, and were discovered in a neglected state in the Château of Maisons Lafitte, in the time of Louis Philippe; the bronzes are interesting, especially a statue called Apollo, and said to have been found at Lillebonne in Normandy, but purchased in England, and which preserves a thicker coating of gilding than any ancient bronze statue known. There are several busts of Roman emperors, antique candelabra, statuettes, arms, domestic utensils, divinities, and a very interesting small male statue, discovered at Leghorn. * * * In a circular case in the centre of the room, are some Roman silver utensils, and beneath, jewellery, three curious metal tablets from Nineveh with Assyrian inscriptions, and a gold helmet and ornaments discovered at Amfremont in Normandy. In two large presses, have been, for the present, deposited here the finest bronzes of the Campana collections, belonging to the Musée de Napoléon III.; the Etruscan armor, weapons, etc., are unique of their kind. In this hall is a good Roman Sedilia in bronze."

VI.

THE MARINE MUSEUM

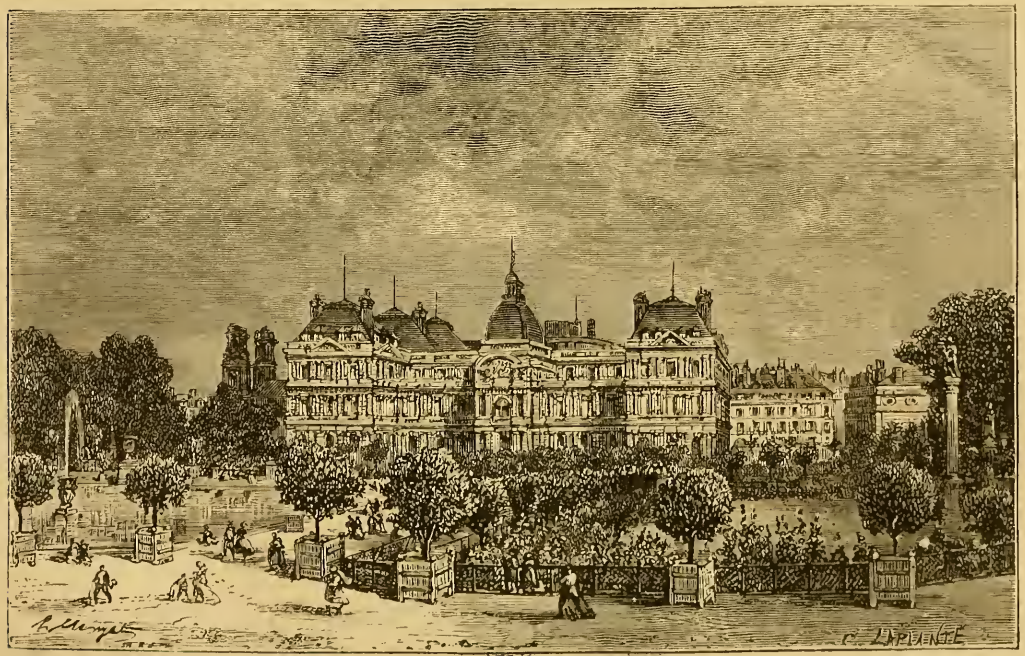
From the vestibule at the head of the northeastern stairway of the palace, a small flight of stairs leads to the Marine and Ethnographical Museums, which are located on the second floor, and which occupy the north wing and the northern part of the west wing. The Marine Museum occupies eleven rooms in the north wing, and is not always open to visitors. It contains plans in relief of the fortified seaports of France, models of famous ships of the French navy, models of improved rigging, war steamers, masts, masting shears, and other machinery used for fitting out vessels of war, anchors, capstans, cannon, and specimens of the small and side arms used in the French navy. Many of these models are very beautiful. Here is also a fine models of the apparatus used in removing the Obelisk of Luxor, now in the Place de la Concorde, from Egypt to France. In one of the rooms are the relics of the famous navigator La Pérouse, discovered on the island of Manicolo by the English Captain Dillon. Numerous busts of the famous naval commanders of the country adorn the hall, also a large Russian flag, taken at Sebastopol. In the tenth hall is a complete series of the mathematical and astronomical instruments used in navigation; sextants, circles, compasses, etc., all of the latest and most improved patterns. In the last hall is a large plan in relief of the Port of Rochefort, and models of the warships of the last centuries, of galleys and other vessels used in war in former times.

Passing out of the Naval Museum, you enter the *Ethnographical Museum*, a fine collection of deities, manufactures, articles of domestic use, ornaments, armour, etc., of India, China, and other eastern nations. Africa, South America,

and Mexico are also represented in this collection. The Chinese articles are chiefly the spoils captured by the French army in the recent wars between France and that country, and many of them were taken at the sacking of the Imperial Palace near Pekin.

Connected with this collection is the so-called *American Museum*, consisting of American antiquities, discovered chiefly in the sepulchres of Peru, Bolivia, and Mexico. "In this Museum are to be seen figures of men and women in lava, granite and gray stone; also numerous but very imperfect sketches intended to represent kings, divinities, men and animals; also terra-cotta vases, equally rude and rough in outline ornaments; utensils brought from the Aztic temples of the gods at Mexico, and the Palace of the Incas at Peru, especially an idol of natural size, placed on a richly ornamented altar, the approach being protected by a menacing monster."

It is four o'clock, and the hour for closing has arrived. The guardians of the Museum who have lounged about the halls with such a listless worn out air all day, now seem filled with new life and energy. How they start up from their seats, as the silvery bell of the old clock tower peals out the hour. How pompously they wave you down towards the door, and with what solemn firmness they deny you another glance at that exquisite painting whose beauties have held you captive for so long. No! it is useless to expostulate. The hour for closing the Museums has struck, and none but the officials and the artists at work in the galleries can remain in the building. You pass down the grand stairway trodden so often by the feet of royalty, and find yourself once more in the *Place Napoléon III.*



Palace and Gardens of the Luxembourg.

XXIII.

THE LUXEMBOURG.

I.

THE PALACE.

The Palace and gardens of the Luxembourg are situated on the south side of the Seine, at the lower end of the Boulevard Saint Michel. This street forms the eastern boundary of the gardens, but the palace fronts upon the Rue de Vaugirard. The view given in connection with this chapter, shows the garden front.

As early as the end of the Fifteenth Century, a palace was begun on this site by Robert de Sancy. It was not completed until 1583, however, when it was enlarged and finished by the Duke Epinay de Luxembourg. When Marie de Médicis, by the death of Henry IV. (in which the shrewd old Richelieu afterwards thought she played no unimportant part), became Regent of France, she purchased the palace, and made considerable additions to its grounds. Being dissatisfied with the then existing building, she caused it to be demolished, and in 1615, began the erection of a more magnificent edifice, after designs by Jacques Desbrosses. After its completion, Marie, then less queen than prisoner, remained in it but a few years, and left it finally, in 1631. During her residence in it, it was called the Médicis Palace, but at her death it passed to her second son, Gaston, Duke of Orleans,

and was known as *Palais Orleans.* Gaston left it to his daughter, the famous Mademoiselle Montpensier, the heroine of the Frondé. In 1672, it became the property of Elizabeth, of Orleans, Duchess of Guise, who gave it to Louis XIV. At the death of the king, however, it reverted to the Orleans family. The Regent gave it to his daughter, the infamous Duchess of Berry, and it became the scene of those frightful debaucheries which have made the name of the beautiful but depraved young woman notorious. In an age when corruption was the rule, and virtue the exception, the orgies of the Luxembourg were such as to disgust the most abandoned. The Duchess died here in 1719, the victim of her passions and imprudence, "having never ceased," says Saint Simon, "to combine with the tastes of a Messalina, the ambitious cares of a woman who felt herself called to govern men, without doubt, because she despised them as much as they despised her." In 1778, Louis XVI. gave the palace to his brother, the Count of Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII.

The Revolution converted the palace into a prison, and consigned many illustrious victims to it. It held, amongst others, the beautiful Josephine Beauharnais and her husband, Hébert, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Philippeaux and Lacroix. Robespierre was brought here immediately after his first arrest, but the Concierge refused to receive him, and as they were conveying him to another prison, he escaped, and is said to have brought on the insurrection which proved fatal to him. David, the great painter, was confined here after the 9th Thermidor, and during his captivity, occupied himself with the first sketch of his famous painting of "The Sabines."

In the same year, the prison was suddenly changed into a palace again, and the Directory established itself here. The new government was so poor when it first took possession of

the palace, that it could not provide the simple articles needed at its first sittings; but it was not long before the old halls witnessed a series of debaucheries and revellings, given by Barras, which would have done credit to the Duchess de Berry herself.

On the 10th of December, 1797, General Bonaparte was received here by the Directory, upon his return from his first campaign in Italy. He brought with him the Treaty of Campo Formio, concluded by him between the Republic and the Emperor of Austria. The palace bore its share in the events of the 18th Brumaire (9th November, 1799), after which it became, for a little while, the *Palais du Consulat.* In February, 1800, however, the First Consul removed to the Tuileries, and the Luxembourg remained deserted until the establishment of the Empire, when it became the Palace of the Senate. At the Restoration it was assigned to the Chamber of Peers. It was here that the gallant Marshal Ney was brought to a mock trial, and sentenced to death. During his trial, the Marshal was confined in the office of the Librarian, at the western extremity of the great gallery of archives. He was shot at the southern end of the gardens, on the spot where his statue now stands. Under Louis Philippe, the Chamber of Peers continued to sit here, and before it were tried the Ministers of Charles X., and Prince Louis Napoleon, after his "Boulogne Expedition," in 1840. During the Republic of 1848, several of the revolutionary bodies sat here; but in 1852, after the establishment of the Empire, the Luxembourg became once more the Palace of the Senate.

"The Palace of the Luxembourg," says Jules Janin, "is of Florentine origin. Those who have never seen the Pitti Palace at Florence, tell you that the Pitti Palace was the model of the Luxembourg Palace, which in fact resembles

it, as much as a stone fountain resembles the Cataract of Niagara."

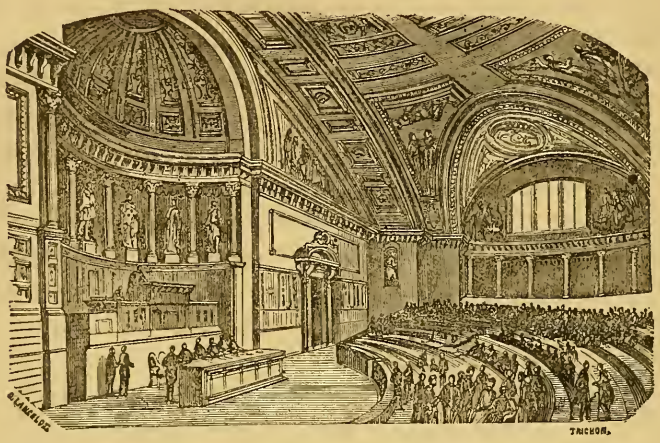
The plan of the building is that of a square. The principal entrance faces the *Rue de Vaugirard.* This front is a fine façade forming a terrace, in the middle of which is a pavilion highly ornamented, and containing some sculpture. Back of this lies the principal court of the palace, which is three hundred and sixty feet long by two hundred and ten feet deep. At each end of the terrace stands a pavilion, each of which is connected with the main building by a handsome wing. The façade towards the garden is elaborately ornamented. The *Pavillon de l'Horloge*, which stands in the centre, is richly embellished by allegorical figures. This part of the palace was much improved by Louis Philippe, but the entire building is one of the most beautiful and elaborate in the city.

II.

THE STATE APARTMENTS.

The entrance to the State apartments is from the Rue Vaugirard and the Great Court. You enter a door on your right, and pass up the grand stairway, in the centre of the left wing, with statues and trophies of the First Empire on either hand, and enter the magnificent *Salle des Gardes*, which is decorated simply with classical statues. Then passing through two other handsome rooms, notable only for their beauty, you find yourself in the *Throne Room.* This gorgeous hall is one hundred and eighty feet long, and wide in proportion, and is fitted up with gildings, carvings and paintings of the most gorgeous description. At the entrance the paintings represent scenes in the career of Napoleon I., whilst those at the opposite end illustrate the progress of

France from the earliest times. The throne, at the far end of the hall, is most magnificent, handsomer, even than that at the Tuileries. The room is designed for State ceremonies, which are to be honored with the presence of the Sovereign



Hall of the Senate.

but it is at present used almost exclusively for the official receptions and entertainments of the President of the Senate.

On the right, a door leads into the *Salle du Sénat*, in which the sessions of the Senate are held. It is a handsome, richly ornamented hall semi-circular in shape. The President sits in the middle, and the Senators occupy rows of rising seats arranged in a half circle in front of him. The Senators speak from their places, as in our own Legislative assemblies. In the Corps Législatif the forms are different, as we shall see. This hall was destroyed by a fire kindled by an incendiary, in 1859, but has been entirely rebuilt since then.

At the end of the *Throne Room*, is a fine chamber, known as the *Private Saloon of the Emperor*, and designed for the accommodation of his Majesty during his visits to the palace. It opens upon an ancient *Salle des Gardes*, which retains its original wood work, dating from the days of Marie de Médicis. It also contains a fine painting of "Christ upon the Cross," by Philippe de Champaigne.

Close by is the Library, with over fifteen thousand volumes, the most of them of great value. It is not shown except by special permission, but is worth visiting. It contains some fine modern paintings.

You are now shown the private apartments of Marie de Médicis. They are preserved almost as she left them, the paintings, panels, ornaments, and furniture having been taken down and concealed during the Revolution. They are exquisitely adorned, and compare favorably with anything of their kind in existence. The paintings on the panels are attributed to Poussin and Philippe de Champaigne. Those on the ceiling are of the school of Rubens. These apartments lie to the south of the Grand Stairway.

You are next shown the Chapel, which is situated on the ground floor, and is of more modern construction. It was finished in 1844, and is ornamented with handsome paintings. That over the altar—*The Adoration of the Shepherds*—is said to be the work of an American artist, Samuel White The Senators and their children are married here. Adjoining the Chapel is the *Salle du livre d'Or*, a series of rooms arranged under Louis Philippe, and intended to contain the genealogical records of the Peers of France.

III.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

RETRACING your steps through the Court and the Rue Vaugirard, you find the entrance to the Picture Galleries at the northeastern corner of the palace. You pass from the street into the gardens in order to reach it. Ascending a narrow stairway, so worn with the many feet that have traversed it, that it requires no little agility to keep your footing, you enter the *Gallery of Living French Artists*, or as it is most commonly called, the *Musée de Luxembourg*. This gallery contains the master-pieces of living French painters. Their pictures are placed here during their lives, but ten years after the death of the artist any of the paintings embraced in this collection may be transferred to the Louvre.

The picture gallery of the palace was begun by Catharine de Médicis, and consisted originally of twenty-four of Rubens' paintings. Additions were made to this collection at various times, but the entire "gallery" was subsequently transferred to the Louvre. The present Museum dates from 1818. The works have been purchased principally after the annual exhibitions, under the advice of a jury composed almost entirely of members of the Institute. These gentlemen until very recently crowded the gallery with heavy, classical subjects, and greatly marred its attractiveness to all but themselves. Of late years, however, a change has been made, and the collection is now a very fair representation of the French school of to-day.

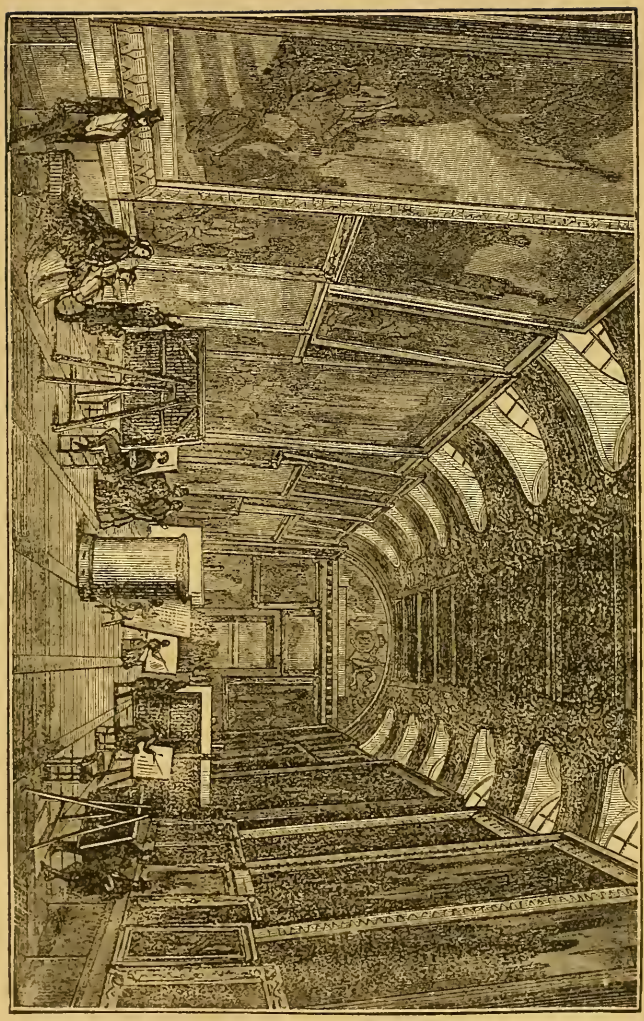
Owing to the constant changes, caused by the removal of paintings to the Louvre and the addition of others, it is impossible for any account of the collection to be accurate for any considerable length of time. At the door of the *Great*

Gallery, by which you enter, a catalogue of the contents of the Museum may always be purchased; and it will be found of infinite service.

In a little room to your right as you enter the gallery, are placed some of the finest pictures of the collection. The *Great Gallery* is nearly five hundred feet long, and opens at its southern end into another room larger than the one first named, which contains some of Rosa Bonheur's best works.

In the little room to the north of the gallery are the "Massacre of Saint Bartholomew," showing the murder of the good Coligny, in the foreground, the "Death of Marat," and a "Massacre of the Jews at Vienna," all by Robert Fleury; the "Arrest of Charlotte Corday," by Henri Scheffer, and the "Souliote Women," "Le Larmoyeur," and "Christ Tempted on the Mountain," by Ary Scheffer. The "Charlotte Corday" is a wonderful work, and commands universal admiration.

The collection in the *Great Gallery* is very rich. To my mind the best of all the paintings is that wonderful work of Charles Louis Müller—"*The Last Victims of the Terror*." It is a grand picture, and so life-like that you almost think you are gazing at the scene itself. Before you is a vast, gloomy hall in the great prison of the Reign of Terror. The light which streams in through the bars of the half-open door at the back, illumines the room only enough to enable you to discern the victims huddled together under the heavy rafters. Worn down and haggard with imprisonment and with hunger, they are scattered in groups about the hall, awaiting their summons to the Guillotine. Before the half-open door a tumbril has halted, and one of the doomed women is about to enter it. Near the door stands an officer of the Republic, with the fatal list in his hands. The light falls strongly over the paper, and throws it out with terrible



The Great Gallery of the Luxembourg.

distinctness. The officer has just called the name of one of the noble victims, and stands awaiting a reply. A hideous *Sans-Culotte* has climbed up one of the pillars, and is pointing out the victim—a woman, too beautiful and brave for such a fate—who is rising half-proudly, and half-shrinkingly, to acknowledge her name. It is a proud name, for she is the Princesse de Monaco. A woman, a famous actress in her day, already summoned, is clinging frantically to the dress of the man who holds the list, while a brawny fellow is in the act of seizing her in his arms to carry her to the tumbril. Wives cling close to their husbands, and mothers clasp their children eagerly in their arms. Terror, despair, and defiance are wonderfully depicted in the faces before you. Monsieur, the Marquis de Roquelaure, sits in the foreground on the left, listening with a feverish eagerness to the fatal list, and seemingly reckoning the chances for his escape. In the foreground, in the centre of the picture, is André Chenier, the poet, whose rash verses cost him his head. He has abandoned himself to despair, and is employed in writing down his last thoughts. These faces are all portraits, but with what marvellous skill they are handled. Nothing could be more eloquent, nothing more thoroughly expressive than this painting. It does not need the title affixed to it, for it tells its own story. Critics tell you that the coloring is faulty, that the place looks more like a ball room than a prison, and advise you to give the picture but a passing glance. Pass it, if you can ; but depend upon it, it will hold you spell bound by its wonderful beauty and startling truthfulness.

Just across the hall hangs one of the largest and best of the collection, which affords a fitting contrast to the terrible story of heroic suffering you have just been gazing upon. It is "A Roman Orgy in the Empire's Decadence," by Thomas Couture. It represents a scene such as these old

halls might have witnessed in the days of the Regency. A group of Roman youths are engaged in a wild revel with courtesans. At one side, apart from the feast, two stern-browed, noble men are frowning darkly upon this scene of voluptuous degradation. It is hinted that the artist designed his picture as an eloquent protest against the moral condition of the Paris of to-day.

Horace Vernet has some fine works in this collection. Here are his "Meeting of Raphael and Michael Angelo in the Vatican;" the "Defence of Paris in 1814," a splendid battle picture; and his "Judith and Holofernes." Eugene Delacroix's fine "Massacre of the Greeks at Scio, in 1824," is one of the prominent features of the collection. Meissonnier's picture of "the Emperor at Solferino," is also here, and merits a place in the great galleries of Versailles. Deveria's "Birth of Henry IV.," is worthy of a similar disposition. Here are Benonville's "Death of Saint Francis;" Isabey's "Departure of the Admiral DeRuyter and the great pensioner De Witt;" Mozin's "Shipwreck of an English Indiaman near Boulogne;" Rosa Bonheur's "Ploughing with Oxen at Nevers," and her "Hay Cart in Auvergne;" with several hundred others all worthy of notice. Rosa Bonheur's pictures are in the room at the southern end of the gallery.

At the north end of the gallery, a side door leads to a series of rooms in the western wing of the palace. In order to reach them you go through a long passage, the walls of which are occupied with some very ordinary drawings. A number of indifferent sculptures fill up the hall. The rooms in the west wing are five in number, and contain a miscellaneous collection of paintings. Amongst these are Rosa Bonheur's "Haymakers;" Delacroix's "Morocco Wedding;" "The Venitians delivered by Victor Pisani," by Hesse; "Lesueur, the painter, at the Monastery of the Chartreuse,"

by Langee; "Romulus and Remus," by Champmartin; and a couple of "Views on the Coast of Normandy," by Isabey.

Adjoining the palace, on the west side, is the *Hôtel du Petit Luxembourg*, or the Little Luxembourg. It was built by Richelieu, about the year 1629. It is now the official residence of the President of the Senate. Behind it is a large orangery.

IV.

THE GARDENS.

The Luxembourg Gardens cover an area of eighty-five acres, and are the prettiest in Paris—prettier even than those of the Tuileries. The original piece of land, bought by Marie de Médicis was very small. It comprised the gardens of the Monastery of Chartreux, which stood on the right side of the present gardens. "The manner in which this territory came into the hands of the monks of Chartreux," says a writer on Paris, "is singular and ridiculous. The Château of Vauvert, built by Robert II., the son of Hugh Capet, having been abandoned, a report was promulgated that innumerable demons had made it their abode. The most frightful forms were seen, and the most terrific noises were heard every night. Not one dared approach the fatal walls after sunset; and the inhabitants of the neighboring houses fled in terror from their dwellings. Saint Louis, in consequence, made over the edifice and its domains to the monks of the Chartreusian Monastery of Gentilly, they having pledged themselves to exorcise the fiends, and to deliver the neighborhood from the disturbers of its repose. The pledge they soon fulfilled, and tranquillity was restored."

The gardens of to-day are very beautiful, and are amongst the most popular in the city. They are ornamented with

several fine fountains and a number of statues of the famous women of French history. In front of the southern façade of the palace is a delightful flower garden, filled with a tasteful selection of plants and flowers, and ornamented with fountains and statuary. A grove of trees extends around the flower garden, and is separated from it by a stone balustrade reached by a flight of steps. Through the terrace thus formed a broad avenue extends from the palace to the Observatory. The trees and shrubbery are fine and are arranged with great taste.

Along the side of the Boulevard Saint Michel are a fine orangery, two large hot houses, and a gardener's lodge. The old orangery is on the opposite side of the grounds, and between it and the west wing of the palace is the private garden of the President of the Senate. To the left of the alley leading to the *Rue de Fleurus*, is the ground of the racket players. A theatre stands on the "grand terrace," which lies opposite the racket ground, and close by is a Café.

A military band plays in the central part of the gardens twice a week during the summer months.

The gardens are a favorite resort with the dwellers in the Latin Quarter. Here the students come to con their lessons, to enjoy the fresh air, to lounge, or to steal the flowers with which they will deck the hair of their mistresses at the *Closerie* across the way. Here come the "small gentlemen," and pensioned functionaries to enjoy their walks, and gossip, and hear the news. Here come the nurses and the children for sport and health, and to watch the performances at the little Marionette theatres which are scattered about the grounds. These little establishments are unique in themselves. Not much larger than a good-sized doll's house, they are gaily painted and ornamented, and are fitted up as theatres, with stage, scenery, entrances, and exits. A rope is stretched

around the pretty box for some distance, and inside of this barrier a number of seats are arranged. A small boy standing at one side beats a drum with one hand and fingers a fife with the other. He constitutes the orchestra, and is sometimes assisted by a boy with a violin. A second lad stands outside, sells tickets to the chairs within the rope, beats off the small boys who venture too near, and acts as director and manager in general. The price of admission within the rope is one sou, and the audience consists of little masters and misses with their nurses, and sometimes the nurse's lover. These constitute the aristocracy of the audience. The "lower classes" of this juvenile world hang around the outside of the rope, as near as the boy in charge, and the Sergent de Ville at his back, will permit. When the chairs are full the "orchestra" strikes up a lively air, and the performance begins. The actors are nothing more than puppets, but the play is full as interesting as any that you see at the "grown up theatres" on the Boulevards. If you don't believe me, ask any of the little ladies who sit so demurely on the wicker chairs within the rope. Could anything be more charming than the manner in which those pretty puppets make love? or more natural than the coquetry of the wooden mademoiselle who squeaks her sentiment so shrilly? And as for you, my little men, what do you think of the wooden mademoiselle's conduct? Isn't it outrageous, the way she tramples on the wooden hearts of her wooden suitors? Doesn't it make you clench your little teeth in anger at her utter want of principle? and don't you think such devotion as that tiny fellow manifests is worthy of a better reward? Ah! ye who are men and women, indeed, now, who roll by the pretty garden in your fine carriages, and loll in your rich boxes at the opera; have you found any more enjoyment in your "grown up" pleasures, than you knew when your greatest

grief could be sent flying away by the squeakings and jerkings of these little marionettes? Do you ever think, as you move through the hollow world that surrounds you, that after all, that thing you call society, is but a grown up marionette show, in which you are but puppets in the hands of fortune?

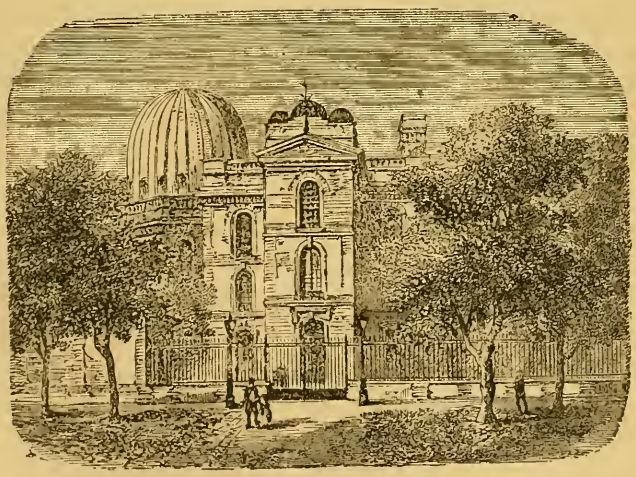
"The garden of the Luxembourg," says Jules Janin, "is inhabited by a distinct world. It is no longer the luxury, the elegance, the brilliancy of the Tuileries. * * It is the garden of the citizen, the student, the father of a family, the artist who comes here to dream of his painting, and the poet to compose his verses. In this garden of the Luxembourg, all are acquainted, and all love their companions, even without ever having spoken; people look at each other with kindness, so sure are they of having felt in these walks, the same joys and the same sorrows. How many young girls have come here to dream of the husbands proposed to them by their mothers! How many young men, who have pondered, under these trees, upon the difficulties of life! There is one old man whom the Garden of the Luxembourg has seen every day for sixty years; he has grown old like the elms which he saw planted, and he can tell you better than any one—young men—that after all, it is not worth while to be too uneasy about the future. * * * The garden is thus peopled with illustrious men, who are only to be met here; they are at home in this spot; they were brought here the morning after their birth, they will walk here till the eve of their death. So, also, into this garden, protected by the political palace, hardly any noise penetrates unless it is the echo of the College of France and of the Sorbonne. At the Luxembourg nothing is read but the oldest books bound in vellum, or better still, in old red morocco, Horace, Virgil, Homer, Demosthenes, Bossuet, Fenelon, Pascal. If then, by

chance, some trifling book, just published, dares to show itself in these learned walks, there is a general outcry; they recognize with indignation the vulgar livery of the library. Away with the romance! away with the poem!' Every one escapes from its light-minded reader, and points at it with the finger. A novel from the reading-room in the Luxembourg! Can you imagine it?"

V.

THE OBSERVATORY.

EITHER the Boulevards Saint Michel or the grand avenue of the Luxembourg Garden will bring you to the large



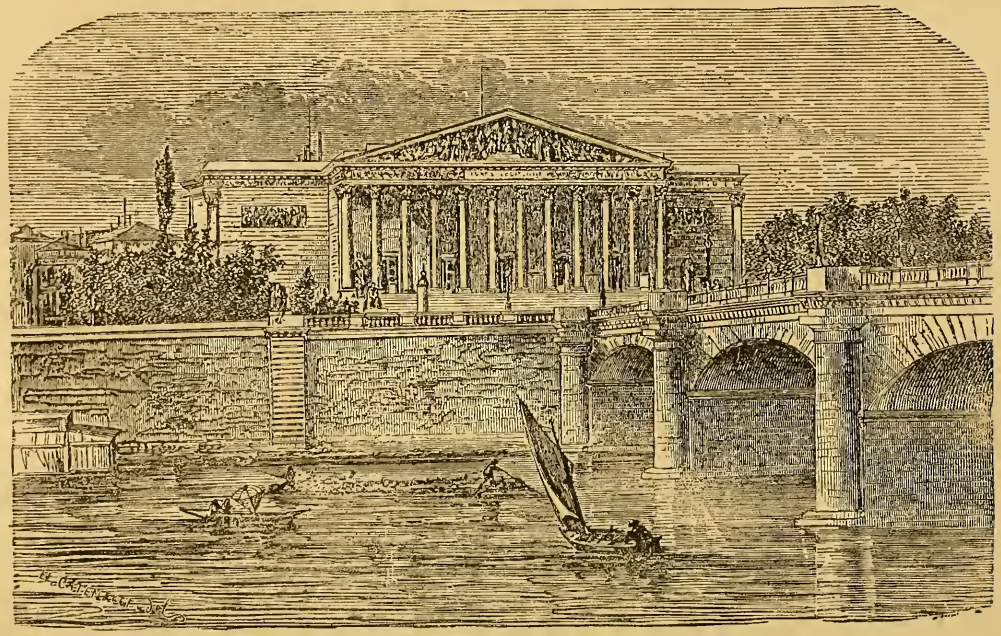
Observatory.

edifice at their southern extremity, called the *Imperial Observatory*. The building which faces the palace was constructed by Claud Perrault, in 1670, and was provided with a full equipment of scientific instruments, but being from the first

ill adapted to scientific purposes, it became necessary to erect other buildings. The old portion is now used principally for the dwelling and reception-rooms of the Senator-Director of the Institution, who is lodged here in magnificent style. It also contains the library and a number of old-fashioned astronomical instruments which are of not much use to-day. The low, heavy buildings on the eastern side constitute the working quarter of the Observatory. Here are the transit instruments, circles, meteorological instruments, etc. The dome is occupied by an immense equatorial. This part of the establishment is well provided with all the appliances necessary to the successful prosecution of the labors of the Imperial Astronomer and his assistants. On the floor of one of the second story rooms a meridian has been traced, and from the window you can see, on the distant heights of Montmartre, an obelisk which marks the exact prolongation of this line. This is the meridian from which all longitudes from Paris are reckoned. There are several wells beneath the building which were formerly used for experiments on gravity, temperature, etc. There is an ingenious instrument attached to one of the rooms, which measures the exact quantity of rain which falls at Paris during the year.

The Observatory was formerly in charge of Arago, and saw its best days, perhaps, under him. His lectures drew crowded audiences, but the hall in which they were delivered has been demolished to make room for the extension of the dwelling of the Imperial Astronomer. It is said that the Observatory does not maintain the high rank held by Paris in every other branch of science, and that it is inferior in practical results to several of its European associates.

Admission to the Observatory is granted only to scientific visitors, with a special introduction, and even this is hard to procure. It contains nothing to interest the general visitor, and much that he might ignorantly injure.



Palace of the Corps Législatif.

XXIV.

THE PALACES.

HAVING visited the palaces of the Tuileries, the Louvre, and the Luxembourg, we must now glance hastily at the remaining buildings occupied by the Imperial Government and termed palaces, and in this description shall include the Ministries, or "Department Buildings," as they are termed in our country.

The *Palace of the Corps Législatif* lies on the south bank of the Seine, just opposite the *Place de la Concorde*, with which it is connected by the *Pont de la Concorde*. It was begun in 1622 by the Duchess de Bourbon, and finished by the Prince de Condé in 1789. It was then called *Palais Bourbon*, and was confiscated by the Republic, in 1792. The palace had cost its builders the sum of twenty million of francs, and the Republic finding it had secured a valuable prize held on to it, and assigned it to the *Council of Five Hundred*, as a place of meeting. For the accommodation of this council a grand hall was built on the site of the old reception room. Napoleon built the handsome portico which adorns the front today, and made the edifice the Palace of the Corps Législatif of the First Empire. At the Restoration it was restored to the Prince de Condé, but the Chamber of Deputies held its sessions there, and in 1827 the Government purchased from the Prince the portion of the palace used by the Deputies,*

* The price paid was 5,500,000 francs. In 1830 the Duc d'Aumale the heir of Condé sold the rest to the State for 5,047,475 francs.

who continued to sit here until the Revolution of 1848, when they were succeeded by the Constituent Assembly. It was to the hall now occupied by the Legislative Body that the Duchess of Orleans and her children fled for shelter during the outbreak of 1848, and it was in this same hall that the stormiest debates of the National Assembly took place. A the *Coup d'État* the palace was occupied and held by the troops of the present Emperor.

The palace is constructed of granite, and faces the river. The front is adorned with a magnificent portico with twelve Corinthian columns. It is one hundred and one feet wide, is raised on a broad flight of steps, and is ornamented with statues and bass-reliefs. One of the doorways is under this portico, but the main entrance is at the south end, and opens upon the Rue de l'Université. The gateway is placed in the centre of a Corinthian colonnade, terminated by two pavilions, and presents a handsome appearance. Within the gateways are two fine Courts, surrounded with porticoes. One of these porticoes serves as the entrance to the Hall of the Legislative Corps.

The interior is handsomely arranged. It consists of immense halls, and passages, some of which are ornamented with statues, bass-reliefs and other sculptures, and some with paintings and gildings. The *Salon de Paix* is a handsome chamber, the walls and ceiling of which are ornamented with paintings by Horace Vernet. The *Salle des Pas Perdus* contains one of Vernet's ceilings, and the *Salle des Conférences* is ornamented with a number of historical and allegorical paintings by Heim.

The principal room is the *Salle du Corps Législatif*, in which the sittings of that body are held. It was begun in 1828, and finished in 1832. "It is semi-circular, or in the form of a Greek theatre, surrounded by Ionic columns, and

lighted from above. The President's chair is considerably elevated, and in the centre of the semi-circle, facing the members, who occupy crimson velvet seats rising as in an amphitheatre. The member who addresses the Assembly speaks from a Tribune or pulpit. Round the hall are seats for five hundred spectators. The Imperial family, Corps Diplomatique, etc., have separate tribunes like boxes in a theatre. The whole is profusely adorned with paintings and statues, allegorical and historical, none of any great merit. As seen when empty the general effect is cold and tame."

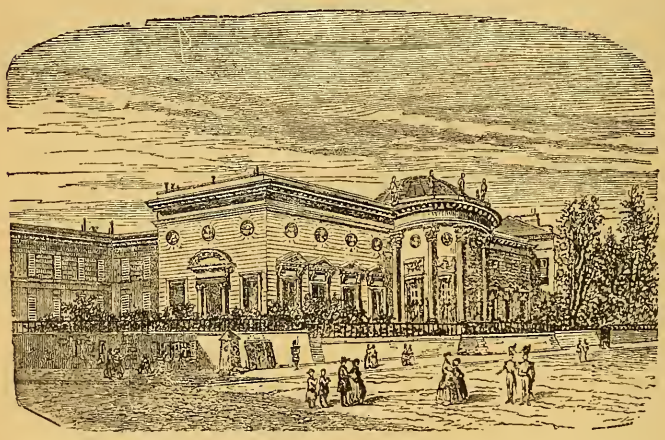
Attached to the palace is the *Library*, containing nearly one hundred thousand volumes.

The *Hôtel de la Presidence*, or official residence of the President of the Legislative Body was incorporated by the Prince de Condé with the Palais Bourbon. It is the ancient *Hôtel Larrey*, and is now generally regarded as a part of the Legislative Palace.

The *Palace of the Legion of Honor* stands on the south bank of the Seine, just to the right of the *Corps Législatif*. It was built in 1786 for the Prince de Salm, who was executed in 1792. The palace was then confiscated by the Republic, and disposed of by lottery. It was drawn by a man who called himself the Marquis de Boisregard. This fellow gave a series of magnificent entertainments here, but was at length discovered to be a swindler and an escaped convict. It again became the property of the State, and in 1803 Napoleon I., appointed it the residence of the Chancellor of the new Order of the Legion of Honor which he had created. At the Restoration it was given back to the family of its original owner, but in 1830 was purchased by the State. In 1859 it was repaired and considerably improved.

It is the prettiest of all the palaces in Paris, being very rich in sculpture and ornament. The principal entrance is

from the Rue de Lille, and presents the form of a triumphal arch, flanked right and left by a colonnade. At the bottom of the court-yard, surrounded by an Ionic colonnade, is the principal building, preceded by a Corinthian portico with frieze, ornamented with Arabesques and the motto of the order, *Honor et Patrie* ("Honor and Country"). Our engraving shows the façade which faces the river, and which is decidedly the prettiest part of the building. The interior is



Palace of the Legion of Honor.

handsomely fitted up, the large circular saloon in the centre being the principal room.

The palace is now the residence of the Chancellor of the Legion of Honor, and contains the offices and records of the Order, which was established by Napoleon I., in 1801. It was remodelled in 1452 by the present Emperor. Its object is to reward and distinguish merit both civil and military. At present it consists of a Chancellor, 80 grand crosses, 250 grand officers, 1200 commanders, 5000 officers, and over

50,000 chevaliers. If in the military or marine service, each member of the Order receives a fixed income, which is graduated according to rank. The higher officers, grand offiers, and grand crosses wear a star on the right or left breast; the commanders suspend the cross from the neck by a wide red riband, officers wear a gold cross attached to a red rosette, and chevaliers a silver cross fastened to a red riband in the button hole. Persons wearing the cross are saluted by all the sentinels of the French army, but this honor is not paid to the riband alone. The income of the order is about seven million francs per annum. It supports handsomely two establishments for the education of daughters of necessitous members, one at Saint Denis, and the other at Ecouen.

The *Palais D'Orsay* lies to the right of the Palace of the Legion of Honor, and is one of the most magnificent buildings in the city. It was begun by Napoleon I., and was completed in its present style by Louis Philippe. It is occupied by the *Cour des Comptes*, or Audit office of the Empire, and by the Council of State. Besides innumerable offices it contains a suite of State Apartments finished in magnificent style. The principal front is towards the Rue de Lille, but the façade towards the quay is very handsome. The building is Italian in style, and cost over a million and a quarter of francs. It is enormous in size, and though very imposing is rather heavy in appearance.

The Palace of the *Elysée Napoléon*, though it has not been inhabited by the Emperor since the *Coup d'État*, is usually regarded as one of the Imperial residences, and is not shown to visitors without a special permission, difficult to obtain. It is used at present for the residence of any illustrious strangers who may honor Paris with their presence. The Queen of England occupied it during her visit to Paris, in

1855. The grand entrance is from the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, and the gardens extend back to the Avenue Gabriel just opposite the Champs Elysées.

On the Faubourg Saint Honoré side, the façade consists of a handsome gallery, with a gateway in the form of a triumphal arch. The gallery is composed of one story and an attic over which there is a terrace crowned by a light stone balustrade. At each end of the gallery, which encloses the court-yard, are entrance gates supported by handsome Corinthian pillars and ornamented with trophies of flags and arms. The palace is a light, tasteful building, situated at the bottom of the Court and opening on the gardens at the back. It is finished magnificently in its internal arrangements. The gardens are moderately large and are laid off in the English style, with winding alleys and beautiful lawns.

The *Elysée* was built in 1718, by Molet, the architect, for the Count d'Evreux. It afterwards passed into the hands of Madame Pompadour, who enlarged and beautified it, and inhabited it until her death. She left it to her brother, the Marquis de Marigny, who sold it to Louis XV., by whom it was converted into a residence for Ambassadors Extraordinary from other countries. It was next purchased by M. Beaujon, the famous financier, who made it one of the most splendid hotels in Paris. He spent many millions upon it, paying especial attention to the gardens. The First Republic made it a place for holding State balls and receptions, but under the Consulate and Empire it was repaired and improved, and occupied by Napoleon and his family. Murat lived here for awhile, just previous to his departure for Naples. During the latter part of Napoleon's reign it was his favorite residence. He repaired to it after his return to Paris from Waterloo, and signed his abdication here. The room in which this act was performed, and the chamber in which he

passed his last night in Paris are preserved with religious care. The Duke of Wellington, and the Emperor, Alexander I., of Russia, occupied the palace during the time the city was held by the allied forces. At the Restoration, Louis XVIII. gave it to the Duc de Berri, but after his assassination, in 1820, his widow abandoned the palace, and in 1830 it reverted to the State. It was occupied during the first portion of the Revolution of 1848 by one of the numerous "Commissions" of the Government, and on the 20th of December, in the same year, Prince Louis Bonaparte, the President of the Republic, took up his residence in it, and occupied it until he went to the Tuileries, in 1852. It was here that he arranged those masterly movements by which he secured the throne of France to himself, and saved the country from ruin.

It was the custom of the President of the Republic to receive his friends at the Elysée every Monday evening. On the evening of Monday, December 1st, 1851, the reception was unusually brilliant. Not the slightest suspicion of anything extraordinary was felt by the guests. The Assembly, confident in its fancied security, had spent the day in discussing the monotonous project of the Lyons railroad, and no one dreamed that the decisive moment was so close at hand. The President was calm and seemingly unconcerned, and appeared to enjoy the entertainment as much as the most thoughtless person present. The only thing unusual was the presence of a number of couriers and estafettes in the streets, but this was accounted for by the explanation that they were bringing in the returns of an election for Representative, which had been held that day in the Department of the Seine. M. de Morny attended the Opéra Comique in the early part of the evening, in company with General Changarnier. A lady, with whom he was sitting in

the boxes, said to him that the Assembly had monopolized all the men who had been the most distinguished ornaments of society.

"But you will soon come back to us," she added, with a smile. "You are all going to be swept out."

De Morny laughed gaily.

"Madame," said he, "I don't know when the broom will come to sweep us out, but I do know that I shall try to be on the side of the handle."

About ten o'clock, Louis Napoleon, who was leaning carelessly against the mantel-piece, watching the dancers, saw approaching him, Colonel Vieyra, who had just been made brigade major of the National Guard, of Paris, then under the command of General Lawastine. He called to him—

"Colonel," said he, smiling pleasantly, "are you sufficiently master of yourself to conceal a sudden emotion?"

"Certainly," replied the colonel.

"Well, then," said the President, in a low voice, leaning toward him, "*this is the night!* Good! you have not moved a muscle. Now, can you assure me that to-morrow there shall be no rappel beaten, whatever may happen, and that no convocation of the National Guard shall be held in the mayoralties?"

"I will answer for it, if I receive the necessary orders," said the colonel.

"For these see the Minister of War," said the President. "See him from me. Don't go yet, we are observed."

In a few minutes the two separated, carelessly to all appearance.

The guests departed before midnight, and the President retired to his cabinet, where he was shortly joined by General Saint Arnaud, M. de Morny, M. de Persigny, M. de Maupas, and M. de Beville, of the *État Major*. It was a

moment of great solemnity, for all felt the immense importance of the step they were about to take. Their success would cause a new and more glorious era to dawn upon France; their failure meant ruin to her and to themselves. The President gravely informed them of the momentous consequences that hung upon their movements, and added a few words of encouragement and hope. Then opening a secret drawer in a bureau he gave to each of his companions a sealed letter of instructions, and grasping their hands said, in a tranquil but earnest tone, "Now, gentlemen, take a little repose, and may God protect France." With these words ended the famous interview.

The next morning France was secure in the only hands competent to save her.

The *Archbishop's Palace*, the seat of the ecclesiastical power of Paris, formerly stood at the south side of the Cathedral of Notre-Dame. It was a large building of the Eighteenth Century, and was fitted up magnificently, besides containing a valuable library. In February, 1831, it was attacked and plundered by the mob which had just gutted the church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois. The library and valuables of the palace were thrown into the river or carried off, and the building almost entirely demolished. The present Archepiscopal residence is the old Hôtel Duchâtelet, in the Rue de Grenelle Saint Germain, not far from the Hôtel des Invalides. It was formerly the Austrian Embassy, and it is one of the best remaining specimens of the architecture of the age of Louis XIV. A plan is now on foot to build a new residence for the Archbishop.

The *Ministères*, or offices of the various Departments of the Government, are ten in number, and each is presided over by a Minister appointed by and responsible to the Emperor. Besides these are three "Ministers Without Port-

folio," whose duty is to attend the sessions of the Legislature, and explain and defend the policy of the Government.

The *Ministry of State* is located in the gallery of the new Louvre facing the *Rue de Rivoli.* This department was created under the First Empire, and re-established by the present Sovereign. The Minister placed over it is in

Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

charge of the relations between the Executive and Legislative branches of the Government; he countersigns the Imperial decrees, and the foreign dispatches of the other departments; conducts the official publications in the newspapers; supervises the administration of the Council of State, of the Legion of Honor, and of the Imperial Asylum of Saverne; keeps the archives of the Empire; has the direction of the schools of Fine Arts, (at Paris, at Rome, and at Athens,) of the Museums, Theatres, of Schools of design and of music, and of the libraries, and is charged with the preservation of historic monuments, and the construction of public works of art.

The *Ministry of the Imperial Household* is in the north gallery of the new Louvre. The Minister is charged with

the administration of the civil list, the palaces, parks, forests, gardens, and all other State property belonging to the crown. He also acts as the Emperor's steward in managing his private property, and employs and discharges all persons connected with the household of the sovereign, or those of the Princes and Princesses of the Imperial family.

The *Ministry of Justice* is situated on the Place Vendôme, but this is merely the residence of the Minister, the offices being located in the Rue de Luxembourg. The Minister is charged with the general supervision of the judicial system of the Empire. He is keeper of the seals and master of the rolls of the Empire. He promulgates the laws and sees that they are enforced. Applications for permission to marry one's relative must be addressed to him, also petitions for naturalization. All appeals for the pardon of crimes are referred to him, and it is said the Emperor is usually guided by his decision. He appoints and removes the greater part of the legal officers of the Empire.

The *Ministry of Foreign Affairs* is situated next to the hôtel of the President of the Corps Législatif, and fronts on the Rue de l'Université. It is a magnificent building in the Italian style, and is fitted up with great luxury internally. The State apartments are very elaborate. The Minister is charged with the relations of the Empire with foreign powers. He conducts the correspondence between the Government and its diplomatic agents abroad, and with those of foreign States, residing near the Emperor, and negotiates all treaties of alliance, and commerce, and supervises their execution. He retains all the archives relating to his department.

The *Ministry of the Interior* is located in the old Hôtel Beauvau, in the Place Beauvau. It is a very handsome edifice. The Minister has the general direction of the Police Establishment of the Empire. He issues the instructions of the

prefects and commissaries, watches over the public safety, manages the prison discipline, and exercises a surveillance over the publications of the country, and directs the administration of the telegraph.

The *Ministry of Finance*, or Treasury, is situated on the Rue de Rivoli between the Rues de Castiglione and de Luxembourg. The Minister is charged with the duties generally appertaining to the head of the financial department of a government, and is also charged with the control of the tobacco monopoly of the Empire.

The *Ministry of War* is situated on the south side of the Seine, in the Rue Saint Dominique-Saint-Germain. It occupies the ancient convent of Filles de Saint Joseph, and a number of large buildings which have been added one after another to meet the wants of the department. The Minister is charged with everything relating to the defence of the State, the recruiting and organization of the army, and the general disposition of the forces and of military affairs. His orders in all military matters are superior to all others but those of the Emperor. The *Depot of War*, which is a branch of this department, prepares and publishes the official map of France, and possesses a magnificent library of military works, and an extensive series of maps, plans, and papers of all kinds relating to the military history of France and of Europe.

The *Ministry of the Marine and of the Colonies* is situated at the northern extremity of the *Place de la Concorde*. It occupies a magnificent palace, which is one of the principal ornaments of that splendid square. The Minister is charged with the control of the marine service of the country and all its details. He exercises a supervision of the mercantile service, the fisheries, the harbor police and coast guard, and the pension list of the navy. The *Marine Depot*, a branch of

this department, prepares and publishes plans and charts relating to the service, and keeps the library (28,000 volumes) and the archives of the ministry.

The Colonial branch is in charge of all matters relating to the Colonies, and has exclusive control of these dependencies, with the exception of Algeria, which is ruled by a Governor General, responsible only to the Emperor.

The *Ministry of Public Instruction and of Worship* is located in the Rue de Grenelle-Saint-Germain. The Minister is charged with the control and direction of the educational system of the country, as has been explained in the chapter relating to the schools. He also directs the religious affairs of the Empire, as far as the Constitution permits the interference of the State.

The *Ministry of Agriculture, of Commerce, and of Public Works* is situated in the Rue-Saint-Dominique-Saint-Germain. The Minister encourages and promotes agricultural enterprises, offers and distributes rewards for agricultural successes, and in short manages that branch of the government which seeks to promote and develop to the highest perfection rural industry of all kinds. He watches over the commerce and business enterprises of the country and its relations of this kind with foreign lands, supervises the insurance system, has a general surveillance of the railroads, ordinary roads, navigable rivers, canals, mines, irrigation and other public works of the Empire. He has charge of the census and of the collection and publication of all statistics relating to the wealth and progress of France. This is one of the most important branches, if not the most necessary, of the government, since its duty is to promote and extend the material development of the country. It adds to the comfort and wealth of the nation, and prepares the way for the success of all the other departments of the public service.

XXV.

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY.

I.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON THE THIRD.

THERE are perhaps no three persons in the world who have attracted so much attention, and have been the subjects of so many conflicting statements as the Emperor Napoleon the Third, his wife, and son. With their friends they are faultless; with their enemies they are all that is bad, so that it is impossible, without the greatest pains and most conscientious fairness, to arrive at a true understanding of their characters. Laboring under all the disadvantages of a stranger and a foreigner, I have hesitated to introduce the topic here, but my desire to make this work as complete as possible leaves me no choice.

The full name of the Emperor is CHARLES LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. He is the third son of Louis Bonaparte, the youngest brother of the Great Napoleon, and at one time King of Holland, and of Hortense Beauharnais, the only daughter of the Empress Josephine, by her first husband. He was born at Paris on the 20th of April, 1808, and is consequently in his sixty-second year. He is the only French sovereign ever born at Paris, and was the first Prince of the Napoleon dynasty born under the Empire; and the announcement of his birth was greeted with salutes

of artillery from Paris to the remotest post held by the Grand Army. He was baptized with great pomp by his relative, Cardinal Fesch, at Fontainebleau, in 1810, his sponsors being the Emperor Napoleon I. and the Empress Marie Louise. His early years were passed amidst the falling fortunes of his house, and his boyhood and early manhood in exile. He saw but little of his father in consequence of a separation between his parents, but received the constant and watchful care of one of the best of mothers. He was studious, quiet, and thoughtful beyond his years. He was generous to a fault, and there are several well authenticated stories of the marked degree in which this trait developed itself during his childhood.

Upon one occasion, having been forbidden by his tutor to go beyond the walls of his mother's garden, he was seen making his way to his room without coat, hat, or shoes, although the snow lay on the ground. He was endeavoring to avoid observation when he was discovered by his mother, who at once demanded to know the cause of his strange plight. After considerable urging, he told her that he had seen a poor family go by the garden-gate, in great destitution, and had given his hat to one of the poor children, his coat to another, and his shoes to the third.

Upon reaching manhood, he was the possessor of an excellent education, and excelled in athletic sports. Soon after this he became engaged in the Roman revolt of 1830, and showed such high military talent that he was given an important command. His father, wishing to draw him from the revolt, set to work to neutralize his influence, and succeeded in doing so. The outbreak proved a failure, and those concerned in it were obliged to seek safety in flight. Louis Napoleon lost his elder brother by sickness in the attempt to escape, and was with great difficulty gotten out

of Italy by his mother. Being anxious to return to his native country, he asked permission to dwell in France, but was refused by the government of Louis Philippe, which feared to allow the heir of the Great Emperor to return to the people who loved him so well. Condemned thus to unmerited exile, he went with his mother to Switzerland, where he resided with her for several years, devoting himself to study and athletic pursuits. He was a great favorite with the Swiss, and received from them many proofs of their high regard for him. He achieved an enviable reputation as an author, during his residence here, by the publication of several works of high character. He was offered the hand of the young Queen of Portugal, but declined it.

In his twenty-eighth year he made his first effort to retrieve the fortunes of his family and win back the crown that had been wrested from his uncle by the combined world. He had every reason to believe that he would be successful. Louis Philippe and his ministers constantly exhibited the greatest fear of him, proving by their conduct the popularity of his cause with the nation; and he was given proofs innumerable that the French people not only would sustain him in an effort to drive out the Bourbons, but were anxious for him to make the attempt. In 1836 he made his famous effort at Strasbourg. He was unsuccessful, and was captured, and, without trial, was hurried out of the country to America. He remained here only a short time, and then went back to Europe in time to stand by the death-bed of the mother he loved so tenderly. He remained in Switzerland until the French Government threatened that country with war if it did not expel him. The Swiss would have stood by him to the last, and even went so far as to take up arms in his defence, but he gen

erously removed all cause for hostilities by voluntarily abandoning his home and retiring to England. There he devoted himself to literary pursuits, and in August, 1840, made a second attempt, this time at Boulogne, to get possession of the French throne. He was again unsuccessful, and was made a prisoner. He was tried before a court composed of his enemies, and sentenced to imprisonment. The Government was anxious to condemn him to death, but was too well convinced that the people would not permit such a step to venture upon it. The Prince was therefore sent to the Castle of Ham, a gloomy old fortress of the Middle Ages, where he remained a prisoner for nearly six years. In May, 1846, he effected his escape in a most marvellous manner, and succeeded in reaching England.

Upon the organization of the Republic of 1848, Louis Napoleon was elected by several departments to a seat in the National Assembly. The extreme Republicans, or Socialists, who were as much his enemies as the Bourbons had been, endeavored to embarrass him, and even to arrest him in order to prevent his taking his seat, but the popular will was too strong to be resisted, and he passed over from England to France, and entered upon his duties. He was soon after elected President of the French Republic by a majority of more than three and a half millions of votes over all his rivals. He was duly installed in his office, but was harassed and vexed with a factious opposition which crippled France and paralyzed all its resources. As the only means of saving the country from ruin he inaugurated a series of measures, commencing on the 2d of December, 1851, by which he overthrew the National Assembly and its supporters, and secured all the power to himself. He appealed to the people to pass judgment on his conduct, and they replied by electing

him President for ten years, with increased powers; and soon after raised him to the throne of France by the largest popular vote ever polled in the country. The Empire was established on the 1st of December, 1852, and the next day the Emperor made his public entry into Paris, and took up his residence at the Tuileries. In January, 1853, he married the young and beautiful Countess of Teba, by whom he has had one son, born in March, 1856.

The leading events of the reign of Napoleon III., may be summed up as follows: The successful war with Russia, the freeing of Italy, and the elevation of his country to the highest state of glory and material prosperity she has ever known. His Mexican venture proved a failure, but I am much mistaken if time does not vindicate his course in connection with it; but even if this should not be so, the affair will be but one failure in a long list of successful great deeds.

As a Ruler, the Emperor is wiser and firmer than any that has sat on the French throne since the days of the founder of his dynasty, and compares only with him. His natural and acquired gifts were from his early manhood too decided to allow him to lead a life of mediocrity, and he had already won fame as a writer, before he achieved the renown as a statesman which will hand his name down to posterity. Possessing moral and physical courage of the highest order, he has never shrunk from any trial into which his duty called him. He has faced death more than once, and has encountered the opposition of the world for the sake of his political convictions. He has conferred benefits innumerable upon every part of his country, and has gradually placed her in a condition of assured prosperity and greatness, which will last long after he has passed away. He is one of the few monarchs of the world who have dared to do right from principle. Unmoved by popular denunciation, he has silently

pursued his course, and has had the rare fortune of seeing almost every act vindicated and sustained by the course of events. Nothing but his wonderful moral courage and more than heroic firmness saved Europe from a desolating war, in 1859, and gave Italy time to build up her nationality. Even though the Italians hated and cursed him, and even plotted against his life, he worked for them faithfully and silently, and, more than all, successfully. Whatever Italy may be in the future she will owe to him, for he not only fought for her in 1859, but he alone kept back her enemies and gave her an opportunity of completing the organization which has made her people one.

Having experienced both adversity and good fortune, the Emperor is not the man to place an unreal value upon life, or to underestimate its duties. The firmness with which he supported his misfortunes is equalled by the dignity with which he has borne his honors. No misfortune could crush him, and no success unduly elate him. He has never spared himself, and he is naturally exacting of those who work with him. Yet he is kind and generous to his friends, and merciful to his enemies. He has but two great passions—his country and his little family. He is very feeble in health, but is, perhaps, the most industrious man, the hardest worker in Europe. His disposition is said to be wonderfully cheerful and hopeful, even amidst the severest trials and sufferings. Only a little while ago, I saw a most interesting letter, describing the terrible sufferings of the Emperor, and the patient and gentle manner in which he endured them, and his unvarying kindness to those attendant upon him.

During his early life the Emperor was rather free in his habits, and his present troubles are said to be due to his dissipation at that time as well as to the severe labors of his maturer years. You will hear all sorts of gossip in Paris

about him. Doubtless there is truth in some of the reports that are afloat, but there can be no doubt that the majority of them are pure libels. You will be told these things with a minuteness which could not be equalled by one who never lost sight of his Majesty for a single moment. Remarks are attributed to him—the most silent and discreet of men—which the merest simpleton would not give utterance to. Even his most sacred relationships are pried into and gossipped about with a recklessness and audacity truly Parisian. The Emperor keeps his own counsel about this, but he must be more than human if he is not annoyed by it.

Amongst other stories told about him is the following: While he was living in England he became enamored of a young lady of wealth and position, and offered her his hand. She immediately refused him, for he was then poor and in exile, and she did not share the hope that cheered his poverty. He took his rejection in good part, and did not renew his advances. After he became President of the Republic of 1848, the lady, still young and beautiful, thinking that he might not have forgotten his early love, repaired to Paris, and showed herself obtrusively at the receptions at the *Elysée*. President Bonaparte winked prodigiously hard, it is said, but was not slow in convincing the lady that he saw through her little game, and that her efforts were useless.

The Paris gossips tell you that his Majesty has not always been a model husband, viewed according to our Anglo Saxon notions. Rumor has given him mistresses by the score, and he is charged with intrigues almost innumerable, many of them of an utterly improbable nature. The truth is, doubtless, that the Emperor like the rest of his countrymen, regards an affair of this kind as admissable to say the least, and has engaged in them at times. There is, of course, no proof either against him or in his favor, but it is very certain that

two-thirds, if not all, of the people of Paris religiously believe the stories that are told concerning him. How these stories originate, it is difficult to tell, but as a specimen of them, the reader may take the following:

"Since the marriage of the Emperor he has been attracted by the potent charms of at least two women, who have succeeded in leading him into lamentable lapses from conjugal fidelity. The first of these was Mademoiselle Lautre, a young *prima donna* of the Grand Opera of Paris. This lady was very beautiful, and very talented; and she so directed the expressive glances of her dark voluptuous eyes towards the Imperial box, as to succeed in planting a love-dart in the bosom of its chief occupant. Her salary was immediately doubled; and when the fascinating *cantatrice* complained to her Imperial lover in a moment of tenderness that the Opera House was very badly arranged to display the peculiar merits of her voice, he instantly replied: 'Set fire to it, and I will build you another.' But the fair artist was deficient, not in beauty, nor in passion, but in discretion; and the *liaison* did not very long continue.

"The second *inamorata* of the Emperor since his marriage was the noble and beautiful Countess de Castiglione. This lady was a native of Milan in Lombardy, and she belonged to one of those ancient and distinguished Lombard families, a portion of whom reside in Piedmont. Both at Turin and at Milan the ladies of the Castiglione family have long been renowned for their great beauty. Madame Castiglione had a good-natured husband, with whom she lived apparently on the best possible terms. She was not only a beautiful woman, but was also highly intellectual, accomplished, and refined. She never assumed the airs of a mistress, or the authority of a favorite, during the period of her connection with the Emperor. Her high birth and breeding prevented any such dis-

play of vulgarity; but certain it is that, for a time, the spell which she cast upon the Imperial mind and fancy was powerful in the extreme. The gentle Eugénie strove in vain to conjure against the fascinating Italian magician. Time at length accomplished for the Empress what her own charms had failed to do; and an incident occurred on the 30th of April, 1857, which showed publicly that the reign of the haughty daughter of Italy, for some mysterious and unknown reason had terminated. The Emperor and Empress were present at the revival of a well-known and admired opera written by Etienne and Nicolo, called *Joconde*. A popular romance closes with these words:

"'On devient infidèle
On court de belle en belle,
Mais on revient toujours,
A ses premiers amours.'"

Which may be rendered as follows:

"'Oft we turn from fair to fair,
Faithless as the summer air,
But wherever we may rove,
Still we turn to our first love.'

"When this couplet was recited, Louis Napoleon looked significantly at the Empress, and nodded his head so decidedly, that the audience at once remarked and applauded the act. Eugénie blushed profusely, yet smiled sweetly in token of her joy. The very next day the fair and proud Countess de Castiglione started, with her complacent husband, for Italy."

I heard a story connected with the reign of this same Countess, which is worth repeating, though I cannot vouch for its truth. A State ball was given at the Tuileries. The Countess was present, and was the object of the marked attentions of the Emperor. Suddenly there was a commotion

in the throng of guests, and in an instant they gave way as if some grand dignitary was approaching. The Emperor and his fair companion naturally turned to see the cause of this movement, and the lady beheld a sight which set her Italian blood on fire. A small poodle dog was advancing up the hall, clad in the exact counterfeit of the costume worn by the Countess. The imitation was perfect, and the dog seemed highly delighted with its good fortune. The insult was keen, and went straight to the mark, as was meant. The Emperor at once set on foot an investigation to discover the author of the "outrage," but soon dropped it, as he found that the affair was gotten up by order of the Empress, who had adopted this means of humiliating her rival.

It is likely, however, that many of the stories are not true, for there can be no doubt of the fact that the Imperial family constitute in themselves one of the happiest and most devoted households in the world. Their mode of life is simple and pleasant, and they find their greatest pleasure in each other. One who had been admitted to the little circle, once said to me that she had never seen a more charming man than the Emperor, in his own family. The mode of life of the Imperial family is thus described in a letter written two years ago. Since then the General Rollin mentioned in it has died:

"At seven o'clock the Emperor enters his closet. The first persons his Majesty receives are Dr. Conneau, the manager of the Imperial charities, and M. Th. Melin, the treasurer of the privy purse. They come to report the alms they distributed the previous day, and to receive instructions for the distributions to be made during the day. When they leave his Majesty they repair to the Empress and to the Imperial prince, who young as he is, already has his poor and his wretched dependents. After their departure, M. Conti, the chief secretary, and M. Pietri, the private secretary, come to

report the petitions addressed to his Majesty on the previous day, and to receive his orders thereupon. These visits occupy his Majesty until ten o'clock. Then Felix introduces the learned men, writers and artists from whom his Majesty has ordered work, and who come to present it. A little before twelve o'clock, M., the grand officers (grand chamberlain, etc.) come to the Imperial closet to make their respective reports.

"At twelve o'clock the Emperor goes up stairs to breakfast in the Empress's rooms. There is nobody present at this breakfast except his Majesty, the Empress and the Imperial prince. The meal lasts about half an hour. The Emperor then remains some time to talk with his son and with the officers and ladies of service. He then returns to his closet and the audiences begin. They are given to ministers, ambassadors, presidents of senate, council of State, and legislative chamber, the higher functionaries of State, who wish to see the Emperor, and to persons to whom his Majesty grants a special audience. These audiences are rarely ended before three or four o'clock. Then the Emperor drives out to the Bois de Boulogne or to visit public works, manufactories, or charitable institutions. He commonly returns to the Tuileries by six o'clock.

"Dinner is served at seven. The Emperor, Empress, and Imperial prince, and all the service, are present at this meal. By the expression, all the service, is meant the aides-de-camp, ordnance officers, chamberlains, equerries, and the ladies-in-waiting. At State dinners the Empress sits in front of his Majesty; on these ordinary dinners she sits by the Emperor's side. General Rollin, the adjutant-general of the palace, sits in front of their Majesties. On the Emperor's left is the 'grand day' lady-in-waiting; on General Rollin's right is the 'petty day' lady-in-waiting. The 'grand day' lady-in-wait

ing is the lady who in turn of service is of precedence; for instance, she rides out with the Empress when her Majesty takes a drive; while the 'petty day' lady remains at the palace or rides in the second or third carriage. As the two ladies-in-waiting, who are each week of service alternately, and each in turn, the first in the cycle of service, they are respectively called the 'grand day' lady-in-waiting or the 'petty day' lady in-waiting, according to the order of their service. The ordnance officers are likewise alternately the 'grand day' and the 'petty day' ordnance officer. As there is but one aide-de-camp, and as he is, next to General Rollin, the highest in grade of the persons at the table, he commonly sits on the Empress's right.

"After dinner their Majesties go to the drawing-room. They remain there about an hour, which is spent in conversation or in playing some game of calculation or skill. Cards are never seen at the Tuileries. The favorite occupation of these after dinner hours recently, was the construction of working people's houses. The Emperor and Empress, who give a great deal of thought to this, build small houses with bits of wood and pasteboard. Each had his own plan, executed it in the evening, and defended it against the criticisms and objections of other persons. We shall next year see the Emperor and Empress figure as exhibitors with their working-people's houses at the Universal Exhibition. About nine or ten o'clock the Emperor returns to his closet, and works until he goes to bed."

This closet, or cabinet, is said to be a curious room, being more for work than for ornament. Yet everything is scrupulously neat, for the Emperor is a dear lover of order, and it is said to be one of his chief amusements to change the arrangement of his books and the other contents of the room, according to the whim of the moment. It has been the scene

of hard work, too, for apart from his engrossing duties as the chief of the State, the Emperor is one of the closest and most industrious students of modern times. Since his elevation to the throne he has published his masterly life of Cæsar and a number of pamphlets to which he has not affixed his name. These works have more than sustained the early reputation that he won in the field of letters. He is well read in the literature of the day, and is a warm friend to struggling genius of all kinds.

"The Emperor," says a recent Paris letter, "cannot bear to have solemn people about him. He insists upon business being treated with the ease and airiness men of the world should carry into every transaction of life. He likes versatile men, who can in his study, treat the gravest public questions, and in his dining-room give wings to the hours by curious anecdotes or happy repartee. The Emperor prides himself on possessing these social faculties which throw buoyancy into the heaviest business, and has a contempt for men who lack them."

No wonder he is fond of cheerfulness, for his is a weary lot—to work so hard for an ungrateful people. He has the most tired face in Europe. Time has left its marks upon him, and he is looking old, but the shadow that is deepening on his brow is weariness, not age. Call him tyrant, usurper, what you will; but when he is gone will those who are left watch over his France with such sleepless vigilance? Will they toil as he has done with brain and heart for her greatness and prosperity? Whatever he has been to others, he has been faithful and true to her, and she will miss him when he is taken away.

II.

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

When the Emperor Napoleon found himself securely seated on the throne of France, he began to look about him for a partner to share his crown. It is said that his first wish was to ally himself with some of the Royal families of Europe; but royalty turned up its nose at the "upstart," as the old fogies called him, and declined his offer. This brought him to his senses, and determined him to pursue the only course consistent with his history—to wed a woman of his own rank, who like himself sprang from the people, and could share his sympathy with them. Discarding all notions of State policy, he determined to please himself, and make what is usually known as a "love match."

During the winter and spring succeeding the establishment of the Empire, the brilliant society of Paris received an acquisition in the beautiful and accomplished Eugénie de Montijo, Countess of Teba, daughter of the dowager Countess of Montijo. The history of the beautiful stranger is most interesting, and is thus related by Mr. Abbot, in his Life of Napoleon III.

"In the City of Malaga, in Southern Spain, there was, half a century ago, in one of its streets called St. Juan de Dios, a stately mansion, which was the favorite resort of all the most refined and intellectual society in the city. Mr. Kirkpatrick, a Scotch gentleman, opulent, and engaged in extensive trade, occupied the mansion. It is said that he was at that time British Consul at the port of Malaga. He had married a Spanish lady of position and accomplishments—Signora Francisca Gravisne. Three daughters of remarkable beauty

and attractions—Maria, Carlotta, and Henriqueta—were the ornaments of their household.

"As all strangers of distinction were welcomed at their hospitable board, and as the best native society of Malaga met in their drawing-rooms, the young ladies enjoyed every advantage from the combined influence of English intelligence and Spanish grace; and the family, in its social attractions, stood at the head of society in Malaga. Of the three daughters —Maria, Carlotta, and Henriqueta—the eldest, Maria, was described as a brunette developing the richest style of Spanish beauty. She was tall, of exquisitely moulded form, with piercing black eyes, and very animated features.

"Carlotta, the second daughter, blended more of the Saxon element in her frame. She was a blonde, with light hair, and a very pure, fair complexion; and the connoisseurs in beauty disputed as to which of the two sisters had the highest claims to personal loveliness. The renown of the family was such, that it was considered a great distinction to obtain an introduction to their *salon*.

"A Spanish gentleman of noble birth, large fortune, and much celebrity for his military achievements—Cipriano Palafox, Count de Teba—married Maria. Like many others of the most noble men in Spain, weary of the miserable government of the Spanish Bourbons, he had welcomed the efforts of Napoleon to rescue the Peninsula from the tyranny of the old *régime*, and to infuse into the government the principles of popular liberty to which the Revolution had given birth. He had consequently fought in coöperation with the French army; and he bore many wounds in attestation of his zeal and bravery.

"The marriage of Cipriano Palafox, Count de Teba, to Maria Kirkpatrick, took place in 1819. Maria accompanied her husband to Madrid, where she was presented at court.

Her beauty and her brilliant mental endowments rendered her a great favorite with the Queen, Maria Christina, and she was soon appointed to the most distinguished female office in the court—that of first lady of honor.

"Carlotta soon after this married her cousin, an Englishman, the son of John Kirkpatrick, her father's brother. John Kirkpatrick was paymaster, under the Duke of Wellington, until the downfall of Napoleon. He afterwards became a banker in Paris. The third daughter, Henriqueta, married a wealthy sugar-planter, Count Caborras, the proprietor of a fine plantation near Velez Malaga.

"Cipriano Palafox, in addition to his title of Count de Teba, inherited the title and fortune of his elder brother, Count Montijo, who died as captain-general of Andalusia. Maria enjoyed but a few years of married life. Cipriano soon died, leaving her *enceinte*. On the 5th of May, 1826, or, according to some authorities, in 1824, she gave birth to a daughter, to whom she gave the name of Eugénie. The child was very beautiful and very attractive. As her mother was in possession of a large fortune, and was a conspicuous member of the Spanish court, which was celebrated for its splendor and its punctilios of etiquette, Eugénie enjoyed every advantage which any one could possess for polished culture, from infancy she was trained in the observance of all courtly forms.

"Blending in her person the blood of the English and Spanish races, she is said to blend in her character the best qualities of both nations. Her excellent mother secured for her a finished education. As she matured, she developed extraordinary loveliness of person, brightness of intellect, and all those social charms which can captivate the heart. Speaking English, Spanish, and French with equal fluency, the distinguished of all countries gathered around her, and

were alike fascinated with her beauty, her amiability, and her sparkling intelligence. 'Her beauty was delicate and fair, from her English ancestry; whilst her grace was all Spanish, and her wit all French.'

"It will be remembered that one of Eugénie's aunts had married a cousin, an English gentleman, who subsequently became a banker in Paris. Soon after the accession of Louis Napoleon to power, Eugénie, with the title of Countess de Teba, accompanying her mother the Countess de Montijo, visited the French metropolis.

"Instantly the young Spanish beauty attracted attention and admiration. She was introduced to the court and at once was recognized as one of its most conspicuous ornaments. She had been religiously educated, scrupulously conforming her conduct to the doctrines and the rites of the Catholic Church, in whose communion she had been born, and in whose tenets she had been thoroughly instructed. Her character had ever been that of an earnest and devout Christian. 'There is not one well authenticated adventure which can be told to her disadvantage.'"

The beauty and accomplishments of the young Countess at once attracted the attention of Napoleon, and it was soon rumored that she was to share his throne. This rumor was confirmed on the 22d of January, 1853, by the official announcement by the Emperor to the Senate, of his approaching marriage. On this occasion, the Emperor spoke of his intended bride as follows:

"She who has been the object of my preference is of princely descent. French in heart, by education, and the recollection of the blood shed by her father in the cause of the Empire, she has, as a Spaniard, the advantage of not having in France a family to whom it might be necessary to give honors and fortune. Endowed with all the

qualities of the mind, she will be the ornament of the throne. In the day of danger she would be one of its courageous supporters. A Catholic, she will address to heaven the same prayers with me for the happiness of France. In fine, by her grace and her goodness, she will, I firmly hope, endeavor to revive in the same position the virtues of the Empress Josephine.

"I come then, gentlemen, to announce that I have preferred the woman whom I love and whom I respect, to one who is unknown, and whose alliance would have had advantages mingled with sacrifices. Without despising any one, I yet yield to my inclinations, after having taking counsel with my reason and my convictions. In fine, by placing independence, the qualities of the heart, domestic happiness, above dynastic prejudices and the calculations of ambition, I shall not be less strong because I shall be more free.

"Proceeding immediately to the Notre Dame, I shall present the Empress to the people and to the army. The confidence which they have in me assures me of their sympathy; and you, gentlemen, on better knowing her whom I have chosen, will agree that on this occasion, as on some others, I have been inspired by Providence."

The civil marriage of the Emperor and the Countess of Teba was celebrated at the Tuileries on the 29th of January, 1853, and the religious ceremonies took place the next day (Sunday) at Notre Dame. The grand old church was decorated with great magnificence, and was filled with an august assemblage. The Emperor and Empress sat on two thrones in front of the high altar, and the Archbishop of Paris, assisted by a gorgeous array of priests, performed the nuptial ceremony.

Besides winning one of the most beautiful women in

Paris, the Emperor found a good wife. In private life the Empress has set a noble example in all the womanly virtues to the people of her country. She has been a good wife and mother, and has gained a hold upon the affections of the French people which is said to be stronger even than that possessed by the Emperor himself. Her devotion to her family is her strongest feeling. Upon one occasion, when an attempt was made to assassinate the Emperor and herself, she exhibited this feeling in a marked degree. It was night, and the Imperial carriage, which was on its way to the opera, had been terribly injured by the explosion of an infernal machine, which had killed and wounded a number of the attendants. Some one, wishing to make sure of the safety of their Majesties, opened the carriage-door hurriedly, and the Empress, supposing it was an assassin, threw herself before her husband to receive the blow she supposed intended for him. Nor was courage the only virtue which this affair caused her to display. Although the efforts of the assassins had been directed against her own life and her husband's she exerted herself to save them from the doom they so richly merited, and even succeeded in averting the death penalty from one of the least prominent.

During the recent prevalence of the cholera in Paris, the Empress was foremost in the efforts to give relief to the sufferers, and did not shrink from the trying ordeal of visiting the plague hospitals and speaking words of hope and comfort to the sufferers. Several of the ladies of her Court desired to accompany her, but she refused to allow them to do so, saying that although her duty required her to incur the risk which would attend her visit, there was no reason why they should subject themselves to the danger of the infection

Those who have seen her Majesty in private, describe her as exceedingly pleasant and artless in her manners. Her

disposition is naturally tender and impetuous. She is said to find her high rank rather irksome at times, as it frequently compels her to control the impulsive and affectionate outbursts of her nature, and assume the cold and stately manners of the court society. She has been the constant attendant of her husband and son in their frequent illnesses, and seems to find her highest pleasures in their society.

Her beauty and grace, as well as her exquisite taste in matters of dress, are too well known to need mention here.

She is a devout Catholic. Indeed her people say that her leaning towards the Church is a little too decided for a French Sovereign, and you will hear complaints that she is too much under Jesuitical influences. Excess of religion is so much of novelty in an occupant of the French throne, that it should not be hastily condemned, but we may hope that her Majesty will find before it is too late that the interests of her people are too radically opposed to those of Jesuitism to permit of any harmony between them. Rumor has it that the most intimate friend and confidante of her Majesty is one Sister Patrocinio, a Spanish Nun, who is thus described in a recent Paris letter:

"A strange figure, indeed, is this busy Patrocinio. Her dress is of black serge, with a long-peaked waist; her skirt, which sweeps the ground, is full and thickly plaited; a stiff, fluted ruff encircles her neck and reminds one of the old Spanish portraits of the Middle Ages; a broad cambric band is laid across her forehead; over this a black veil, which falls on both sides of her face, and on the top, when out in the streets or to church, a broad felt hat, somewhat raised at the sides—a kind of Flemish riding headpiece that carries one back to the Fifteenth Century. She is generally accompanied by the chaplain of her little flock at Montmorency, and comes in by the first train every morning to St. Sulpice. After

mass she returns to the Spanish nuns, receives visitors from all the grandees and calls on princesses and ambassadresses. Her features are sharp and angular, her lips compressed, her cheeks hollow; her eyes are full, round and of intense lustre. Such is the confidante of an ex-queen and reigning Empress. The energy of Sister Patrocinio is undoubted."

Her Majesty is very charitable, and has made many friends by the quiet but liberal manner in which she has sought to relieve distress of all kinds. Upon the occasion of her marriage, the City of Paris voted a very large sum for the purchase of diamonds for her, leaving her to select the jewels. She accepted the gift, but with characteristic generosity applied it to the foundation of a charitable institution for the education of young girls belonging to the working classes.

At the outbreak of the Italian war, one of the regiments of the Imperial Guard, on its way to Italy, stopped at the Tuileries to receive its colors. The *Cantinière* of the regiment presented herself at the office of the Secretary of the Empress, with her child, a little girl, six or eight years old, and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I leave you my child. Conduct her to the Empress. I know that she will take good care of her until I return from Austria."

She then departed leaving the child. The Empress was at once informed of the circumstance, and had the child well cared for at her private expense until the mother came back from the war.

A very striking illustration of the popularity of the Imperial family was afforded at the departure of the Emperor from Paris to assume the command of the army in Italy, in 1859. Upon this occasion the Empress accompanied her husband to the Lyons railway station to bid him *adieu*.

"The carriages proceeded slowly through the thronged streets, followed but not surrounded by the guard. The

workmen of Paris had nearly all abandoned their shops that they might bid the Emperor adieu. The carriages passed along the Rue de Rivoli, the Rue Saint Antoine, to the Place de la Bastille. The sidewalks, the windows, the roofs of the houses, were crowded with spectators; and the greeting with which the Emperor everywhere was met was enthusiastic in the highest degree. The streets were hung with flags and garlanded with flowers. Everywhere shouts arose of 'Vive l'Empereur!' 'Victoire!' 'Dieu vous garde!' The Empress sat with one hand fondly clasped in the hand of the Emperor; she could not conceal the tears which flooded her eyes. The people could freely approach their Sovereign; and, as the carriage passed slowly along, many came up, and affectionately addressed their Majesties.

"When they arrived at the Place de la Bastille, the crowd was found to be immense. The workmen, in their enthusiasm, endeavored to remove the horses, that they might triumphantly drag the carriage themselves. The Emperor, with manifest emotion, addressed them, saying:

"'My friends, do not delay me. Time is precious.'

"They immediately desisted, but with deafening shouts of 'Vive l'Empereur!' The carriage was now entirely surrounded by the multitude. The pathetic and ludicrous were blended in the remarks which were addressed to their Majesties. One said, 'Do not forget us if you want any more soldiers.' Another exclaimed, 'Sire, you have victory in your eyes.' A woman, noticing the tears which freely coursed down the cheeks of the Empress, with true womanly sympathy, said, 'Don't cry, he will soon come back again;' while a sturdy man, leaning his head into the carriage, said, 'Don't cry, don't cry! We will take care of you and the boy.'"*

* Abbott's Life of Napoleon III.

During the absence of the Emperor, in Italy, the Empress acted as Regent of the Empire. In delegating his powers to her, the Emperor gave to the world the highest proof of his confidence in her wisdom and judgment.

III.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

THREE years after the marriage of the Imperial pair, their happiness and the hopes of the nation were crowned by the birth of a son. For several days previous to the auspicious event indications were not wanting to the Parisians that it was near at hand. "Finally it could be no longer mistaken. The hurried movements about the palace; the hushed and stealthy manner of the guards and attendants at the doors; the galloping of dragoons through the streets, all gave token that something of more than ordinary importance was transpiring. Throughout the city the suppressed tone of business, and the earnest, heartfelt anxiety manifested by every one, told eloquently how the kindness and womanly virtues of the Empress had won for her the hearts of the people. The trial of the Empress was more than usually severe, and there was need for all the sympathy that was bestowed upon her. Those who saw the Emperor upon this occasion bear witness to the complete change that seemed to come over him. The calm, grave face, ordinarily so impervious a mask to the secrets of the master mind of Europe, was now softened and full of tenderness, revealing in every feature the keen anxiety he felt for her who was so dear to him. He placed in his wife's hands a *reliquaire*, which was the gift of Hortense, and begged her to remember that the prayers and hopes of the whole nation were with her in that time of trial. The

mother of the Empress, overcome with grief and anxiety, pleaded hard with the physicians to alleviate, by what means they could, her daughter's sufferings. At length, when the city was plunged in slumber, and the members of the court were almost overcome with fatigue, the heroic courage of the Empress was rewarded, and the 'son of France' was born—the Princes Napoleon and Murat being the selected witnesses of the happy event."

The guns of the *Invalides* announced the news to the sleeping citizens. As the heavy discharges thundered through the silent streets, rousing the people from their slumbers, they were counted eagerly. One hundred guns—the signal of the birth of a Princess—were fired, and the excitement became intense. One hundred and one proclaimed to the delighted city that its dearest hopes were realized, and that the Empress had given birth to a boy.

The young Prince was born on the 16th of March, 1856, and on the 14th of June, was baptized, with great pomp, by Cardinal Patrizzi, who had been sent to Paris by the Pope for that especial purpose. He received the name of Napoleon, Louis, Eugène, Jean, Joseph.

Great rejoicings were held in Paris and throughout France, at the birth of the little Prince. The theatres were thrown open, and illuminations and fireworks crowned the night of the 14th. The Emperor signalized the occasion by many acts of clemency and generosity. M. Dubois, the physician who had attended the Empress during her confinement, received a fee of forty thousand francs, and his assistants were handsomely rewarded; the employees of the palace had their salaries doubled; the dragoons on guard were served with extra rations of wine from the Imperial cellars; and every boy and girl born on the happy day became the godchildren of the Imperial pair. Lastly the Emperor granted a general amnesty to all political offenders banished

from France, who would return and take the oath of allegiance to him.

Naturally the Prince Imperial has been the object of the tenderest and most anxious care on the part of his parents. The Emperor has striven to rear him in such a manner as to fit him for the high station he will one day be called to fill. He has the best of tutors, and every care is taken to develop to the highest degree whatever native talent he may possess, and it is said that he is unusually bright and intelligent. In person he resembles his mother, having really but little of the Bonaparte about his features. A letter written a couple of years ago on the eleventh birthday of the little fellow, speaks of him as follows:

"Louis Napoleon, Jr., was, last Saturday, the 16th instant, just eleven years an inhabitant of this earth. Indisposition from a surgical operation, necessitated by a fall while exercising, prevented the usual rejoicings. The theatres and other public buildings, however, were brilliantly illuminated. The Emperor, with his usual generosity, dispensed large sums for charitable purposes, and many prisoners received their discharge, and others had their punishments commuted. No monarch, probably, now lives, or ever has lived, who has received so practical an education in political and social life, and who appreciates more thoroughly the value of such, than the one who occupies the throne of France. 'Tis natural, therefore, that he should not only wish his son to receive a similar tuition, but that he should understand how to govern himself.

"Monsieur Bachon, who is *par excellence*, the instructor in horsemanship, was a short time since giving young Imperial his lesson. Not satisfied with the unhandsome manner with which his little pupil seated himself, he requested him to change.

"'Monseigneur, I pray you, ride properly, or I shall cause you to dismount.'

"The child not heeding the request, Monsieur Bachon gently slid him to the sawdust, where he stretched himself at full length, regardless of the entreaties to get up.

"'Monseigneur, I ask you as a favor, to arise, or I shall be compelled to walk the horse over your Majesty.'

"He soon remounted, and continued his lesson with perfect obedience. The Emperor now entering, the little fellow runs and exclaims:

"'Papa, Bachon made me——'

"'How, Bachon?'

"'Yes, papa, Bachon——'

"'Say Monsieur Bachon.'

"Whereupon the infant equestrian remained silent, when his father informed him that the teacher not only did right, but had obeyed his express orders. The next day the Prince being with his teacher, checked his horse a moment, and with a sweet smile:

"'Monsieur Bachon, will you permit me, just for shortness, to call you Bachon, when we are alone?'

"'No, Monseigneur; your father has forbid me.'

"'But when we are alone and nobody can hear, it will make me so much pleasure.'

"'Very well,' said Monsieur B.; 'but when we are *tout seule*.'

"Your lady readers may wish to know what kind of a lad this is. His hair is nearly black, and brushed from his forehead; eyes of medium size, and blue; nose well formed, and a chin just prominent enough to support as pretty a mouth and pair of lips as any lady may wish to kiss. His face is oval, somewhat resembling his mother's, and when talking, the entire expression is exceedingly sweet. I happened at 'Clereman's' little boudoir—the successor of 'Houdin,' the

prestidigitateur—when the Prince entered with his tutor. Being but within a few feet of him, I was quite interested in his perfectly childlike manners. He appeared to understand how all the tricks were done, and remained until the close of the performances."

His little highness is said to be unusually precocious. Several stories are related of this feature of his character. I was told that the Emperor, after dinner one day, proposed the health of the new president of the Imperial commission for the Great Exhibition of 1867, and asked the Prince Imperial to reply. The child said he had been taken by surprise, and had not been prepared for his father's toast. The Emperor said he must at least return thanks. "Well," said the prince, "all I have got to say is, that I regret being too young to be of any service to French industry."

Another writer gives the following account of some of the recreations of the Prince and his parents at St. Cloud:

"The Empress and her ladies love to spend whole afternoons at the extremity of the Orangerie, in a reserved garden called by Marie Antoinette 'Felicité,' the name it still goes by. It is between the chateau and two waterfalls on the western side. Here the trees form porticoes all round, and here it is the Imperial Prince takes his gymnastic lessons. In one corner of this garden is an arbor, under which are two plain chairs and a rustic table. This accommodation is for the Emperor and Empress, when they are invited by their son to come and see him perform the duties of train master, stoker, engineer, guard, and signal bearer in one. He has a perfected engine, rails, a set of first and second-class cars, and every appliance used for steam locomotion. He has learned the management of a railway train on this mechanical master-piece, and sometimes distresses the public by upsetting the whole affair down a rapid bank, when the passengers, figured by large effigies, get turned out, run over,

smashed, and a terrible excitement ensues. It amuses the Emperor exceedingly to puzzle the boy with questions about tariffs, distances, weight of luggage, etc. It is not the first time a prince has been a mechanic at St. Cloud. The Duke of Chartres, in the year 1784, here went up in a balloon of his contrivance, and, alas! got so alarmed when he felt himself going up, up, up, without the power of getting down, down, down, that he burst his invention with a penknife, and fell with extraordinary rapidity in a pond of filthy mud. His appearance and that of his attire can be fancied when people ran to his rescue."

The little Prince has not led a life of perfect happiness. His health has always been delicate, and he has passed much of his childhood in positive pain and suffering. For a long time it was not believed possible that he could live, but lately his health appears to have improved.

"Some years since the Imperial Prince was seriously ill. Medical men differed upon the nature of his disease. The majority of them were of opinion there was an inflammation of the thigh bone at the hip-joint. Dr. Nelaton was summoned in consultation. He made a diagnosis, and deduced from it that there was an abscess in the thigh near the hip-joint. He was alone in his opinion. His arguments failed to convince the other medical men. The decision of the proper course to adopt involved great responsibility. Were there no abscess, and merely inflammation of the hip-joint, the knife would aggravate the inflammation, and superinduce erysipelas, or caries, or gangrene. On the other hand, were no operation made, the same results would be superinduced by the absorption of the virus from the abscess. Dr. Nelaton was positively of his opinion; the Emperor said to him: 'Do you assume all the responsibility of the operation?' 'Unquestionably, sire.' 'Then perform the operation.' Chloroform was given to the Imperial Prince. As soon as insensi-

bility was complete Dr. Nelaton began his incisions. He was not the man to require the apostrophe Napoleon addressed to Dr. Dubois when the delivery of Marie Louise drew near: 'Doctor, be as cool as if your patient was the wife of a tradesman in the Rue St. Denis.' Dr. Nelaton handled his knife as calmly, quietly, deliberately as if he stood in the amphitheatre of the Hospital de la Charité. The Emperor, pale, anxious, turned with knitted brows to the window, and drummed on its panes with his nervous, restless fingers. As Dr. Nelaton's knife drew near the thigh joint, one of the surgeons present, exclaimed: 'Ah! you see there is no abscess!' The Emperor turned suddenly around, and involuntarily laid his hand on Dr. Nelaton's arm, as if to entreat him to mangle wantonly his son no more. Dr. Nelaton gently put aside the Emperor's hand, and without losing in the least degree his calmness, said, 'I beg pardon, sire, there is an abscess.' As he spoke, he thrust, with a sure, steady hand, his knife deep into the thigh, and as he withdrew it, the pus flowed out, and the Prince Imperial was saved."

The Prince is said to have borne his sufferings with great firmness, and to have exhibited presence of mind and self-control unusual in one so young. His chief object seems to have been to spare his parents the pain which the sight of his sufferings would cause. He is much with his father, and is treated by him more like a companion than a child. His principal playmate is the son of Dr. Conneau, the most intimate friend of the Emperor. He is very popular with his little companions, and is exceedingly kind to them.

During the residence of the Court at the Tuileries, you may see the little fellow frequently at play in the private garden, or you may see him riding with his parents, upon fine afternoons. The Imperial family mingle freely with the people, and opportunities for seeing them under very favorable circumstances are numerous.

XXVI.

OLD RELICS.

I.

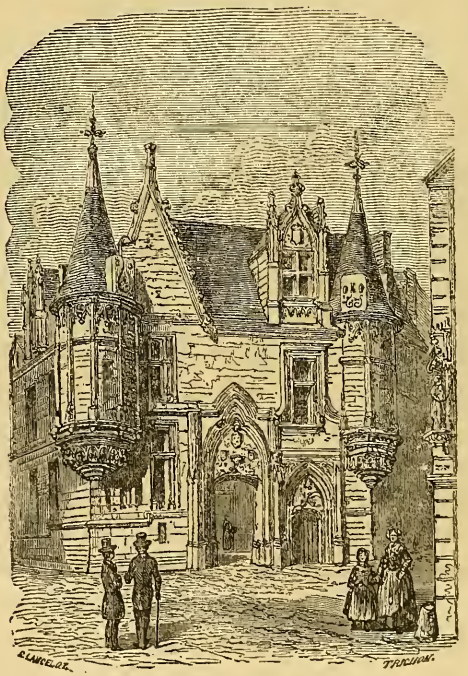
HISTORICAL MANSIONS.

In spite of the changes which have been wrought in Paris under the present Empire, it still contains many edifices and other relics of the "olden time," which are dear to the heart of the antiquarian, and form one of the most interesting features of the city. Many of these are very beautiful, and are worthy of being visited as specimens of the architecture of their day, and nearly all are rich in historical associations.

The *Hôtel de Sens*, in the Rue du Figuier, is perhaps the most interesting of all these. It originally formed a part of the royal residence of the *Hôtel de Saint Pol*, and dates from the Fourteenth Century. Charles V. gave it to the Archbishops of Sens, for a town residence, and since then it has been called by their name. It has been altered and restored frequently, but remains now very much as it was left by the Archbishop Tristan de Salazar, in 1519. Since then, its most noted occupants have been the Cardinal Duprat, Cardinal Lorraine, Marguerite of Valois, and Cardinal Duperon. In spite of the mutilations and restorations to which it has been subjected, however, it still remains one of the finest specimens of the architecture of the last part of the Middle Ages of which Paris can boast. It forms a curious and majestic old pile, with its immense wall, its

ogival gates, its turrets, its stone cross windows, its vaulted porch, its immense halls, and, above all the great square donjon which rises at the bottom of the court.

Besides this old mansion are a number of others. The *Hôtel de Bêthune*, in the Rue Saint Antoine, was built for the Duke of Sully, the great Minister of Henry IV., the *Hôtel*

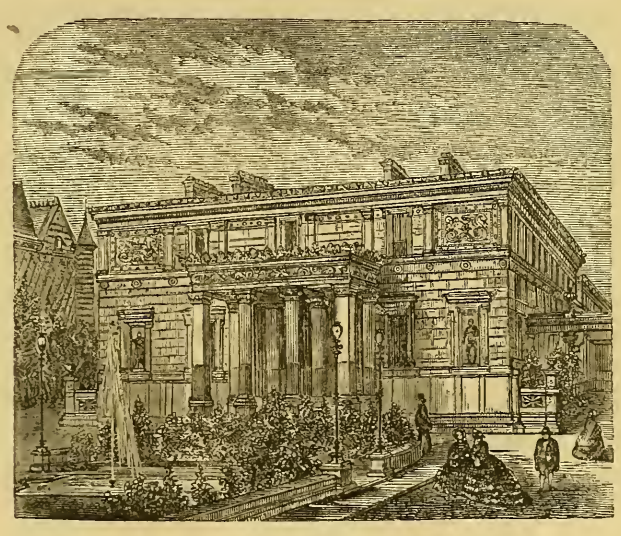


Hôtel de Sens.

Carnavalet, in the Rue Culture-Sainte-Catharine, was the residence of the Marchioness de Sévigné and her daughter, and contains many souvenirs of the authoress. The City of Paris has recently purchased the house for the purpose of converting it into a Municipal Museum. The *Hôtel Lamoignon* in the Rue Pavée, au Marais was begun in 1550 for

Diana of France, and completed by Charles de Valois, Duke of Angoulême. The *Hôtel d'Ormesson*, in the Rue St. Antoine, was built for the Duke de Mayenne. In the Rue des Tournelles, is the *Hôtel de Ninon de Lenclos*, which still remains as that famous beauty left it.

There is a curious edifice standing on the Cours de la Reine, (*Champs Elysées*) at the corner of the Rue Bayard. It was built at Moret, near Fontainebleau, in 1523, by Francis



Pompéien Villa.

I., for his mistress, and was removed stone by stone, and rebuilt on its present site some years ago. It is quadrangular in shape and is covered with sculptures by Jean Goujon. It is a beautiful specimen of the best style of the Renaissance.

The house of *Pierre Corneille*, is still preserved in the Rue d'Argenteuil. It may be recognized by a bust of the poet at the bottom of the court. In the second story is the alcove chamber in which he breathed his last.

Racine's house stands in the Rue Visconti. The poet lived here forty years, and died in this house in 1699.

Several houses in which Voltaire resided are preserved. The first is at the corner of the streets Du Clos-Georgeau and de la Fontaine Moliere; the second on the Quai Voltaire; and the third in the Rue Sainte Anne. Voltaire died in the second house mentioned.

The fifth story of the house No. 5, Quai Conti, was occupied by Napoleon I., then poor and unknown, in 1785.

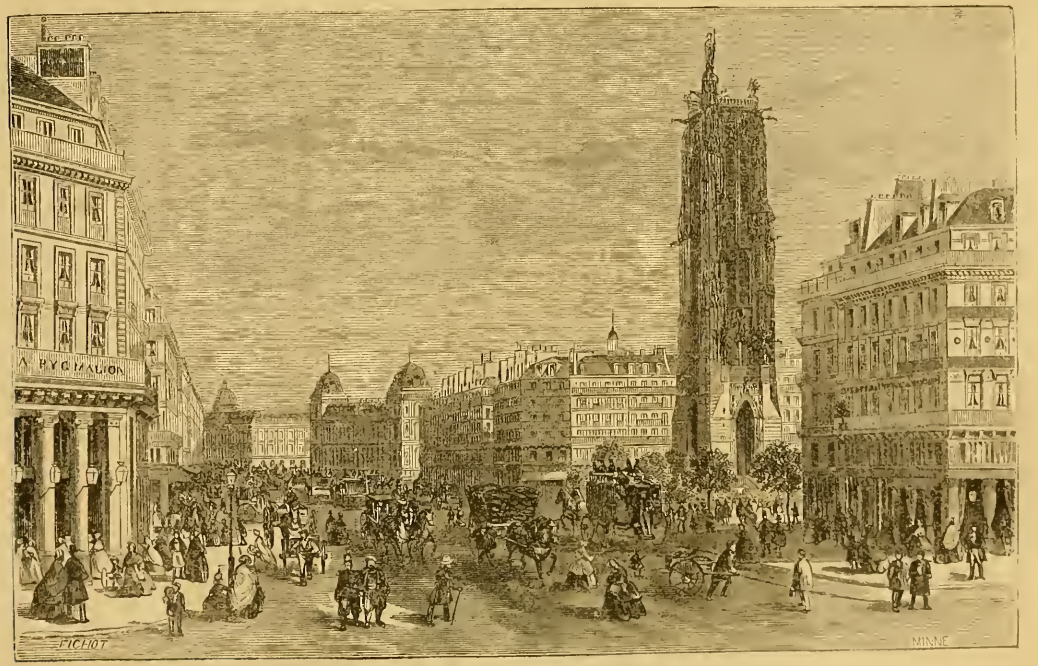
A house on the Quai Napoléon bears an inscription stating that one which formerly stood here was occupied by Abelard and Héloïse, about 1118, and that the present building replaces the ancient dwelling of the Canon Fulbert.

Although not one of the old relics, I may mention here one of the most curious specimens of architecture to be found in the city, the Pompéien Villa, built by M. Normand for Prince Napoleon, and sold by the Prince to other parties, after he had become tired of his costly toy. It stands in the Avenue Montaigne, and is built on the model of the houses discovered at Pompeii. It is richly ornamented, and while strictly in keeping with the classic style, is provided with everything which adds to the comfort of modern life. The grounds are prettily laid out.

II.

SAINT JACQUES LA BOUCHERIE

On the south side of the Rue de Rivoli, between the Rue Saint Martin and the Boulevard de Sébastopol, is a pretty square, ornamented with grass plots, shrubbery, and fountains. In the centre rises a handsome but singular tower, richly ornamented with statues and sculptures. It is the bell tower of the old church of *Saint Jacques la Boucherie.*



Rue de Rivoli, as seen from the Tower of St. Jacques.

which was pulled down in 1797. The church was a very curious example of every style from the Thirteenth to the Sixteenth Centuries. Some of the tombs and other parts of it are now to be seen in the garden of the *Hôtel de Cluny*. The tower was begun in 1508, and was finished in 1522, and is one of the most beautiful specimens of its style. For many years, however, it was surrounded with tall houses, so that the top was the only part of it that could be seen, and even that was rapidly decaying. For many years after the destruction of the church, the lower part of the tower was used as a leather store, and the upper part as a shot tower. In 1836 the city authorities purchased it for the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand francs, and commenced to restore it. The present Emperor swept away the houses by which it was surrounded, and laid off the pretty square in the centre of which it now stands. You would hardly believe, as you look at the beautiful open space, that it marks the site of what was once one of the densest and filthiest quarters of Paris. The tower has been restored at a cost of one million francs, and is now the most beautiful monument of the Middle Ages standing in the city.

The distance from the ground to the platform is one hundred and seventy-one feet. A winding stairway leads to the summit. It is a terribly tedious journey, but the view of the city from the top amply repays you for your trouble. The summit is ornamented with a colossal statue of Saint James the Greater, and figures of the symbolical animals of the Evangelists—the eagle, the lion, and the ox. They are copies of those which formerly stood here. Nineteen other statues adorn the edifice.

Pascal once used the tower for his experiments on atmospheric pressure, and his statue adorns the large chamber at the foot of the stairway.

Looking down from the high platform, the old streets of

the city present a most curious and interesting appearance. You see them winding, narrow and crooked, through the yellowish mass of houses, like immense fissures in a bed of clay. Close by are the broad and magnificent Boulevards and Avenues—the very perfection of elegance and comfort. You have both Old and New Paris at your feet, and looking down from your lofty elevation, can contrast them at your leisure. The difference is wonderful, and greatly in favor of the city of to-day.

III.

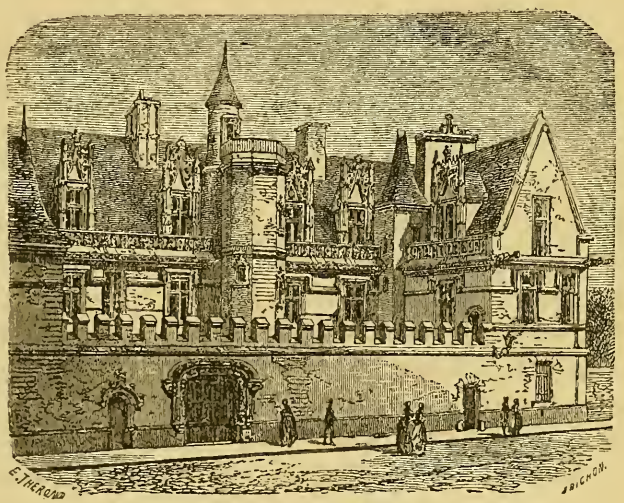
THE HÔTEL DE CLUNY.

Pass up the Boulevard Sébastopol, going southward from the *Pont Saint Michel*, and a few minutes will bring you opposite the gardens of an ancient edifice on the east side of the great street. This is the Hôtel de Cluny, one of the most thoroughly interesting mansions in this city of wonders. The ruins that lie between it and the street are the remains of the old Roman *Palais des Thermes.*

The Emperor Constantius Chlorus built a palace here about the year 300, and it was upon this spot Julian the Apostate was proclaimed Emperor of Rome. The old palace passed at length into the hands of the Frankish Kings, and about the year 1180 became one of the principal royal residences. In 1340 it was given to the Great Benedictine Abbey of Cluny, which owned a large amount of property in Paris, but had no town house there. The Abbot Jêhan, bastard of Bourbon, began the present Hôtel de Cluny, but did not live to the close of the work. He died in 1485, and the house was finished by Jacques d'Amboise, about the year 1515. It was noted as the most beautiful mansion in

the city, and, indeed, is to-day a model of the Semi-Gothic Renaissance style.

Although they had taken such pains in building the house, the Abbots of Cluny seemed to care but little for it, and rarely made it their place of residence. For the most part it was occupied by the Royal family, or by some of the great Princes of the land. The widow of Louis XII.,



Hôtel de Cluny.

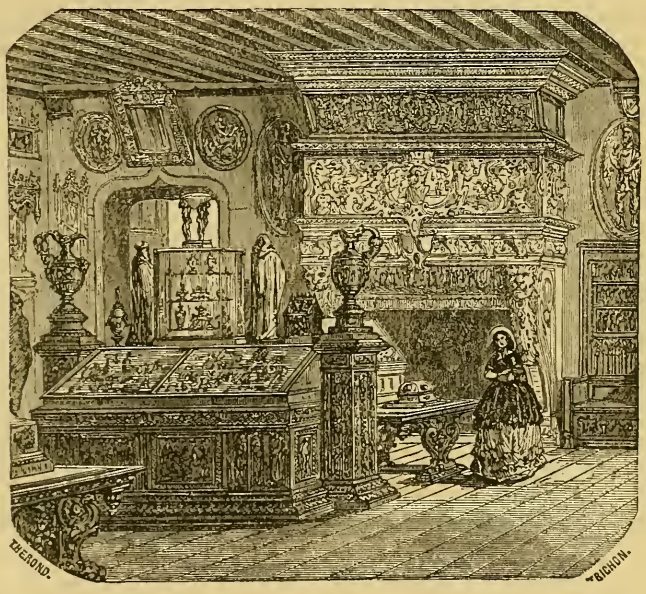
(Mary, daughter of Henry VII. of England) resided here. From the custom of the French queens to wear white mourning, she was called *La Reine Blanche.* Her chamber is still shown in the building. Francis I. also spent much of his time here; and it was here that his daughter, Magdalene, was married to James V. of Scotland. After this, the Cardinal de Lorraine, the Duke of Guise, and the Duke d'Aumale dwelt here. A troop of actors installed themselves in the mansion in 1579, and remained in it until 1584, when they were expelled by order of the Parliament.

About the period of the Revolution it became private property, and was occupied by its successive owners until 1833, when it was purchased by M. du Sommerard, an eminent antiquarian, who converted it into a Museum of the Middle Ages. He was very generous in showing it to the public, and at his death the State bought the mansion and the collections for five hundred thousand francs. At the same time, the city authorities ceded to the crown the Palais des Thermes, which stood next to the Hôtel de Cluny. Louis Philippe undertook the task of restoring it, and made great progress with the work during his reign. The restoration was completed by the present Government, and the edifice presents a rare specimen, both externally and internally, of a mansion of the Sixteenth Century. The building of to-day, however, preserves very few of its interior decorations. The chapel is the best preserved, remaining entirely as it was originally built.

"The battlements on the wall facing the Rue des Mathurins have been restored, and the staff and scallop-shell, the badges of Jacques d'Amboise, have been replaced. The body of the building, which faces the visitor on entering, is supposed to be the oldest part, and is almost Gothic in design, and richly ornamented. The double frieze and the balustrade above the first floor, with their grotesque carvings, and the magnificent dormer-windows, deserve particular attention, and the chimnies are the finest of that date in Paris. The wing on the left is much more richly ornamented. On the outer wall is a circle cut in the stone, said to represent the circumference of the great bell of Rouen."

The entrance is from the Rue des Mathurins, by two doors, one large and the other small, in the battlemented wall. Here you must produce either your passport or a stamped card in order to obtain admission. Crossing the court-yard, you enter a large hall, slightly raised from the

ground, and constituting the first room of the Museum. You may purchase a catalogue of the articles from the gate-keeper for two francs, and you will be wise not to attempt to see the collections without one. The Museum contains three thousand seven hundred and seventy objects, each of which is ticketed and numbered. The catalogue is very well arranged, and by its aid you can spend several agreeable and profitable hours here.



Interior of the Hôtel de Cluny.

You will find these old rooms themselves decidedly one of the most instructive portions of the Museum. They show you, simply and eloquently, the way in which the "old time folks" kept house. Some of the apartments are dreary and cheerless enough, but the others must have been marvellously comfortable when the big logs sent the bright flames roaring up the huge chimnies. Stately rooms they are, too, and

worthy, still, to be tenanted by royalty. The woodwork is exquisite, and the chimney-pieces are marvels of carving.

Here is gathered the richest collection in existence, of objects relating to the early history of France. Here are sculptures, reliefs, altars, and carvings from the old churches and palaces; paintings so old and faded that many of them are almost indistinct; beautiful oratories, reading-desks, rose-windows; manuscripts, the crowns of the Gothic kings, and the croziers of Saints. Here are weapons and armor of the ancient Gauls, and articles of domestic use of that age. Here are banners and pennons that flapped in the hot winds of the Holy Land, and swords and lances that laid many an Infidel low. The collection of ancient armor is particularly rich and interesting. You will find specimens of every description here, from the rude weapons of the Gauls down to the complete adoption of gunpowder. The religious relics are numerous and very interesting. The tapestries and hangings on which the dames of old toiled so patiently, are in an excellent state of preservation, and are very numerous. Some of the ecclesiastical robes are gorgeous. There are numerous specimens of the household furniture of the Middle Ages, almost all beautifully carved, but clumsy and uncomfortable for use. The great saloon contains the "entire collection of ebonies, images, crystals, little figures, Italian, Flemish, and French ivory, mosaics in hard stone, birds, landscapes, cornelians, inlaid work, shells, miniatures, cabinets, china, bass-reliefs, jugs, coffers that are named in Brantome, plate, low cupboards, all the apparatus of good living, vases as brilliant as gold, cups, basins, glasses, the massive Flemish side-board, everything clever or ingenious that has ever been produced by the manufacturers of Faenza, of Montpellier, of Limoges, of Flanders, and of France, in a word, the finest works of Bernard Palissy, and his pupils."

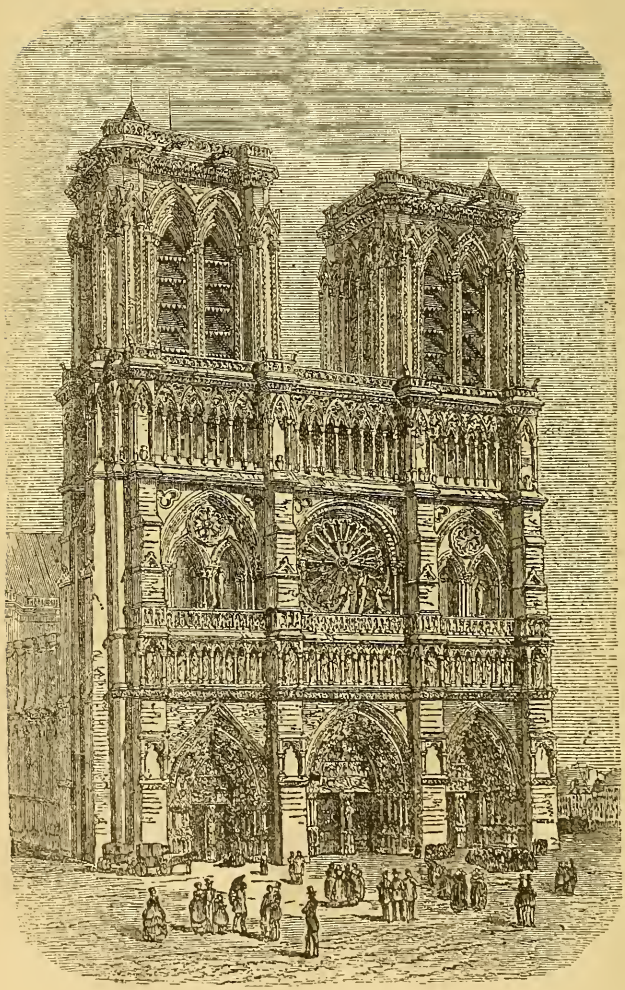
In the beautiful Chamber of the White Queen are several

old paintings, some of them dating from the year 759. Adjoining this room is the chamber of Francis I. "The door of this chamber of Francis I.," says Jules Janin, "had been the door of the Château d'Anet, a discreet door, with a sill of ivory and gold, which remembers Diana of Poictiers and Henry II. The chess board had belonged to Saint Louis. A city of France had offered this rare treasure to Louis XVIII.; but Louis XVIII., who cared for nothing but his throne and his repose, gave the chess board of the pious king to a man in his household, and this man sold it to M. du Sommerard. The bed in this room of Francis I., was, in fact, that of the Knight King. The frieze pannel was painted by Primaticcio, the Christ is by Albert Durer; here are the stirrups and the spurs of the King of France; here is the complete armor, the buckler, the helmet, the armed vizor, the Spanish dagger, the good lance of Toledo, as the modern drama has since called it, the haulmes, the arquebuses, the gauntlets, the knee caps—all the apparatus of the soldier and the Knight."

From the Chamber of the White Queen, you enter the Chapel, a beautiful work. A pillar in the centre supports the groined ceiling, and the twelve niches which surround the room were once filled with statues of the Amboise family. The Chapel at present contains a number of relics from the old churches of France. A winding stairway leads down to an undercroft, the same in size and design as the chapel above, which contains several old statues. A door on the left leads into the garden, across which is the old palace of the Roman Emperors.

The *Palais des Thermes*, the history of which has been already sketched, adjoins the Hôtel de Cluny. It is one of the most complete Roman relics in France, but represents only a portion of the original palace. "The principal part of the ruins are supposed to have formed a part of the baths

erected by the Emperor Constantius Chlorus. The first, the largest hall, the *frigidarium*, or cold bath, is a well proportioned and lofty hall of brick, which, though bare and stripped of its stonework and ornaments, still strikes the visitor with admiration. It is sixty-six feet long, thirty-eight feet wide, and fifty-nine feet high; on one side, but at a lower level, is the oblong cold bath. The remains of the leaden pipes, etc., may still be seen; the water was brought from beyond Arcueil, four miles off, traces having been discovered throughout of the acqueduct. In this hall have been placed some specimens of Roman sculptures; amongst others, two altars, of the time of Tiberius, dedicated to Jupiter, found in 1711 under the choir of Notre Dame. Beneath are vaults and reservoirs closed to the public. Besides this hall, vast masses of brickwork belonging to the vestibule, tepidarium, etc., may be seen, all in ruins, and formerly buried in modern houses. In the garden are a portion of a Roman road, formed of polygonal blocks of Fontainebleau, sandstone, several fragments of Gothic architecture, three Norman arches, which formed a part of a church of the Benedictines at Argenteuil, an iron cross from the summit of the church of Saint Vladimir at Sebastopol, and the Gothic façade of the College of Bayeux, which stood in this quarter of Paris.



Cathedral of Notre Dame. Front View.

XXVII.

NOTRE DAME DE PARIS.

I.

HISTORICAL.

According to the old tradition, the site of the Metropolitan Church of Paris was first marked by a Roman temple to Jupiter, at which the ancient sailors navigating the Seine, were wont to say their prayers and offer their gifts. In the year 365 a Christian church was built where the pagan temple had formerly stood. About two centuries later, Childeric I., son of Clovis, yielding to the entreaties of Saint Germain, commenced about the year 565 the erection of a new cathedral immediately adjoining the old one, which was known as the Church of *Sainte Marie*, or *Notre Dame*. Childeric dedicated his church to Saint Stephen, the first Christian Martyr, and for a long time it was termed, in conjunction with the other, "the Cathedral." In 584, after the assassination of Childeric, Fredegonda fled with her treasures to the high altar of Notre Dame, and there found an inviolable sanctuary. The councils held at Paris under the early reigns, met sometimes at Notre Dame, and sometimes at Saint Peter's, which occupied the site of the present church of Sainte-Geneviéve.

The two churches of Saint Mary and Saint Stephen were almost in ruins at the commencement of the Tenth Century. That of Saint Mary, being the principal seat of the Arch-

bishop of Paris, naturally received the chief care. Charles the Simple granted Bishop Anschéric the means of partially restoring it in 907, and other restorations were made by the Archdeacon Stephen de Garlande, in 1123.

In spite of these improvements, however, the church was in need of greater repairs, and was too small for the necessities of the city. In 1160, Maurice de Sully, who had risen from a low origin to a very high rank in the church, signalized his accession to the Archiepiscopate of Paris, by volunteering to replace the old church with a larger and grander edifice. He also determined to unite the church of Saint Stephen with that of Notre Dame, and thus form one immense Cathedral. Accordingly the work of clearing away the old churches was begun, and the first stone of the new edifice was laid in 1163, by Pope Alexander the Third, then a fugitive at the Court of Louis le Jeune. The structure went up rapidly, and the high altar was consecrated on the Wednesday after Easter, in 1182, by Cardinal Henri, the Pope's Legate, and Archbishop Maurice de Sully. Three years later, in 1185, Héraclius, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, preached the third crusade in the choir of the church. The choir was finished in 1196, and the nave about 1223. In 1218, the old Church of Saint Stephen was pulled down to make way for the south transept. The magnificent south portal is the work of Maître Jehan de Chelles, who must have been a genius in his art. The north transept dates from 1250. The rest of the building appears to have been finished about the year 1350, and to have remained unaltered until 1700, when a series of wretched mutilations,* designed as improvements, was begun. During the present reign very successful efforts have been made to repair these barbarisms,

* The reader is referred to Victor Hugo's great romance of *Notre Dame de Paris*, for a minute and interesting account of these mutilations.

and restore the old pile, as near as possible, to its original state. The building has several times suffered from the violence of mobs, and during the Revolution was greatly damaged by them.

The Cathedral has played a prominent part in the history of the city. Being the Metropolitan church, it takes precedence of all others. It was in this church that Saint Dominic preached his powerful sermons, and, according to the old legend, was blessed with a miraculous vision of the Virgin. Here Raymond of Toulouse abjured his heresy, presenting himself before the high altar, clad only in a coarse shirt; here Henry VI. of England was crowned King of France in 1431; and here, in 1436, was chanted the *Te Deum* of gratitude for the recapture of Paris by the army of Charles VII. How many marriages, funereal rites, pomps and ceremonies the old pile has witnessed during its six hundred years! Though often sacked and desecrated, it is still grand and beautiful, the noblest of all the Gothic monuments of France. Here the haughty priests kept a king waiting in the streets until it should be their pleasure to accept his humble apology and admit him. Here they said the prayers of the Church over the Sans-Culottes who died in breaking down the Bastille; and here was formed, in 1793, the infamous "Temple of Reason." On the 10th of November, of that year, a woman, the wife of one Momoro, was seated on the high altar and worshipped as the "Goddess of Reason." She rewarded each of her worshippers with a fraternal kiss. "There is one thing," says Carlyle, "we should like almost better to understand than any other: what Reason herself thought of it all the while. What articulate words poor Mrs. Momoro, for example, uttered, when she had become ungoddessed again, and the bibliopolist and she sat quiet at home, at supper? * * * Mrs. Momoro, it is admitted, made one of the best god-

desses of Reason, though her teeth were a little defective." In 1802, the sacrilege was in part atoned for, and the old church, with all others in France, was restored to religion. Here the Pope placed the Imperial Crown upon the brows of Napoleon, and here the present Emperor was married in 1853.

II.

DESCRIPTIVE.

As you approach the Cathedral through the *Parvis Notre Dame*, you come suddenly upon the full blaze of the glories of the western front. Sit down on the worn steps of the old *Hôtel Dieu*, and examine the work at your leisure. Before you is the massive front, pierced with three immense doors, the arches of which are covered with the most elaborate sculptures. The sculptures of the central portal represent the Last Judgment, and those of the two lateral ones scenes in the life of the Virgin. The side niches are filled with saints, prophets, and angels in stone; and in the twenty-eight arches above the doors are the same number of Kings of France, from Childeric I. down to Philip Augustus. A fine gallery rests on these arches, on a level with the vast rose window, which is flanked on each side by an immense double archway, supporting a smaller rose window. Above the windows rises a light gallery running across the entire front of the church, and supported by Gothic columns of the most delicate construction. A square tower, pierced with a double arched window, is on each side. These towers are forty feet wide on each front, and are two hundred and twenty-four feet high from the ground to the summit. In the centre of the lower gallery, and just in front of the rose window, is a group representing the Virgin and two angels.

To the right of this group is a statue of Adam; and to the left, one of Eve. The whole front is covered with sculptures. You may examine it for hours, and every moment will show you something new and beautiful; but it is not so much the multiplicity and excellence of the sculpture that impress you as the grandeur and venerableness of the entire façade. It is true that every detail merits a separate study, but it is only by taking in the entire front at one glance that you can realize the wonderful beauty of the whole. I could never bear to look at it in the full blaze of the sunlight; but when twilight was gathering thick over the city, or the evening was dark and gloomy, I have wandered into the great square and sat for hours on the steps of the old hospital, gazing at this marvellous poem in stone, which seemed to me more beautiful than ever in this half-light.

In the Twelfth Century, thirteen steps led from the square to the grand entrance, which is now on a level with the street. "Time did away with the steps," says Victor Hugo, "by elevating with slow, resistless progress the level of the city ground; but, while swallowing one after another with its maw of earth, the eleven steps that added to the loftiness of the erection, time has rendered to it perhaps more than it has taken away, for it is time that has tinged the façade with that dark, aged hue that makes the oldness of monuments their days of beauty."

Those grand doors, the old legends of the Cathedral tell you, are the work of the Devil. The legend asserts that the architect, in despair of realizing his conceptions, called on the Evil One for assistance. Quick as a flash the Devil stood at his elbow, and offered to forge him three doors if he would give him his soul as the price of the work. The bargain was concluded, and Beelzebub at once applied himself to his task. Two doors were finished in short order;

but, when Nick came to the third, he found it was to be the door through which the Holy Sacrament would pass. This perplexed him, and after thinking the matter over, he came to the conclusion that his principles would not allow him to complete this door, so he gave up the undertaking in despair. The bargain having been broken by him, of course, the architect was free; but all Paris marvelled that, while the first two doors were miracles of beauty, the third was plain and simple.

Pass around now to the Archbishop's bridge, and enjoy the magnificent spectacle which lies before you. Here is the whole church in sight at the same moment. To the right of the square towers is the south transept with its three sharp gable ends, and its glorious rose window, showing grandly above the pretty Sacristy. From the centre of the roof, at the cutting point of the cross aisles, springs a slender spire, which replaces the old one destroyed during the Revolution, for its lead. You have an excellent opportunity of studying the singular leaden roof, and the graceful flying buttresses which surround the octagonal shaped choir. On the other side is the north transept, with a rose window matching, but not excelling, that of the south transept. The large door on this side dates from the year 1312, and the little one, called the *Porte Rouge* (Red Gate), from 1419, and was erected by the Duke of Burgundy, in expiation of his crime, the assassination of the Duke of Orleans.

Passing through the narrow street which bounds the church on the north side, you come out into the great square again, and pause once more to look up at the stone gargoyles of the square towers. How grotesque and diabolical they are! For nearly six long centuries they have been standing there, leaning over the dark towers and gazing down upon the city below. Griffins, dragons, and figures whose strange, weird shapes must have been the invention of a diabolical imagi-

nation, look down upon you from these lofty galleries. As you watch them you are startled by the life-like aspect of both form and feature. The longer you gaze at them the more they seem to be living, and at last you are almost ready to believe that the Evil One haunts the towers with his hosts. They offer a strange contrast to the beautiful sculptures below, which tell so eloquently of eternal happiness.

As you pass in through the grand portal a sharp disappointment meets you. Instead of the grandeur in which you have been revelling since you began your inspection of the Cathedral, you are brought face to face with a hideous, rickety leather door, which closes the entrance. You dash it open impatiently, and step from the bright glare of the day into the dim, saintly light of the old church. The change is so sudden that you are forced to wait until your eyes are accustomed to the gloom.

The first thing you see is a perfect wilderness of arches, and your first feeling is one of disappointment. Unlike Westminster Abbey, this old Cathedral does not flash all its grandeur upon you at the first sight, and it is only after wandering fairly up to the altar rail, and standing where the glories of nave, transept, and choir are all in full view, that you begin to realize the magnificence of the old pile.

The church is built in the form of a Latin cross, and is three hundred and ninety feet long from east to west. The transept is not so long nor so wide. The central aisle is one hundred and five feet high from the pavement to the roof. On each side of both nave and choir is a double row of arches, with side chapels extending into the spaces between the buttresses. The pillars support one hundred and twenty pointed arches, and above these are immense galleries or *tribunes*, which extend around both nave and choir. Over the western entrance is the organ loft, containing a splendid

instrument by Cliquot. The choir is divided from the nave by an exquisitely worked railing of iron, and the various doors of the church are magnificently wrought. The choir is paved with marble, and is surrounded with a gorgeous wainscoting, in which are placed the stalls of the twenty-six ecclesiastical dignitaries connected with the church. The high altar is decorated with great richness and beauty. It stands on a raised platform which is approached by a number of steps. It is of pure Languedoc marble, and is covered with fine bass-reliefs. It replaces the old altar destroyed during the Revolution. Four immense rose windows adorn the east and west ends, and the north and south ends of the transepts, and rich stained glass windows surround the choir. Many of the chapels are likewise provided. The church contains one hundred and thirteen colored windows, and thirty-seven chapels. The latter are tawdry as a rule, and are real blots upon the beauty of the old pile. Your best plan is to stand where you cannot see them. The decorations of the church are very simple, the walls are uncolored, and there is nothing to mar the impression which the grandeur of the edifice produces. I make no attempt to describe it; it must be seen, for no language can do it justice.

At the gate which separates the choir from the south transept, sits the "Swiss," or Beadle, in a pompous, showy uniform. You will generally find him reading a novel. He seems to care little for the beauties which surround him, and looks up with an abstracted air as you ask for a ticket of admission within the railing. Half a franc is the fee, and this sum also entitles you to an inspection of the treasures contained in the Sacristy. You will, most probably, wander around the choir at first, and gaze at the fine paintings and sculptures collected in the chapels. There are several fine monuments in this part of the church, but the scores which

made the holy place so interesting were removed during the reign of Louis XV., when the present handsome marble pavement took the place of the old slabs. The chapel of the Virgin, back of the high altar, is very pretty, but has nothing of the grandeur of the main building.

The *Sacristy* lies on the south side of the church, and you enter by a door opening into the choir. It was built nearly twenty years ago by M. Viollet le Duc, and is a beautiful specimen of modern Gothic art. The old white-headed official in charge is a pattern of good breeding and accommodation, though he does look rather hard at you as you enter, or administers a mild but decided rebuke if you omit to close the door. He is seemingly engrossed in the task of showing you the articles in his charge, but you notice all the while that he is watching you closely. He has need to be suspicious, for Notre Dame has not been fortunate in the possession of its treasures. They were stolen in 1793, in the riot of 1831, and again in 1860. Upon the last mentioned occasion, some of the articles were thrown into the Seine, from which they were fished out. Here you will see one of the richest collections of jewels in France. Diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls, opals, and gems of every description. The church plate is massive and gorgeous, and is worth a fortune in itself. Amongst other articles, is the Ostensoir (or vessel in which the Host is placed,) of Saint Louis. It was formerly lodged in the *Sainte Chapelle*, but was restored to its original condition, and presented to this church by Louis XVIII., at the baptism of the Duke of Bordeaux. Here are the cross worn by Saint Vincent-de-Paul, when ministering at the death-bed of Louis XIII; the coronation robes of Napoleon I., and other articles used at his consecration; ecclesiastical robes of great beauty and immense value; and a number of articles presented to the church by the Great Emperor and Napoleon the Third. The most precious of all the treasures, however,

are contained in a *reliquaire*, perfectly gorgeous with jewels. The Sacristan tells you, with deep reverence, that they are two thorns from the crown of martyrdom which encircled the brows of the Saviour of mankind. Saint Louis brought them back with him from Palestine, and built the *Sainte Chapelle* to contain them. Here are also a bit of the "true cross," one of the nails of the cross, which formerly belonged to the Church of Saint Denis; and the whip with which Saint Louis used to scourge his royal flesh.

Leaving the church by the western door, you pass around to the right of the north tower, which is the entrance to the long flight of steps, three hundred and eighty in number, leading to the platform above. A small fee admits you, and you begin your weary journey. The passage is narrow and dark, and the steps are worn and slippery, so much so, that you are forced to use the stout iron-rail which runs along the side. At length, when your patience, as well as your strength, is almost exhausted, you pass through the trap, and stand on the lofty balcony over which the stone gargoyles are peering so intently. Above you, in the north tower, is the famous peal of bells, and in the south tower is the great Bourdon, weighing 32,000 pounds, and with a clapper which weighs nearly 1,000 pounds. This bell was cast in 1685, and was baptized, with great pomp, having for its sponsors no less high personages than Louis XIV. and his Queen. It received the name of Emmanuel Louise Thérèse. The companion to this bell, Marie, by name, weighed 25,000 pounds. It hung in the north tower, along with a glorious peal of eight bells, but all these vocal royalists went down with poor Citizen Capet, and were melted into cannon for the defence of the Republic. The present peal is said to be more musical. By an ingenious arrangement, the bells now hanging here may be rung without jarring the towers in the least. The big Bourdon is silent upon ordinary occasions, but when some great festival

or some event of unusual importance occurs, he sends his hoarse notes rolling out of his lofty cage, and they make the air tremble in the remotest quarter of the city. I have stood with seven other persons under the big bell, and within the rim, and still there seemed to me room for another.

The leaden roof lies right at your feet now. It is composed of 1,236 leaden plates, each of which is 9½ feet long, and 3 feet wide. The whole roof weighs 420,240 pounds, and rests upon an immense frame-work of oak 350 feet long. That pretty spire, which springs heavenward from the centre of the roof, is not so frail and delicate as it seems. It is built throughout of Champagne oak, and is covered with leaden plates. Its total weight is 1,500,000 pounds, and its height 135 feet above the church.

You are face to face with the old gargoyles now, and you are less imaginative than I, if you can entirely resist the conviction that after all they might suddenly change from stone to life and spirit you away. See this weird being, who stands here looking down upon the city, with his long, wild hair floating in the wind, and his peaked hat pushed back from his forehead. One hand is raised in the attitude of rapt listening, and the other rests carelessly upon the balustrade. The attitude is wonderful, the features and expression even more so. For how many long centuries has the old demon been standing here, listening to the sounds that come floating up to him from the great city at his feet! What a tale could those cold, gray lips unfold, had they but the power of speech! Would they tell most of the battles, sieges, and riots those weird-like eyes have seen, or of the quieter, but more terrible tragedies that have passed below him? Near six centuries of life, love, hate, crime, virtue, and death in this wonderful Paris! What an experience! Demon and stony-hearted as he is, it is no wonder that his features wear that weary, half-shrinking expression. For the life of me, I

could not repress the feeling of awe that came over me. I laid my hand on the cold arm of the gargoyle. Had the figure turned and spoken to me, I would not have been surprised. Come here at twilight, O reader, and stand by the figure alone, and be you never so unimaginative, never so matter of fact, I defy you to stay here ten minutes without becoming superstitious.

All Paris lies at your feet as you look down from the towers of Notre Dame. All around you is the old Cité with the *Hôtel Dieu* and the *Palais de Justice* immediately below. To the east and west is the Seine, lying like a broad belt of silver right across the centre of the great city. North of the river are the Boulevards, the Tuileries, and the Louvre, the Vendôme, and Bastille Columns, the Hôtel de Ville, and the bright, beautiful streets which have sprung up as if by magic in the last eighteen years. Back of all rise the heights of Montmartre, with their picturesque windmills standing darkly against the sky. To the eastward are Père la Chaise and the Bois de Vincennes, and between them rise the pretty columns of the Place du Trône. To the west are the Place de la Concorde, and the Champs Elysées, with the massive Arc de Triomphe towering up beyond them, and back of that the bright green of the Bois de Boulogne.

South of the Seine, and almost immediately in front of you, is the magnificent Boulevard Sebastopol (Saint Michel) and along its line you can see the Luxembourg, the Hôtel de Cluny, and the Observatory. To the east of the Boulevard are the domes of the Panthéon, the Val de Grace and the Sorbonne, and farther east the Halle aux Vins and the Jardin des Plantes. West of the Observatory and far to the southward is the cemetery of Mont Parnasse, and north of it the towers of Saint Sulpice and the old Abbey church of Saint Germain des Prés. Still farther to the north and along the river are the palaces of the Institute, Quai d'Orsay,

and the Legion of Honor, and west of these the esplanade and hospital of the Invalides. Still farther west you may see the Champs de Mars and the old Military School, and beyond that in the far distance the wooded heights of Saint Cloud. Around the whole picture thus spread out before you, encircling it like a gorgeous frame, is the chain of hills which enclose the basin of Paris. With the aid of a good glass you may make out the sixteen detached forts which keep guard over the Capital of France.

III.

A TE DEUM.

Notre Dame, although so richly worthy of such a distinction, has been the scene of but few of the coronations of the Monarchs of France, the ceremonies of consecration having been performed at Rheims, with the exception of the crowning of Napoleon I., but it was in this sacred place that many of the kings and princess of the blood were baptized, and it was here that most of their solemn public acts of devotion were performed, and it is here that the French since the completion of the edifice, have always held their high national religious festivals, and here has been chanted for ages that wonderful Te Deum in which the nation seeks to pour out its gratitude to God for His most signal mercies.

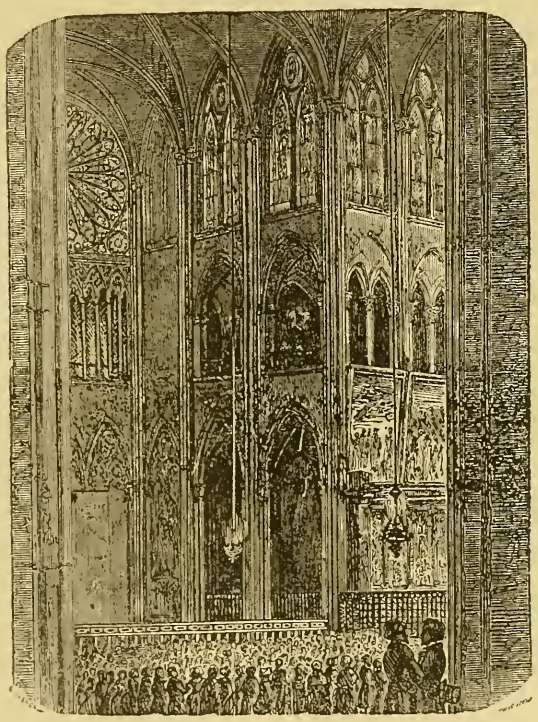
It so happened that while wandering through the cool arches one sultry August morning, my eye caught the announcement, posted on a neighboring column, that Monsigneur, the Archbishop of Paris, assisted by the clergy and the great dignitaries of the State, would celebrate High Mass, to conclude with a grand Te Deum, at one o'clock on the following Sunday—which I suddenly remembered was the

fifteenth of August, and the Centennial of the birth of Napoleon I.

At a little before noon on the appointed day, I drove over to the Cité, intending to witness the ceremonies at the Cathedral. The streets were full of people, and squads of mounted men were stationed at frequent intervals to keep them clear. Upon reaching the southern end of the Pont au Change, I found the crowd so dense that I abandoned my carriage and set out on foot to reach the church. The streets were gay with troops who lined the approaches to the Cathedral and kept the crowd back. Detachments of cavalry came by every moment at a sharp trot, escorting some high dignitary in a state carriage, with outriders. The dresses were magnificent, and I knew not which to admire the more, the uniforms of the occupants of the carriages or the liveries of their servants. I pushed my way through the throng, and by a happy instinct directed my course to the entrance to the north tower. A couple of francs admitted me, and I was not long in mounting to the gallery and securing an eligible position from which to view the scene below.

The church was filling up rapidly. The galleries were thronged, and in the lower part all but the reserved seats in the nave and transepts was black with people. A regiment of Chasseurs was drawn up along the sides of the nave, just back of the first row of pillars. The space between the two lines of troops, from the door to the altar steps, was handsomely carpeted and provided with benches for the great bodies of the State, the Corporate Authorities of Paris, the Foreign Ambassadors, and such other invited guests as should be present. Massive chandeliers, filled with wax lights, hung from the lofty roof, and shed a soft glimmer through the old church, which had never seemed to me so beautiful as then. At the western doors stood the ushers with their gaudy uniforms and staves of office, waiting to receive and

escort the "lords and gentlemen" to their seats. These came in in little detachments, but before the hour of service, nearly every seat was taken. All the great officers of the State were there, except the Emperor, who was terribly ill at Saint Cloud. The Empress could not leave him, and the little Prince had been sent to represent his father in the



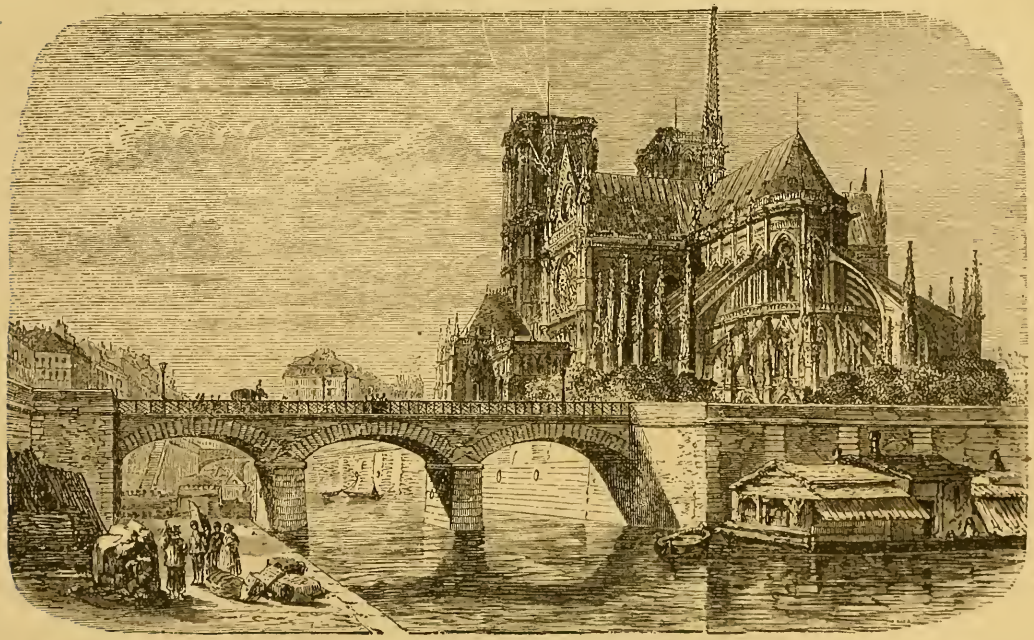
Interior of Notre Dame.

Review at Challons. Below me, as I gazed down from my lofty perch, were the Marshals of France with their blaze of orders and gold lace, and, better than all, there was the shining head and manly face of that born soldier Canrobert. There were the Senators in their gaudy robes, the members of

the Corps Législatif in their semi-military garb, the Ministers of State, the wise looking Academicians, the pompous "City Fathers" of Paris in their queer, "old timey" dresses, Judges, Generals, Admirals, Ambassadors, Consuls, and a host of lesser lights. The nave and the transepts seemed a mass of gold and silver lace enclosed by a wall of gleaming steel. Jewels of every hue glittered in the light of the chandeliers, and below me hundreds of stars, crosses, and collars flashed with a brilliancy that dazzled me, paining my poor Republican eyes with the blazonry of nearly every order in Europe. It was a grand sight—such as I had never seen before, and probably will never see again.

A silvery bell pealed out the hour of one, and before its cadence had died away a burst of wild and triumphant music rolled through the grand arches; and from a side door came marching into the choir a long train of ecclesiastics, preceding the venerable Archbishop. First came two boys swinging high their golden censors, and just behind them marched the cross bearer with the sacred symbol which shone gorgeously with its brilliant gems. The train seemed to me interminable. The ecclesiastics as they filed into the choir filled every available space around the altar, their magnificent dresses harmonizing well with the grandeur of the place in which they stood. Last of all came the Archbishop, walking with the tread of a king. Wilder and louder grew the organ strains until the whole church was full of the triumphant melody. Then, when all were in their places, it died away, and the mass began.

You who have heard high mass in the pretty churches of our own land, imagine how grand and awe-inspiring was this mass to which I listened in the midst of so much splendor and beauty. A hundred pure voices responded to the trembling tones of the celebrant, and the vast arches rang again, and again, with the wonderful harmony. Clouds of



Notre Dame—from the Archbishop's Bridge.

incense surged heavenward from the altar steps and filled the holy place with a mistiness through which the tapers shone palely. A little silver bell rang shrilly from the foot of the altar, and I saw gleaming through the clouds of smoke, the jewels of the case which held the consecrated wafer. Again the bell rang out its warning, and the Archbishop raised the sacred vessel high above the throng. Instantly, the sharp rattle of drums rolled through the church, and the trumpets rang out the salute, the colors of the troops that lined the aisle drooped heavily forward, the men dropped on their knees, with "presented arms," and every head in the vast throng was bowed in reverence, as the Archbishop slowly held the sacred vessel before all parts of the church. Then, how the music swelled upward again, and the sweet voices of the choristers joined in that grand old hymn of praise and thanksgiving which seems to gather fresh beauty with its increasing age.

It was only too short; and when it was all over, when the final blessing had been given, and I stood listening to the pealing notes of the organ, and watching the brilliant throng depart, I found my cheeks wet with the silent tears of exquisite pleasure which the never-to-be-forgotten occasion had drawn from me.

XXVIII.

BOHEMIAN LIFE.

In all large cities there is a class of men too lazy or too foolishly proud to work, or at least to work steadily and with the definite object of a support in view. How they live is a mystery to most persons, for they are miserably poor, and to all appearance are never engaged in any occupation but that of avoiding their landlords and other creditors.

A majority of these men are either artists or writers, some of them possessed of decided abilities, but all aimless and shiftless, and so wedded to their vagabondage as to be incapable of systematic exertion. If a success is won it is rarely followed up with a determined effort to win another, but is succeeded by a season, if not an entire life, of idleness. All dream of success, and say they are ambitious, but they find it much pleasanter to do nothing, even in poverty, than to work. They would like to be famous, and would enjoy wealth, and are perfectly willing to take both should they be thrust upon them, but as for working for them, they will have none of it. They pass strange lives, and though nominally "leading minds," sink their intellects in vagrancy or dissipation. They are termed Bohemians in consequence of living entirely by their wits.

The truest types of Bohemians, and the purest and most genuine Bohemian communities, are to be found in the Latin Quarter. The Bohemians are mostly young men, lawyers, writers, musicians, artists, soldiers, and actors. They are too careless to think of the future, and look only to the enjoy-

ment of the present, and trust to luck for the days to come. They are seen to-day, pale and careworn, taking their meals in a wretched *crémerie*, and to-morrow you may, perhaps, meet them radiant and careless in the most brilliant *salons* of the city. "Up one day, down the next," is a fair description of them. The most industrious earn a precarious living by writing for the press and the stage, and by practising various artifices known only to the initiated. Their money (when they have any) goes quickly. They are very popular with the pretty, vivacious grisettes, with whom their poverty is no crime, and when one of the poor fellows is laid in the *fosse commune*, it is not unfrequently the case that the sincerest mourner present is some pretty girl of this class whom the dead man lightly loved, and, perhaps, still more lightly cast aside. They are the sworn enemies of landlords and tailors, and look upon them as a class of monsters sent upon the earth to torment men of genius.

There is, amongst the Bohemians of Paris, an immense amount of talent, squandered and perverted as it is. In the midst of their vagrancy, they are conscious of their powers, and are restless and discontented. A revolution is hailed by them with joy, and they enter upon it with an energy and an ardor that contrasts strangely with their general habits. These upheavings invariably bring the best of this element to the surface, for, in spite of its faults, it has contributed some great men to the world. The most illustrious example that occurs to me is the First Napoleon, than whom, in his early manhood, a truer Bohemian never existed. Victor Hugo and many others that could be named, were at some time members of this class. Napoleon had the will as well as the genius to raise himself above the poverty and struggles of his youth, and when he came into power, profited by the lessons he had learned among his old companions. His keen knowledge of human nature, which may be said to

have been almost intuitive, and his association with the dwellers in the great Bohemia, enabled him to call to his aid the best of its members — men endowed with genius and imbued with new ideas. He chose them with matchless skill; he was quick to detect their good qualities, and he placed them where they would benefit and not injure France. Having done this, he held down the rest of the class with a firm hand. He recognized in them the natural enemies of law, order, and stability, and he knew that it was necessary to curb them rigidly, so that it is true that, while he was the unwavering foe of the Bohemians of Paris after his elevation to power, he also drew the most of the great dignitaries of his reign from amongst that element, and whenever he needed new and more vigorous men he sought them there.

The following account of some of the incidents in the life of a Bohemian is taken from a letter of M. Jules Fleury to Henry Mürger, the author of "Scenes in the Life of a Bohemian." Mürger and Fleury passed their vagrant days together, and were sworn friends, even after they had won fame:

"Nine years ago we lived together, and we possessed between us fourteen dollars a month. Full of confidence in the future, we rented two rooms in the Rue de Vaurigard, for sixty dollars a year. Youth does not reckon. You spoke to the porter's wife of such a sumptuous set of furniture that she let the rooms to you on your honest face, without asking references. Poor woman! what thrills of horror ran through her when she saw our furniture set down before her door. You had six plates—three of which were of porcelain—a Shakspeare, the works of Victor Hugo, a chest of drawers in its dotage, and a Phrygian cap. By some extraordinary chance, I had two mattresses, a hundred and fifty volumes, an arm-chair, two plain chairs, a table,

and a skull. The idea of making a grand sofa belongs to you, I confess; but it was a deplorable idea. We sawed off the four feet of a cot-bedstead and made it rest on the floor; the consequence of which was that the cot-bedstead proved to be utterly worthless. The porter's wife took pity on us, and lent us a second cot-bedstead, which furnished your chamber, which was likewise adorned with several dusty souvenirs you hung on the wall: such as a woman's glove, a velvet mask, and various other objects which love had hallowed. The first week passed away in the most delightful manner. We stayed at home, we worked hard, we smoked a good deal. I have found among this mountain of papers a blank sheet, on which is written, 'Beatrix: A Drama, in Five Acts. By Henry Mürger. Played at the —— Theatre, on the — day of ——, 18—.' This sheet was torn out of an enormous blank copy-book—for you were guilty of the execrable habit of using all our paper to write nothing else but the titles of dramas. You wrote 'Played' as seriously as could be, just to see what effect the title-page would produce. Our paper disappeared too fast in this way. Luckily, when all of it had disappeared, you discovered—heaven knows where, or how—some old atlas of geography, where alternate leaves were blank—a discovery which enabled us to do without the stationer. * * * You resolved, on the third of November, that we would cook our own victuals as long as the fourteen dollars lasted; so you bought a soup-pot, which cost fifteen cents, some thyme, and some laurel; being a poet, you had such a marked weakness for laurel, you used to poison all the soup with it."

Their mode of living may be gathered from the following extracts:

"When money failed us, you pointed out to me an old cashmere shawl, we used as a table cover. I told you,

'They will give nothing for that.' You replied, 'Oh, yes they will, if we add pantaloons and waistcoast to it.' I added pantaloons and waistcoast, and you took the bundle and started for the den in Place de la Croix Rouge. You soon came back with the huge package, and you were sad enough as you said, 'They are disagreeable *yonder*; try in the Rue de Condé, the clerks who are accustomed to deal with students are not so hard-hearted as they are in the Place de la Croix Rouge.' I went to the Rue de Condé. The two pairs of pantaloons, the famous shawl, and the waistcoats were closely examined; even their pockets were searched. 'We cannot lend anything on *that*,' said the pawnbroker's clerk, disdainfully pushing the things away from him. You had the excellent habit of never despairing. You said, 'We must wait until this evening; at night all clothes are new, and to take every precaution, I shall go to the pawnbroker's shop in the Rue du Fouare, where all the poor go; as they are accustomed there to see nothing pledged but rags and tatters, our clothes will glitter like barbaric pearl and gold.' Alas, the Rue du Fouare was cruel as his brethren."

There is another class of men who may be included amongst the Bohemian element, who are simply idlers, men too lazy to work. They are called loungers. "The lounger," says Jules Janin, "does not acknowledge that he is a lounger; on the contrary, he considers himself—happy man!—the busiest and most laborious person in the world. He a lounger! how can you imagine such a thing; he has a perfect horror of idleness; he is hardly risen in the morning before he betakes himself to his favorite work; if an artist, he is at his painting; a poet, at his poem: a statesman, at his correspondence. You will see how he will work to-day, for it must be confessed, he is not quite satisfied with yesterday; yesterday he went out to look for a document which

he wants, some advice of which he is in need, a little color for his sky, blue or black, but now he will do without it, he will not stir out all day, time is too precious; it is the thread of which the life of man is spun. Now, says he, for work! Our hero heaves a sigh, and at last his resolution is taken; the color is on the pallet, the inspiration has come—or the white paper is waiting for the laborious writer—yes, but there is a provoking ray of the sun shedding its bright yellow light below in the street; or else, here is a tiresome cloud, throwing darkness into my room; and then it is cold—it is warm—my head is heavy. * * * * * 'If I were to profit by this moment, to go and see my friend Theodore,' says the lounger to himself. 'Theodore lives not far from here, he is always at home till six o'clock, he gives good advice, and he really loves me; I will go, it is only a moment's affair. On my word of honor I shall be back in an hour. Madame Julien,' says he to the portress, 'I shall be back immediately; if any one calls upon me tell him to wait; and take care of my fire, and get my dinner for me; for I mean to work all day and part of the night.' So saying to Madame Julien, who laughs in her sleeve, he goes out into the street. He is no longer the same man, his head is raised, his chest dilates, his legs feel lighter, life reascends to his cheek, hope to his heart. He looks at everything with as much astonishment as our first father Adam could have felt when he awoke in the midst of the works of creation. At this moment he has forgotten everything; his wife, if he has a wife, (but more often the lounger is not married,) his creditors, his work, his ambition, his genius, everything, even himself. If he were ill, he would forget his malady, while lounging. There he is; make room for him. While the crowd respectfully gives place to him, he sees it not; he mingles in it without knowing it, without intending it, as wave mingles with wave. The crowd draws and pushes him

wherever he wishes to go." Be sure the lounger will never accomplish anything. He will always be a lounger.

There is yet another class, who have some means, very slight, but still something, but who are unwilling to work. A pleasant writer calls them the "Poor Bachelors," and thus describes them:

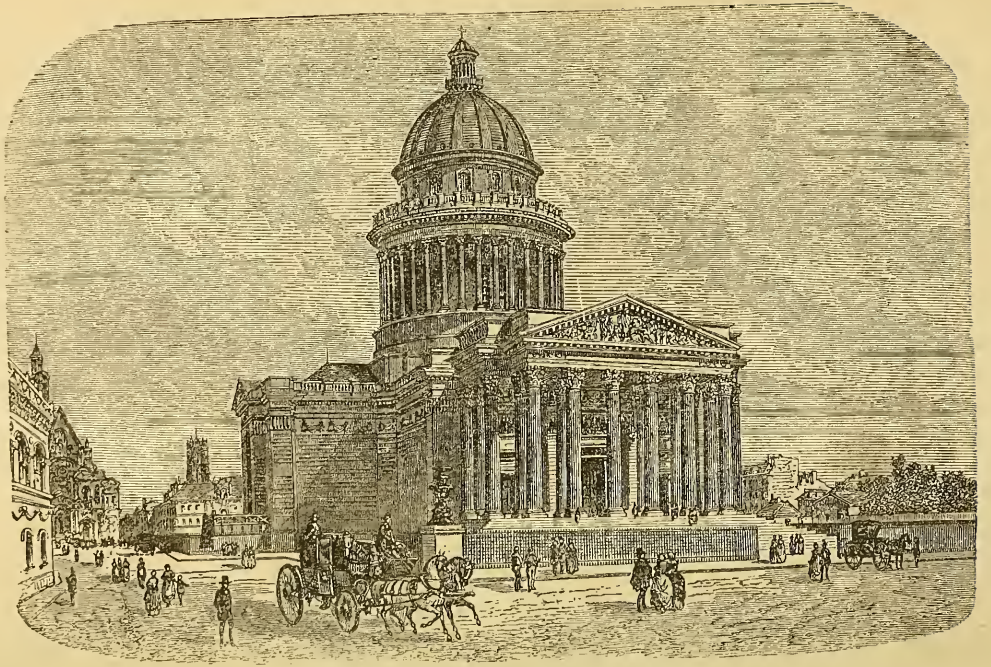
"The Poor Bachelor is innately indolent, not with the indolence of the English sluggard, who lies a-bed to mid-day, and then remains at home with slippers on his feet and a yawn at his mouth, but with a sort of cultivated, elegant indolence, that very much resembles philosophy. You cannot condole with him on his poverty, because he makes a boast of it. He *has* nothing, but he desires nothing. Man is a ray of sunshine that is gone when it has shone; the path of life is rugged, let us strew it with flowers; we can die but once, and it is better to die with white hands and rosy finger nails, than with horny palms! These and a thousand other such remarks make up the doctrine of the Poor Bachelor. He repels, however, the accusation of idleness. He is up betimes in the morning, and has walked three times round the garden of the Palais Royal before many business people have opened their eyes. He punctually reads every line of some favorite journal. He is a useful part of the social machinery, because he carries about little scraps of news from one place to another, as sparrows do bits of stick. He calls on all his friends at regular intervals, and is the ornament of some family circle.

"The resources which the Poor Bachelor has at his disposal are, of course, various; but he rarely has more than a thousand francs a-year, because if he had he would belong to another category. Monsieur F——— is the extremest case I know of. He has precisely 500 francs, or 20*l.* a-year—the produce of a small capital placed at good interest in one of the ready-made clothes houses, where, I suspect—on this

point he is impenetrably discreet—he was once a clerk. I could point out the house in which he lives, but have never been asked up-stairs; for it is one of the first rules of conduct in this class not to be at home, except in some coffee-house at certain hours of the day. Their room is 'a nest,' as they call it, to sleep in. F——— tells me, that more than twenty years ago he was fortunate enough to find a *mansarde* for sixty francs a-year. He has remained in it ever since, and his landlord has refrained from raising his rent on the tacit understanding that his tenant shall play a game of dominoes with him on Sunday after dinner. For this reason the bachelor is missed at his post in the café of the Rue du Bouloi every seventh evening, and every Monday is exposed to the satirical remarks of his cronies, who pretend to imagine that he observes the Sabbath!

"But how is it possible for even an old gentleman to be always dressed in garments not very threadbare, to appear occasionally in a new hat, to have his silver snuff-box replenished every morning, and to show a rosy and invariably smiling face, on 20*l.* a-year, or 17*l.* 12*s.* rent deducted? M. F———'s own account of the matter, which he gave me one day that we were alone at the café, is as follows: 'When I have taken my little turn round the garden I slip into a by-street, where there is a baker who invariably has my sou loaf ready in a corner. With this I go to the *crémerie*, or milk-shop, and ask for five centimes' worth of milk, which I dilute with water, and drink as I eat my bread, and talk to the mistress of the place about twenty years ago, when she was a morsel for a king and I —— But let that pass. [This was said with a very eloquent smile.] Your young stomach would not be satisfied with this; but I am then armed for the day. I feel light and cheerful; and as the afternoon advances, begin to look forward to the great affair—the important occupation of dinner. That meal is

my delight. I spare no expense. Let those who know nothing be attracted by the gilded salons of the Palais Royal, and help to pay their extravagant rents. Thirty-two sous—two francs for a dinner! It is monstrous; and what a dinner! *I* go back to my *crémerie*, where I have long had the privilege [another smile] of dining. The good woman gives me a bowl of soup or plate of beef, and another of roast meat, or stewed meat, or vegetables, with fruit or cheese for dessert—all for sixteen sous. Do not imagine that I am at all favored in the price; there are three other customers equally well treated: but I flatter myself that my portions are a little more copious; and yet the *crémerie* makes a fair profit. In this way, you see, the two great expenses of the day are provided for; and I have 109 francs left. Now I see by your face,' continued the old gentleman, crossing his legs and stirring about a piece of sugar in a glass of water, 'that you are counting up that this leaves me only about six sous a-day for washing, tobacco, coffee, expenses, etc. I must, therefore, reveal to you the great secret of philosophical life in Paris. My little talents of society have procured me friends, who invite me to dinner on an average once a-week; I have some relations, to whom I go one other day; and—I am very lucky at dominoes.' "



Sainte-Geneviève. (The Panthéon.)

XXIX.

PARISIAN CHURCHES.

THERE are sixty-five Parish churches in the City of Paris, besides chapels and other religious edifices, but of all these, only about twenty merit special attention. Indeed, the majority of visitors to Paris will find that even this number is a large estimate, for nine out of ten will soon learn to regard the hours spent in visiting all but the principal churches as lost time. I shall, therefore, call my reader's attention merely to those which seem to me most worthy of it.

To my mind the most beautiful church in the city, after Notre Dame, is that of Sainte-Geneviève, which stands on the south side of the river upon the most elevated ground in the city. It is built in the Italian style, and was erected at the instance of Madame de Pompadour, to replace the ancient parish church of Sainte-Geneviève, the patron Saint of Paris. In 1792, the Revolution converted it into a Panthéon, "to perpetuate the memory of illustrious citizens," and upon the massive front was placed the inscription in gilt letters still there: "*Aux Grands Hommes la Patrie reconnaissante.*" In 1822, the edifice was given back to religion; in 1832, it was again converted into a Panthéon; and, finally, in 1853, was restored to the worship of the Almighty. In the insurrection of June, 1849, it was seized and occupied by the insurgents, and the doors were battered down with cannon.

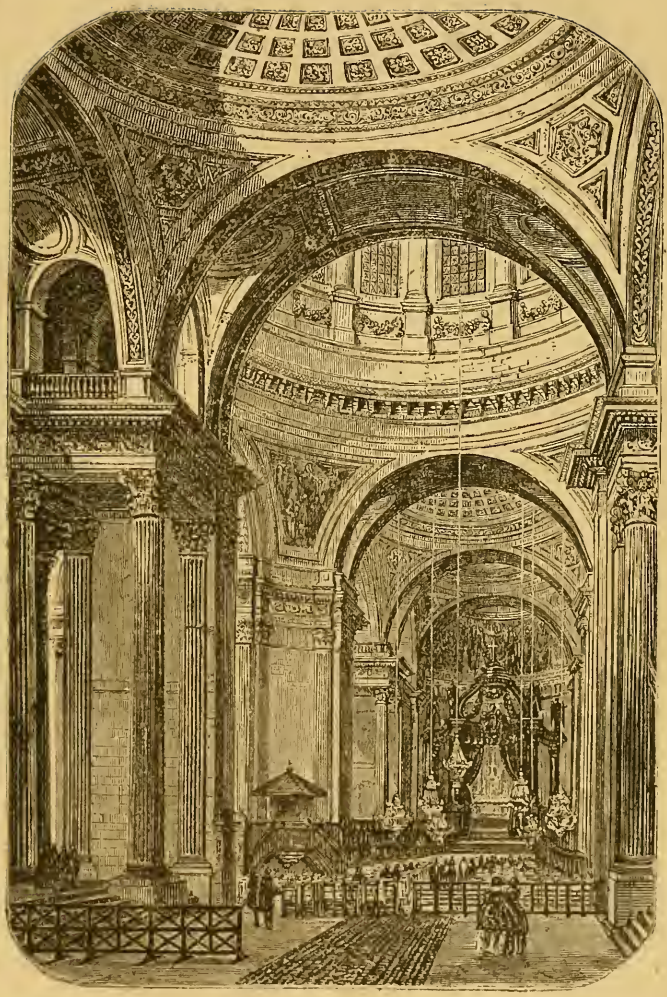
The external appearance of the church is very beautiful

and imposing. The dome is the finest in the city, and forms a conspicuous object in any view of Paris. The building is three hundred and forty feet long, and the highest point of the lantern is two hundred and sixty-seven feet above the floor. The tympanum of the portico is one hundred and twenty-one feet in width and twenty-two feet in height. It rests upon twenty-two magnificent Corinthian columns, and is richly ornamented with an allegorical bass-relief. "The plan of the church is that of a Greek cross. The interior is devoid of much ornament, but the vastness of its size and the sublimity of its triple dome give it an imposing air, which would be destroyed were there introduced those details which so well embellish smaller edifices. In the south transept is an altar to Sainte-Geneviève, to whom the church is dedicated, and another to the Virgin, both of them very elegant. Copies by M. Balze, of the frescoes of Michael Angelo and Raphael in the Vatican adorn the walls; and on the spandrels of the arches which support the dome are four allegorical paintings, representing Death, Justice, France, and Napoleon. The cupola is painted by Legros, and consists of four groups, each containing a monarch of France, whose reign is supposed to form an epoch in her history."

A flight of four hundred and seventy-five steps leads to the lantern, from which a magnificent view of the city and surrounding country may be obtained.

In the vaults of the church are the remains of Voltaire and Rousseau. Mirabeau was buried here shortly after his death, but his remains were taken away by the mob in a fit of popular fury. Several of Napoleon's Marshals and Generals are buried here, as is also Soufflot the architect of the building. The church marks the spot where the remains of Clovis were placed in 511.

Not far from the Panthéon is the Church of the Sorbonne, attached to the great school of the same name. It is a large,



Interior of Sainte-Geneviève.

handsome church, Palladian in style, and was erected in 1629. In a recess on the right as you enter, is the tomb of the great Cardinal Richelieu. It is ornamented with a group representing the dying Cardinal, sustained by religion and mourned by science. These figures are said to be portraits of his nieces, the Duchesses of Guyon and Fronsac. Over the tomb is suspended the red hat of the great Minister, far more attractive to his admirers than the fine sculptures beneath it. During the Revolution the tomb was violated and the head of the Cardinal severed from his body. In 1861 it was discovered in a singular manner, and reunited to the body after seventy-two years of separation.

A little to the east of the Garden of the Luxembourg you can see the fine dome of the Church of the *Val de Grace*, attached to the military hospital of the same name. It is a handsome structure in the Italian style. The interior of the dome is finely painted by Mignard. These paintings represent the three Persons of the Trinity, and Anne of Austria, (by which Queen the church and the hospital, originally a convent, were founded,) surrounded by upwards of two hundred figures of saints. The sculptures throughout the church are very elaborate, and are very good. The chapels are handsomely ornamented. That of the Holy Sacrament contains several of Philippe de Champagne's pictures. During the existence of the convent, the nuns sat in the choir, and the public in the nave. The gratings behind which the sisters sat may still be seen.

Just back of the Panthéon is the fine old Church of *Saint-Étienne-du Mont*, (Saint Stephen of the Mount.) It is very large, and is one of the most interesting of the many religious edifices of the city. The foundation dates back to the Eleventh Century, when it is supposed the square tower and turret were built. The main building was commenced in 1517 and completed about 1626. The west front was

built about 1610, and is quite in the Renaissance style. Some years ago the edifice, which was greatly in need of repairs, was almost entirely restored. The interior is very fine, and differs very much from the majority of the Parisian churches. The roof is vaulted, and is supported by immense round pillars, which are themselves strengthened by lateral arches. A fine gallery extends along both sides of the church, and is reached by two beautiful spiral stairways. Another gallery, communicating with these stairways, extends directly across the body of the church about the middle, and is ornamented with statuary and carvings. It is an exquisite piece of workmanship. It forms the jubé or rood-screen. The stained glass windows are very good, and date back to the Sixteenth Century. The organ was made in the Seventeenth Century, and is still an excellent instrument. The church is provided with numerous side chapels, some of which are very fine. One of these, situated on the south side of the chancel, contains a sepulchral urn, said to enclose the ashes of Sainte-Geneviève, the patron Saint of Paris. It was found in the vaults of the old Parish Church of Sainte-Geneviève when that structure was demolished to make way for the Panthéon. There are those, however, who dispute the genuineness of the relic, and assert that the true urn was broken by the mob and its contents scattered to the winds during the Revolution. The present urn, however, whether genuine or not, answers all the purposes of the faithful. It is usually surrounded by lighted tapers, placed there by devotees, who regard it with the greatest veneration.

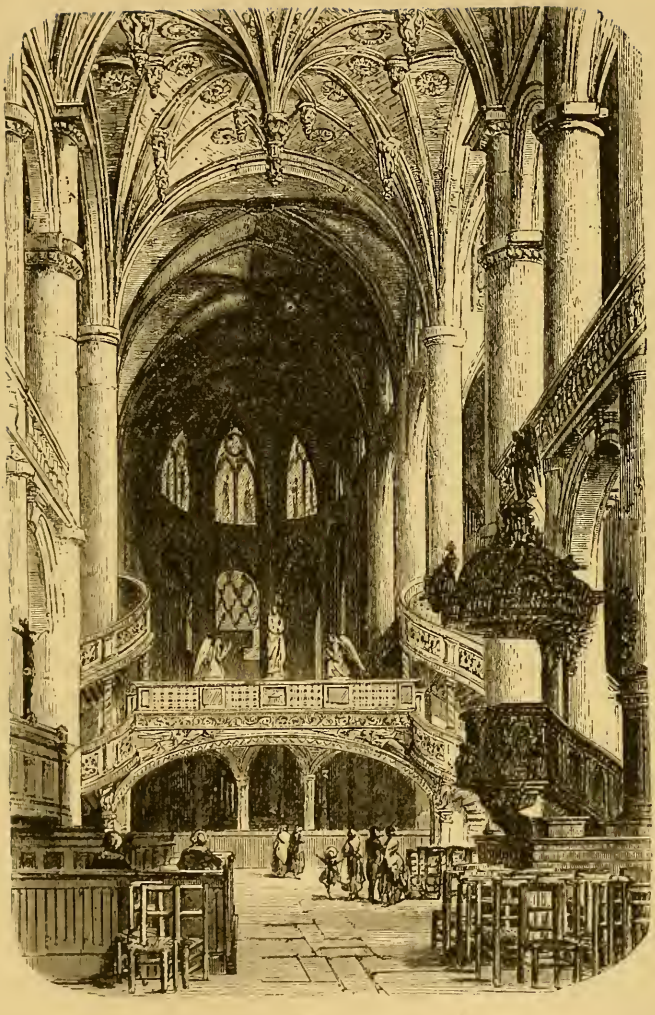
In the Rue Bonaparte, about half way between Saint Sulpice and the river, is the old Abbey Church of *Saint-Germain-des-Prés*. The Abbey to which it was formerly attached, was founded by King Childebert I. in the year 550, at the request of Saint Germanus. It stood in the

meadows that bordered the left bank of the Seine, from which circumstance it derived the latter half of its name. These meadows were a part of its domain, and, from the earliest times to the close of the Seventeenth Century, were the favorite resort of the monks of the city and of the students of the colleges on the south side. They constituted the famous *Pré aux Clercs*, reference to which has been made elsewhere. The old church was the burial place of the Merovingian Kings of the Sixth and Seventh Centuries. Their tombs were violated and plundered during the Revolution, and a few of their monuments have been removed to, and are preserved at, Saint Denis. Monarchs and nobles showered gifts upon the Abbey, which at length became one of the wealthiest institutions in France. Its estates included all of the present Faubourg Saint Germain; and its buildings were so numerous that they constituted almost a town of their own. The Rues l'Echaudé, St. Benoit, Ste. Marguerite, and St. Jacob mark the line of its outer wall, and where the Rue de l'Abbaye now runs once stood the Great Cloister. In the Seventeenth Century, when the discipline of the Benedictines was reformed, this Abbey became the property of the Congregation of Saint Maur, which body produced a series of the brightest lights of the Roman Catholic Church — such men as Mabillon, Montfaucon, Bouquet, Calmet, Felibien, and Du Cange.

The Abbots of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, were invested with almost regal powers over their domains, amongst which was the right of deciding questions of life and property. They built a prison for the safe keeping of their culprits, and made it one of the strongest and most secure in Paris. This old prison witnessed a terrible scene during the Revolution. It was crowded with Royalist prisoners of all ranks, ages, and conditions, and on that terrible Second of September, 1792, there was a general thinning out of the Aristocrats for

the purpose of striking terror to the hearts of the Emigrés who were advancing upon Paris under the Duke of Brunswick. Maillard and his mock court sat in the prison yard, while three hundred armed assassins, sent there by the Commune to perform their horrid work, waited their victims without the gates. One by one the wretched captives were brought before the tribunal of death, and one by one, with rare exceptions, they were passed out of the gates. One glance they had of the furious mob with its bristling pikes and swords, and the next moment the bright steel was red with their life blood. Billaud Varennes, with his wicked eloquence urged on the assassins, promising them money for their work, and crafty Marat—that blood-hound in human shape—told them they were too slow. One thousand and eighty-nine Aristocrats were "thinned out" in Paris that day, and of these the greater part lay before the gates of the Abbaye. The old prison was demolished in 1854–55, to make room for the improvements which have so changed this neighborhood. The church and the Abbot's house, which is almost intact, are all that remain of what was once the most famous Abbey in France.

The original church founded by Childebert, was burned by the Normans, and the present edifice dates from the early part of the Twelfth Century. It is almost hidden in the surrounding houses, and you would pass a dozen times without noticing it. A square Norman tower pierced with round arches rises from the western end, and forms the principal entrance. The exterior, as seen from the street, is plain and unimposing. The interior is two hundred and fourteen feet long, sixty-nine feet wide, and sixty-two feet high. It was greatly injured during the Revolution, having been converted into a saltpetre manufactory. The damage thus received was so great that it was necessary to almost entirely restore the church. Repairs were begun in 1820, and con-



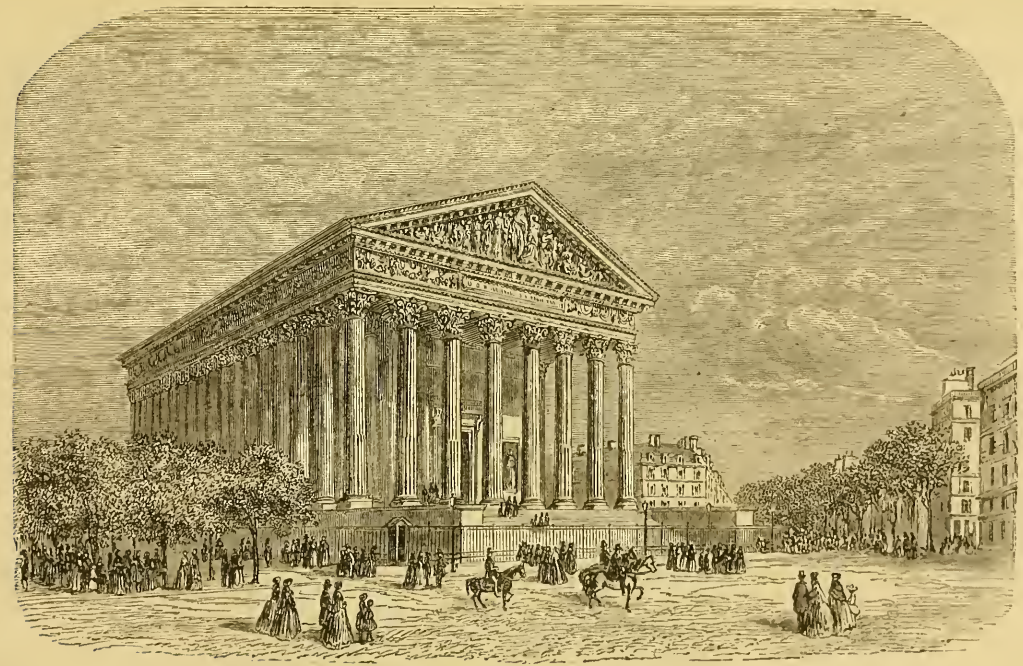
Interior of Saint Etienne du Mont.

tinued until 1836. Much of the gilding and frescoing was done between the years 1852 and 1856. The church is richly decorated, and in the choir are a number of beautiful triple marble columns, which constitute the only remaining portions of the original edifice destroyed by the Normans. They were erected in the Seventh Century. The roof of the nave and choir is covered with gilt stars on a blue ground, and the nave is decorated in a singular and not very beautiful manner. The church abounds in fine paintings and frescoes. Some of these are very beautiful, and the subjects of all are either historical or allegorical. The church and the side chapels contain a number of interesting monuments. The tombs of the old kings have disappeared, but those of Descartes, Mabillon, Montfaucon, Boileau, Oliver and Louis de Castellan, two of the Scotch Earls of Angus, and John Casimir V., King of Poland, and afterwards Abbot of Saint Germain, are still preserved. There are few edifices in the city more thoroughly interesting and worth visiting than this old church.

The church of *Saint Sulpice*, in the place of the same name, is one of the handsomest ornaments of the Latin Quarter. It has an imposing front, with two stately towers, between which is a portico supported by fluted Doric columns and surmounted by an Ionic one. It was begun in 1646 and finished in 1721. It is built in the Italian style, and is grand and massive in its details. The interior is four hundred and sixty feet long, and one hundred and nine feet high. It is arranged on the plan of a Gothic Cathedral, and is one of the best proportioned churches in the city. It is richly ornamented with paintings and frescoes, and some of its side chapels are very beautiful. The chapel of the Virgin is magnificent. The paintings are by Vanloo, and the marbles and gildings are in keeping. At the back, in a deep recess, is a statue of the Virgin by Pajou. A rich flood of light,

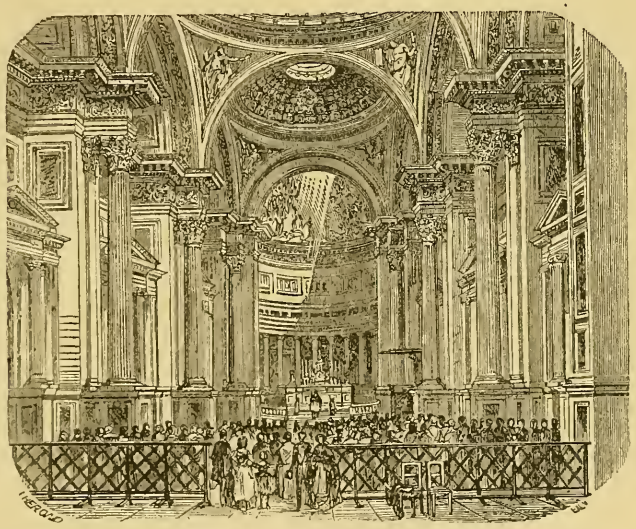
streaming from an artistically concealed window, falls over it, and produces a very happy effect. An extensive undercroft, or crypt, lies beneath the church. This beautiful edifice was converted during the Revolution into a Temple of Victory. It afterwards became the Temple of the Theophilanthropists, and in 1799, a banquet was given in it to the young Conqueror, General Bonaparte.

At the western end of the Boulevards, and fronting the Rue Royale, is the beautiful church of the *Madeleine*, dedicated to Saint Mary Magdalen. "This vast imitation of a classic temple was begun in 1764, for a church, and the columns were about two-thirds of their height when the Revolution of 1789 stopped the works. In 1806, Napoleon decreed from Posen, that it should be finished and converted into a Temple of Glory, and some progress was made in consequence. In 1816, it was again destined for a church, but it remained surrounded with a scaffolding, a melancholy object in a forlorn condition, until Louis Philippe at length finished it, under M. Huvé, in 1842. Externally, it is an enormous Roman temple, surrounded by a portico of fifty-two fluted composite columns, each forty-nine feet high, supporting an elaborately carved frieze and entablature. Beneath the portico are thirty-four niches, containing statues of Saints. The south pediment is one hundred and twenty-six feet long, twenty-three feet high, and contains a huge bass-relief, by Lemaire, representing the Last Judgment, in the centre of which is the Magdalen interceding with Christ. The bronze doors, with bass-reliefs of the Delivering of the Commandments, and emblems of each in the ten compartments, were designed by Baron de Trequeti—the unrequited labor of seven years. The interior of the church is one vast hall or nave, lighted from above, through four domes or cupolas; length, two hundred and sixty-one feet; breadth, seventy feet, height under the cupolas, one hundred and nine feet.



The Madeleine.

It is gorgeously gilded and adorned with paintings, statues, and colored marbles; and though the mixture of classical and Renaissance details has been criticised, it might be difficult to construct better decorations for so unpromising an interior. Over the high altar is the Assumption of the Virgin, borne to Heaven by angels, a fine marble by Marochetti, and on each side an angel in prayer. On the vault of the tribune above is an elaborate composition, by Zeigler;



Interior of The Madeleine.

in the centre is Mary Magdalen before Christ; and the rest allegorical to the spread of Christianity, from the death of Christ to the time of Napoleon." The other decorations are elaborate. The general effect is prepossessing, though the absence of windows at first strikes one unpleasantly. The building and its decorations cost about twelve and a half millions of francs. It is one of the most fashionable churches of the city, and is largely attended.

Just opposite the colonnade of the Louvre, is the Church

of *Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois.* The original church was founded by Childebert, but it has disappeared, and there is no part of the present edifice older than the Twelfth Century. The tower dates from that era, and the choir and apse from the first part of the Thirteenth Century. The nave and chapels were built during the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries, but have been much altered since then. It was the parish church of the Court, and it was here that the members of the royal family were baptized. The seats of the king and his family, dating from 1684, are still preserved in the church. There was formerly a large cloister attached to the church, in which Admiral Coligni was wounded two days before the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. It was the bell* of this old church that gave the signal for the massacre, and this signal was answered by the tocsin of the *Conciergerie* on the other side of the river. In 1617, the body of the Italian favorite of the Queen, Marshal d'Ancre, was laid in state in this church. The populace broke into the building and dragged out the corpse into the streets. The interior was greatly disfigured in 1745, by an attempt to change it to the Italian style, and, strange to say, this barbarous effort was made under the sanction of the Academy of Fine Arts. On the 14th of February, 1831, an attempt was made to commemorate the anniversary of the assassination of the Duke de Berri by a solemn mass. This roused the fury of the populace, who broke into the church and completely gutted it. It was abandoned and remained in this condition until 1838, when Louis Philippe caused it to be restored at a considerable outlay.

Altogether it forms one of the most attractive religious edifices in the city. The western front, with its handsome

* This bell has been removed to the Palais de Justice, and its place is supplied by a peal of forty bells, one of the finest and most musical in France.

porch is very fine. The portal of the central door dates from the early part of the Thirteenth Century, and retains all of its original statues and carvings. The interior is very beautiful, but has been so frequently changed that it is hard to tell which part is original and which is modern. The style is chaste and beautiful. The Gothic pillars and arches are of white stone, and afford a beautiful contrast with the richly painted windows. The frescoes and paintings are numerous. The chapels are not so attractive as the church, but that of Our Lady is very handsome. It occupies four arches on the south side, and is really a complete church in itself. The edifice is two hundred and fifty-four feet long, and one hundred and twenty-seven feet wide at the transept. It was once filled with monuments, but with a few exceptions they have all disappeared. Until 1856 the church was almost entirely surrounded with houses, but the present Emperor has cleared them away, and between the western front and the Louvre now lies a broad and handsome square.

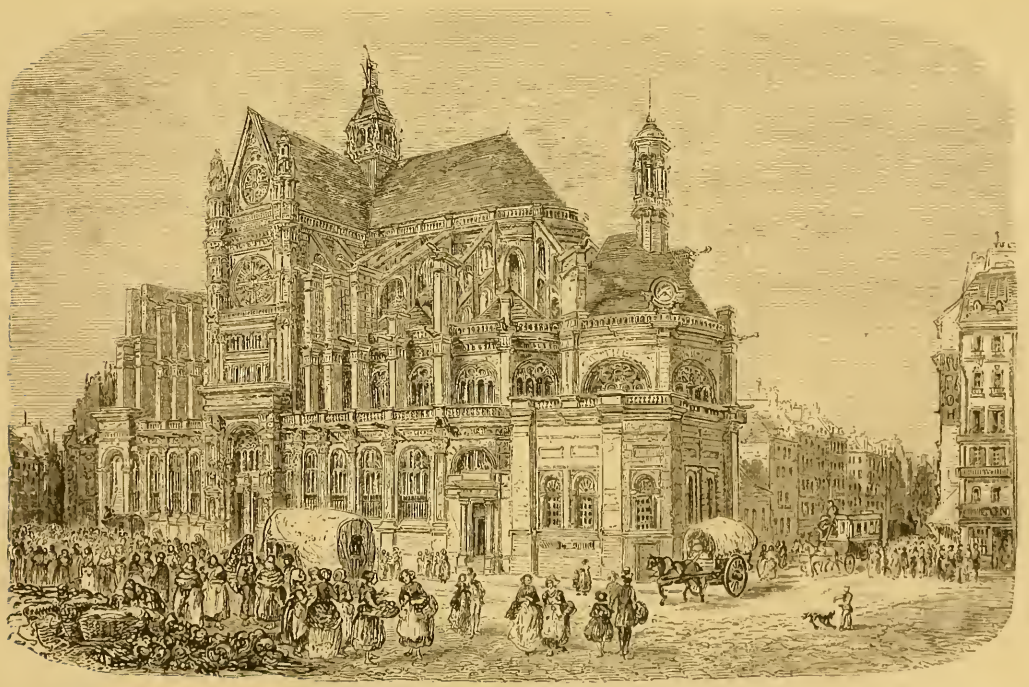
The parish church of the Tuileries and one of the most fashionable in the city, is *Saint Roch*, in the Rue Saint Honoré. It is a very large, unattractive edifice, but contains some fine paintings. The music is said to be the best in Paris. When the Sections rose against the Directory during the Revolution, they posted themselves on the steps of this old church, and were swept from it by the cannon of the young General Bonaparte.

The Church of *Saint Séverin*, in the place of the same name, near the lower end of the Rue Saint Jacques, is one of the finest Gothic churches in Paris, and dates from the Fifteenth Century. It is built with a central nave, and two aisles and ranges of chapels on each side. The exterior is good but not remarkable for beauty or elegance, but the interior is very fine. "The pointed arches of the nave are surmounted by a double row of elegant Gothic windows, the

uppermost containing much colored glass of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries. The chapels on each side have been painted by modern artists. The piers of the ambulatory behind the choir, and the groining of the vaults, are worthy of notice. In the time of Henry IV., there were paintings on a gold ground above the arches of the nave and choir. In 1684, Mademoiselle de Montpensier disfigured the choir by the introduction of colored marbles and round arches."

In the Rue Montmartre, where it opens into the Place des Halles, is the parish Church of *Saint Eustache*, a fine specimen of the late Gothic or Renaissance. It is the largest in Paris, after Notre Dame, and is attached to the largest and richest parish. The western portal is very fine, and the side towards the market is massive and exceedingly rich in sculptures and stone carvings.

The interior is three hundred and thirty-seven feet long, and one hundred and five feet high. The church, "one of the finest and loftiest in Paris, was begun in 1532, and consecrated in 1637. In 1804 it was visited by Pius VII., when the ceremony of a second consecration was gone through. The interior has recently been cleaned and ornamented. It consists of a nave, two aisles, and shallow transept. It is remarkable for the height of its roof, the delicacy of its pillars, and the beautiful effect of its tout ensemble. The length of time which it took in building is no doubt the cause of the defect which exists in its architectural harmony, for we see the Grecian orders blended together with the Gothic and the Renaissance style. The roof is supported by ten parallel pillars, which rise one hundred feet from the ground, and which again support half-way up a gallery, running entirely around the church. There are some good paintings by Vanloo. Above the gallery are twelve windows, ornamented with stained glass, very valuable both as to design and color. The interior of the choir is also much



Saint Eustache.

admired for the beauty of its decorations. The high altar is of pure Parian marble, exquisitely sculptured, and cost upwards of three thousand pounds. The reading desk is the same which formerly stood in Notre-Dame, but which was displaced during the revolution of 1793.

"The church is surrounded by chapels, highly ornamented. In that dedicated to the Virgin is a marble statue of the Virgin, executed by Pigal; the sides of the chapel are adorned by some good bass-reliefs. In the same chapel is the tomb of Colbert, by Coysevox. The organ over the doorway has recently been built, and is considered one of the finest in Paris."

Besides the edifices already named, are a number worth visiting. Amongst these are the churches of Saint Gervais, behind the Hôtel de Ville, and containing the tomb of the poet wit Scarron; Saint Merri, in the Rue Saint Martin, a fine specimen of the age of Francis I.; and Saint Paul and Saint Louis, in the Rue Saint Antoine, a beautiful building of the early part of the Seventeenth Century.

The modern churches are all showy and elaborate. The most attractive are the churches of Saint Jean-Baptiste, at Belleville; La Trinité, in the Rue Saint Lazare; Saint Vincent-de-Paul, in the Place Lafayette; and Notre-Dame-de-Lorette, in the street of the same name.

All these are establishments of the Catholic Church, and together with their clergy, are supported by the State. All denominations, however, are tolerated in France, and the most prominent are represented by church edifices, the handsomest being that of the Greek Faith, known as the Russian Church, near the Park of Monceaux. The Jewish Synagogues are very fine. The State makes a liberal donation to each denomination, so that all creeds have an equal chance for doing good, so far as the action of the Government is concerned.

XXX.

THE GOBELINS.

One of the most interesting buildings in Paris is the Imperial Manufactory of Gobelin Tapestry, which is situated in the Rue Mouffetard. It was founded in 1450 by one Jean Gobelin, a dyer, on the stream of the Bievre, whose waters enjoyed a repute for a peculiar property, which assisted the production of certain rich tints, such as scarlet and purple, which were in so much request in the dyeing of the silk thread or wools used in the manufacture of tapestry. The family of the Gobelins emigrated from Holland to France, and some of their descendants and connections have for centuries been workers of the royal tapestry in Paris.

Since the time of Henry IV., who converted this factory into a government establishment, almost all of the French sovereigns have been liberal patrons of the art. Even the Republic, though it forbade the aristocratic designs which had formerly given fame to the Gobelins, gave the workmen handsome orders for true democratic pictures. The best friends of the establishment have been the Napoleons; and the present Emperor is by no means behind his illustrious uncle. In common with Louis XIV., he takes great care of and interest in his Gobelins, who are workmen of the middle class of life in France, and most intelligent individuals. They are men of refined taste and intellect. Indeed, much of the beauty of the execution of their work is, as it were, dependent on their appreciation of the beautiful designs they copy and the attuning of their own ideas to the spirit of

their Raphael, Correggio and Rubens models. It is their aim to reproduce in their looms the ideas and successes of these masters. Admittance to an inspection of this establishment is very jealously guarded. A foreigner must produce his passport, and each visitor an order from the government, before he is permitted to enter its sacred precincts.

There are nearly fifty workmen employed, besides pupils who are learning and assisting in these workshops. The visitor after surveying the specimens of old and modern tapestry hanging on the walls in a few rooms up stairs, descends one floor to inspect the workshops. The heat is excessive, the atmosphere being, doubtless, heated to a fixed degree of temperature, for some reason connected with the tension of the warp, or chaine of the looms There is a notice placed over each door, requesting visitors to be "careful of shutting the same every time they come in or go out of the rooms." There is no machinery or mechanical contrivance to be seen anywhere. The workmen are very silent, and seem absorbed in their noiseless work.

In the tapestry of haute-lice and basse-lice, the workman does all his work on the wrong side of the stuff and the back of his frame; he sits behind his frame, hidden from view, while he sees his execution on the right side. The terms haute-lice and basse-lice have relation to the direction of the chaines, or warp on the loom, and that of the working of the design. In frames or looms for haute-lice tapestry, the warp is vertical, and the work is done from the bottom to the top vertically; the lices are pieces of wood, placed at the top and bottom of the frame, having rollers attached to them, which, one way, at the top, unroll the warp or chaine for the progress of the work, and the other way, at the bottom of the frame, roll up what is finished. In the frames for basse-lice, the lices, or wood rollers, are placed horizontally, and perform the same service exactly, but the warp is

horizontal, and the design is worked laterally from one side to the other, instead of straight upwards or vertically, as is done in haute-lice tapestry. Pieces of tapestry which demand solidity, strength and width, rather than height, are worked in basse-lice.

The workman uses a large wooden needle or peg; the silk is wound round and round it; he may now and then have fifty needles in use by his side (each laden with its shade) according to the colors he is working into his loom. The model he works from is a faithful copy of some good picture, and is placed behind him over his head. He has to turn round and glance up at it continually. Two men generally work side by side behind some of the frames from the same pattern, and thus they divide the model between them, and work from different points of view in the picture. In the Savonnerie department, farther on, the famous Turkey and velvet pile carpets are manufactured, these being principally for the Imperial residences. In this room the workman sits in front of his loom on a high stool, and works on the right side of the warp. He has frames for haute-lice and basse-lice also. He works with a little larger needle, of the same sort as his neighbor's in the next room; his warp is much coarser; when he has worked in his designs in wool or worsted and different materials he cuts the stitches (each of which he has first to cut and knot securely) across with a penknife, just as ladies do when they wish to produce the effect of velvet-raised foliage in Berlin worsted work; his pattern is placed by the side of the loom. In both departments, the outline of the workman's model is traced out in the warp or chaine in black ink.

The work of the Gobelins will, perhaps, be better understood by the addition of a few words on the instruments employed by them. The worsted thread is wound upon the neck of the pointed wooden tool (made of sycamore or lime-

Weaving the Gobelin Tapestries.

tree), the neck being about three-and-a-half inches long; this end of it introduces a worsted thread between the perpendicular threads and the warp, the fine-pointed end serving to press the worsted down into a horizontal position, where it is made more firm and tight in the web by the use of the other toothed instrument.

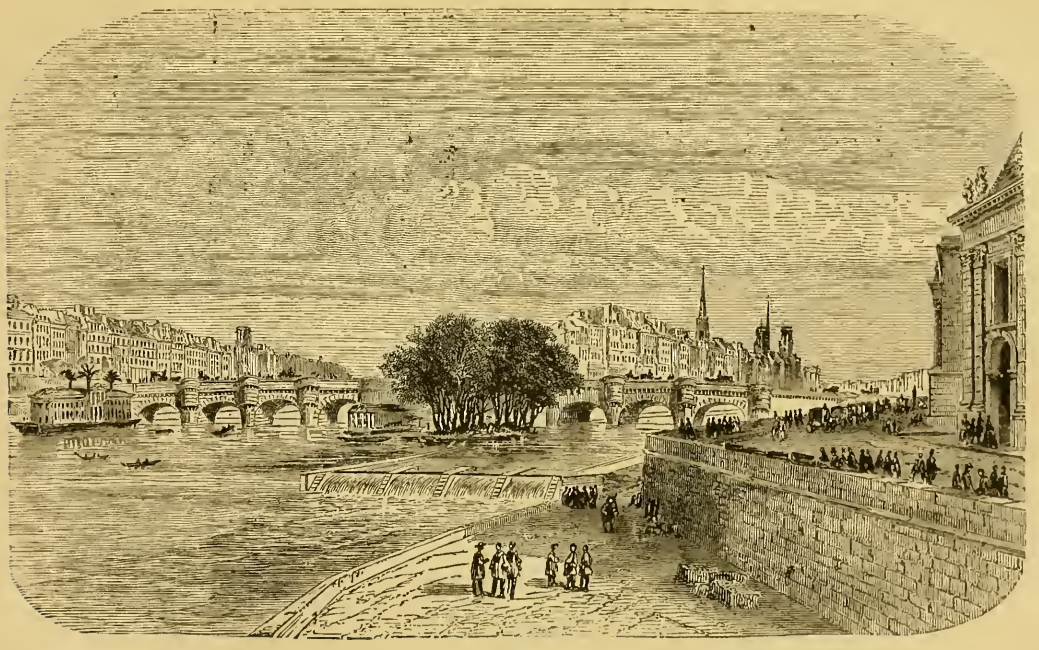
Perfect proficiency in the art is not attained within a lesser period than forty years, and many a man has died previous to the completion of the hangings of a single bed in a palace. Boys enter on the occupation at the age of twelve years, and whole families live and die in the establishment. Many a piece of Gobelin tapestry has occupied five men through six years at the rate of fifty hours weekly on one frame. The Cartoons of Raphael have been exquisitely wrought at the Gobelins, and were sent as royal presents within the last twenty years to various large churches and cathedrals in France.

XXXI.

THE PONT NEUF.

WHAT London Bridge is to the great Metropolis of England, that is the Pont Neuf to Paris. Were there a thousand bridges over the Thames, the stones of London Bridge would still be worn with the same rapidity, and were there as many points of communication between the north and south shores of the Seine, the Pont Neuf would doubtless witness no diminution of the throngs that pass it daily. Go there when you will, you will always find it full of people, and it has been said that if you remain there for a week looking at all who pass you, you will surely meet the man you seek.

"This bridge," says Jules Janin, "has been traversed by the whole history of France, under its different phases. Here were sold pamphlets against Cardinal Mazarin, and songs against Louis XIV., as long as Louis XIV. allowed people to sing songs against him. On one corner of this peninsula, Comedy was born; not then the comedy of Molière, but the comedy of Tabarin, the mountebank of the Pont Neuf. Even now, when so many bridges have been thrown across the Seine—when at every step you meet the Pont Louis Philippe, the Pont des Arts, the Pont du Carrousel, the Pont Royal, the Pont de la Concorde—the Pont Neuf is and long will be the passage most frequented by the crowd —the favorite bridge of the Parisians, who have placed it under the patronage of their old friend, Henry IV. On every side the Pont Neuf leads to some important place. It formerly led the condemned to the Grève; it still leads



Pont Neuf.

the lawyers to the Palais de Justice, the accused to the prison of the Conciergerie, the suspected to the Prefecture of Police, and the Peers of France to the Luxembourg. At one time, when the whole of Paris lived by wit; when conversation was composed of tragedy, comedy, eloquence, and satire; when Voltaire domineered over the Eighteenth Century from the boards of his Comédie Française; when the Café Procope was a sort of Chamber of Deputies, whose decrees were without appeal, the Pont Neuf was even more frequented than it is now. At certain hours, you might have seen passing and repassing, in these paths of philosophy and rebellion, all the great minds which have overturned or restored the world. At one time or another, or perhaps all at once, you might see Diderot, D'Alembert, Fréron, Condorcet, Piron, Beaumarchais, the whole Encyclopædia marching by, with matches lighted and standards unfurled, without speaking of the great poet, Gilbert, who was carried from the Café Procope to the hospital. Now, thanks to the two chambers, thanks to the periodical press, thanks to the liberty, which has penetrated into minds and manners, there are no longer known in Paris, such assemblies of intelligent minds at every hour of the night and day, such café rebels, such revolutions carried on behind the scenes, such pit conspiracies."

On Saturday, May 31st, 1578, Henry III., accompanied by his mother, Catharine de Médicis, and his wife, Louise of Lorraine, laid the first stone of the bridge, with great pomp and ceremony. The King had just seen his favorites, Maugiron and Quélus, killed in a duel, and his grief was so great that he could not control his countenance during the ceremony. The bridge was not finished, however, until 1604, in the reign of Henry IV. It consists of two parts, the middle portion being formed of the Island, and is two hundred and fifty-two yards long and twenty-five yards

wide. It is built of stone, with massive piers and arches, and is provided with slight recesses, with stone seats for weary passengers at each pier. In 1853, the footway was lowered, and the bridge almost rebuilt.

Sit with me on one of the stone benches, where the north section of the bridge joins the island. This firm roadway was once a narrow canal, separating the lower point of the Cité from the rest. The portion thus cut off formed the Ile aux Vaches, which was often used as a place of torment. The good Christians of the Middle Ages roasted the poor Jews here without mercy, and the islet came to be known as the *Ile aux Juifs*. It is a pretty place now, covered with green trees and ornamented with a music garden, and you would hardly believe that it witnessed the dark tragedies of those darker days. The darkest of all took place here on the 11th of March, 1314. Philippe the Fair was a good Christian, no doubt, but he never forgot or forgave an injury, and when the Templars sided against him in his quarrel with Pope Boniface VIII., he swore a mighty oath that their hostility to him should prove their ruin. With great cunning, he got his tool, the Archbishop of Bordeaux, elected Pope, and thus secured the aid and countenance of the Church for his infamous scheme. Then, by a course of hypocrisy and trickery, he enticed the principal Templars of France to Paris, where they were suddenly arrested and imprisoned by his order. At the same time, all their possessions throughout France were seized by the King. He imprisoned some of the knights, tortured others, and burned the rest, and at length sent the Grand Master, Jacques de Molay, and the Grand Prior of France, Guy Dauphin of Auvergne to die at the stake on the "Jews' Island," on the 11th of March, 1314. These two heroes had faced death too often to dread it now, and had borne their persecutions too bravely to shink from the fierce martyrdom

that awaited them here, and they died with a firmness worthy of men innocent of the charges brought against them. You will see De Molay's portrait in the "Crusader's Hall" at Versailles—a grave, thoughtful face, manly and honest, and yet as sad as if there hung over him a presentiment of his dreadful fate. Doubtless the time had come when his Order was no longer needed in Christendom, and its extinction was no doubt necessary; but nothing save a demoniacal revenge could have prompted the method by which the work was done.

Sitting here with the busy crowd hurrying by me, and the roar of the great city all around me, I lose myself in reverie, and go wandering back to the day when the river was thronged with boats, and the banks were black with spectators; when the little island was filled with men-at-arms, and the bright flames hissed fiercely around the soldier-monks. I hear the hoarse tones of the death bell sounding high above the silent crowd, and clearer than the wailing *Miserere* of the priests, I hear De Molay bidding his brother and comrade be of good cheer, for the gates of the Father's house are opening on his sight. I see no pain-wracked, fire-blackened countenance in those terrible flames, but shining there is the same brave, sweet face that looked down on me so earnestly from the walls of Versailles. Then when the flames and the smoke have hidden all from my view—I start up, to find myself five centuries removed from that dreadful day, and to see the sunlight falling lovingly over the bronze statue of that other hero-martyr, Henry of Navarre.

This statue has an interesting history connected with it. Marie de Médicis was anxious to gratify her father Cosmo II., Grand Duke of Tuscany, by erecting an equestrian statue of him in Paris. He had promised to provide the statue if she would secure its erection in the city, and accordingly sent the horse first. It was wrecked on the coast of Normandy,

and remained at the bottom of the sea for an entire year. It was at length recovered, and restored at great expense, and sent to Paris, where it arrived in 1614. It was then placed on a marble pedestal in its present location, but for many years remained without a rider. After the assassination of King Henry IV., his widow, (Marie de Médicis) wishing, doubtless, to ward off the suspicion which many entertained of her complicity in the murder, caused a bronzed statue of King Henry to be made and placed on the horse, so that the Florentine Duke never bestrode his famous steed. It is a wonderful face, simply because it is a truthful portrait, and it wears the same expression that must have shone in the living features when the good king sent bread over the walls of Paris to its rebellious but starving people.

My romance is suddenly destroyed by a most unearthly discord, and looking around me I see people with their hands clapped over their ears hurrying across the bridge at full speed. The cause of the commotion is a street singer, a woman whose shrill notes are worse than the cracked guitar, with which she accompanies herself. To my great relief; she passes on, and I hear her faintly in the distance setting some more of these music-loving people wild.

It is early morning, and the crowds are thick on all the bridges, especially on this one. Here is the street astronomer, setting up his telescope near the statue of the Bernois. Stop your carriage here, my grave Académician, and talk with this learned professor, and see how little you really know of the science of which you claim to be so bright a light. Talk of theories, this man has his head full of them, and as for practice, why he wouldn't give his telescope for twenty of the big instruments that are guarded with so much care in the Imperial Observatory.

Close by used to stand, and may stand yet, the famous dog doctor Bisson. He was always accompanied by his wife, a

hideous old hag—and he was far from being a beauty himself. He stood at her side with his coat off, and a short pipe in his mouth, while she occupied the post of honor, a curious chair, the lower part of which constituted a box in which dogs were placed. A short stick was attached to the chair and ornamented with a sign bearing this curious inscription, which the reader may translate to his own satisfaction—"Bisson et sa femme tond les chiens—coupe la queue aux chats—et va-t-en ville." Bisson made a good living, it is said, by his practice amongst dogs and cats. His charges were not moderate, but pets of this kind are as much valued as children in Paris—and it would seem more so—and must not die. If death did wind up the case, the honest doctor bore all the funeral expenses. The funeral, it may be remarked, consisted in skinning the dog and selling his hide and paws. The business on the Pont Neuf, however, was confined to cutting the hair of dogs and cats into any desired shape, and this work was generally performed by madame, who held the dog between her knees, and operated with a pair of long shears.

Almost all the little trades may be seen on or around the bridge. Here is the roast-chestnut-man, with his crowd of gamins; the man who sells gold chains for a mere song; the Turk with his dates and sweetmeats; the walking skeleton with a death's head face, who carries dead rats on a long pole, and sells poison warranted to kill insects and vermin as well; the woman who sells toy-whirligigs, and makes you wish you were able to take a sketch of her face; the melodramatic villain who sells the "last sensations," in the shape of criminal reports; the chicken fanciers; the coco merchants; the travelling tinkers, the Cologne-water man, who sells you the genuine *Farina* for less than the ingredients cost old *Jean Marie;* persons of every grade of this trafic either hang around the bridge or perambulate it from morn-

ing till night. You see all Paris here, high and low, rich and poor. That poor fellow who crouches so despondingly in that corner has had no work for many a day, and he is hovering between hunger and the river. To-night, when the swift waters are darker than the skies above them, he may end his sorrows in their bosom. So many have found it but a step from the Pont Neuf to the unseen land! When the weeping king laid the first stone, the people of Paris said the bridge should be called the "Bridge of Tears." A light jest then, a scoff at their womanly king; but a grave reality since. You trip lightly over it now, O! maiden, fresh in youth and hope, but some day you will find, as so many others before you, that the old stone parapet on which you rest your weary head, as you pause for a moment's rest, is wet with your tears.

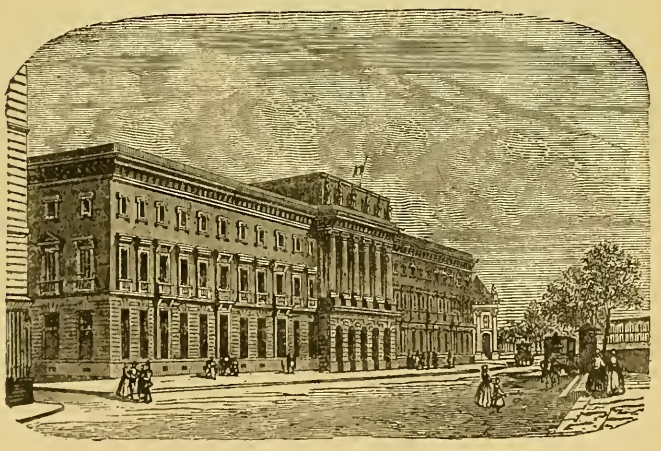
XXXII.

MONEY CENTRES.

I.

THE MINT.

The currency of the Empire is entirely of gold, silver, and copper, the only paper money in circulation being the notes issued by the Bank of France. There are mints in



The Mint.

several of the large cities of France, but the principal establishment of this kind is located at Paris, and is known as the *Hôtel des Monnaies.* Admission to the Museum can be had daily, but the entrance to the coining department is restricted

to visitors provided with permits from the President of the Commission of Coins and Medals. The Hôtel des Monnaies is a handsome building in the classical style, erected in 1775, and situated on the Quai Conti (south bank of the river), near the Pont Neuf. The front is three hundred and eighty-two feet long.

The Museum is situated on the ground floor, and contains the largest and richest collection of the coins and medals of all countries to be found in Europe. Here you may see all the coins and medals that have been struck in France since the days of Charlemagne. Here you will also see the private casket of Napoleon I., with all the medals struck in his honor, and also a complete collection of the medals struck in France during the First Empire, with their respective dies.

The coining process is very similar to that practised at the United States Mint. The metal is first cast into ingots, and then rolled out into bars uniform in thickness. Round blanks of the requisite size and weight are then punched from the bars, after which they are milled and stamped with the proper impression.

All the jewelry manufactured in Paris is brought here for the purpose of being tested, and is stamped with the mark of the Mint if found of the proper fineness. This is a great protection to purchasers, as it ensures the genuineness of the article purchased.

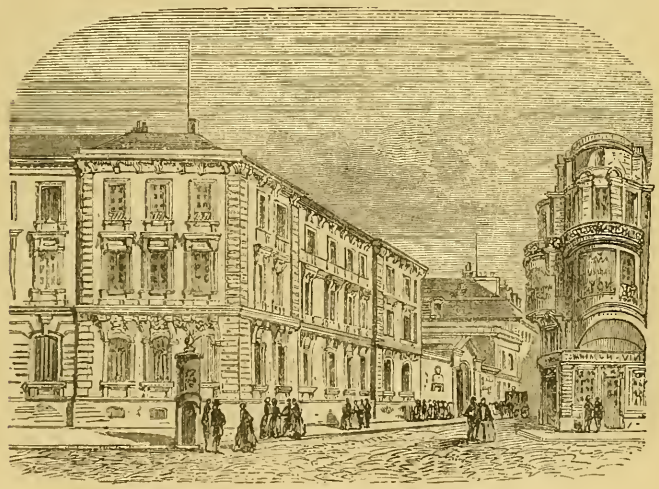
II.

THE BANK OF FRANCE.

The *Banque de France*, in the Rue de la Vrillière, occupies the old hôtel of the Duke de la Vrillière, and at the outbreak of the French Revolution was the mansion of the beautiful and unfortunate Princesse de Lamballe. Several of the

rooms retain their original decorations, but the building has been much enlarged and improved since 1855.

This establishment was founded in 1803, and since 1848, is the only bank (according to the sense of the word in this country) in France. It alone has the right to issue notes, and these are made legal-tenders. It has branches in all the large towns, and in Algeria. Its business may be divided as follows: Bill discounting; making loans upon approved securities, such as bullion, stocks, etc.; the safe-keeping of



Bank of France.

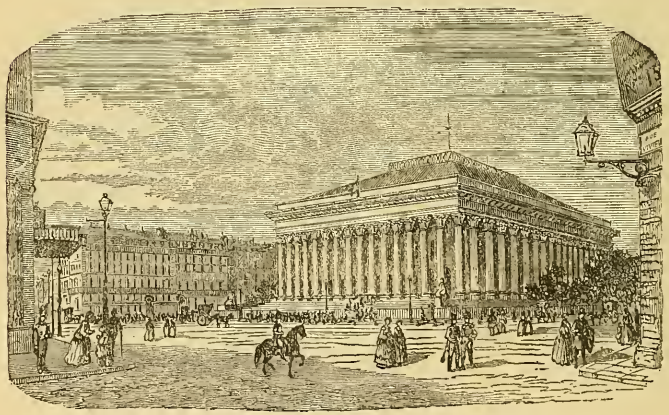
valuables; the issuing of bank-notes. The capital of the bank is 182,500,000 francs, and its circulation 800,000,000 francs. It generally has about 300,000,000 francs in bullion in its vaults, but this amount varies very much from year to year. The vaults are extensive, are very strong, and are securely guarded, and, it is said, can be flooded in case of fire. The offices are magnificent, the directors' room being one of the handsomest in the city. The public rooms are

always open to all comers, and if you are acquainted with one of the higher officials you may succeed in gaining access to the private apartments.

III.

THE BOURSE

THE great money and stock Exchange of the City is the *Bourse*, situated in the centre of the *Place de la Bourse.* It is an imposing edifice, a parallelogram in shape, surrounded by



The Bourse.

a colonnade of sixty-six Corinthian pillars, and is the best specimen of classical architecture in Paris. It is two hundred and twelve feet long, one hundred and twenty-six broad, and fifty-seven high.

When the ancient *Parloir de Bourgeois* went down, there was no meeting place in the city for merchants, and the result was that business in stocks and money was transacted entirely at the offices of the brokers which were located

principally in the Rue Quincampoix. The want of a central exchange was sorely felt, and a place of meeting was organized in the Hôtel Mazarin, famous as the residence of Law, the great speculator. During the Revolution the Exchange was removed to the Church of the Petits Pères; but when Napoleon became Emperor he determined to provide the city with a *Bourse* worthy of the business of Paris. Accordingly he had the old Convent of the Filles de Saint Thomas demolished, and the present Exchange begun. The foundations were laid in 1808, but the edifice was not completed until 1826. The exterior is very fine. A broad flight of steps at each end leads to the entrance doors, and the four corners of the building are ornamented with statues of Commerce, Commercial Law, Industry, and Agriculture. The Courts of Commerce formerly sat in this building, but have been removed recently to the splendid edifice opposite the Palace of Justice.

The interior contains a number of offices, and an immense hall for the transaction of business. The latter is handsomely decorated, and contains some fine frescoes. In the centre is a circular space enclosed with an iron railing. It is called *La Corbeille*, and around it the brokers collect to exchange bargains. At the east end of the hall is another railed space, called the *Parquet*. It is devoted exclusively to the stock-brokers (*Agents de Change*). These are sixty in number, and are appointed by the Government. The hall is surrounded by a wide gallery, from which spectators, upon the payment of a fee, may look down upon the transactions below, and truly it is a sight worth witnessing.

Business opens at one o'clock P. M., and the huge hall is filled with a noisy, excited crowd, all buying and selling stocks of various kinds. How they yell, and scream, and gesticulate. With what feverish eagerness, or nervous dread do they listen to the various quotations. The slightest rise

may make this man's fortune, or the slightest depreciation may ruin his neighbor. You see here much the same sights that are witnessed in Wall Street; the same frenzy, the same recklessness, the same haste to be rich without labor, and at once; the same instantaneous accumulation of riches, and the same sudden and overwhelming disaster and ruin. Shut your ears and look down into the frenzied pit from your

Interior of the Bourse.

lofty gallery, and you may well imagine yourself in the Gold Room in New York, in so far as the men themselves are concerned. The sale of stocks is over at three o'clock, but other commercial transactions are carried on until five. Women are not admitted during business hours. The fair sex once came here in such numbers, and interfered so much with the transactions, that it was agreed to exclude them entirely. They were extensive gamblers in stocks, and were

by no means very careful in fulfilling their contracts when it was to their disadvantage to do so. Now they carry on their operations in the square in front of the railings, where the irregular or Curbstone Brokers (*Courtiers Marrons*) congregate. These outside transactions are governed by no fixed laws, and, as in our own country, he who engages in them must be sure of his man.

The number of brokers being limited, one may always find numerous bidders for his business upon his retirement. As much as a million francs has been paid for the succession to a brokerage.

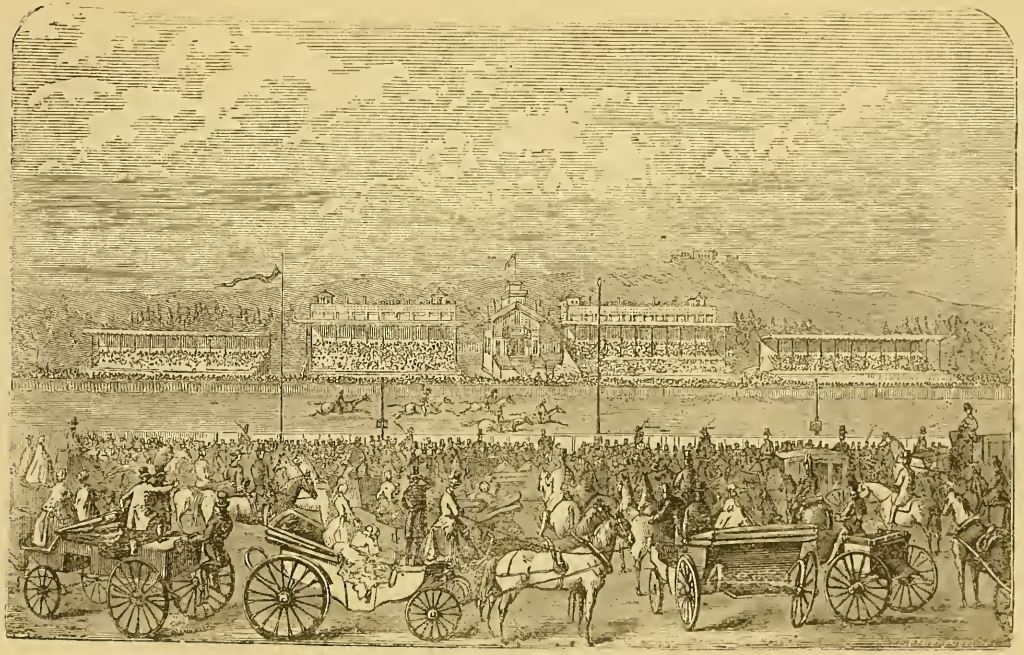
XXXIII.

PARISIAN SPORTS.

Of course, in a city so devoted to pleasure, it is to be expected that a decided interest should be felt in the sports of which other communities are so fond. First among these are the races, which occupy no small share of the popular attention.

The whole system is placed in the hands of the Jockey Club, which was organized in 1833, for the purpose of rendering horse-racing popular, and to induce the Government to increase the value of the prizes. The headquarters of the Club are in the Rue Scribe. A committee, consisting of fifteen original and fifteen new members, is charged with the entire management of all matters concerning the races. This committee nominates three commissioners every year, who are the managers and umpires of the races. The prizes of the Club are all reserved for pure-blooded horses born and raised in France; and in 1866 they amounted to four hundred and twenty-four thousand francs. The laws of the Club form the basis of the code which governs all the other racing societies in France.

The Paris races are held at the Longchamp Course, situated, as has been described in another chapter, at the extremity of the Bois de Boulogne. There are three meetings every year. The Spring meeting takes place in April, the Summer meeting about the last of May or first of June, and the Autumn meeting in September or October. Each meeting lasts six days, and attracts immense crowds. At the



The Longchamp Races.

Spring meeting the Empress offers a prize of fifteen thousand francs, and the Emperor one of ten thousand francs; but all the rest are furnished by the Jockey Club out of its own funds. At the Autumn meeting the Emperor's prize is twenty thousand francs, and the Prince Imperial's prize the same amount. At the Summer meeting, the grand Paris prize is contested for. It consists of an object of art, given by the Emperor, and one hundred thousand francs in cash, given, one-half by the City of Paris and the other half by the great railway companies. Any horse in the world may run for this prize, and there are usually several foreign animals present to contest the palm with the native steeds. Several other prizes are given on this occasion by the City and the Emperor, for which foreign horses are allowed to compete.

The assemblage at the Longchamp Races is very brilliant. Long before the appointed hour a dense throng pours out from the city, through the Bois de Boulogne, some on foot, some on horseback, and the rest in vehicles of every description. The prince and the peasant mingle together in their haste to reach the course, and sometimes the Imperial family whirl by the rest of the throng in the state carriage, throwing the dust far behind them. Arrived at the course, the visitors separate; the more favored seek the handsome stands where seats are reserved for them, and "the dear people" find places on the grounds around the course. A perfect Babel of voices is heard on all sides, and when the horses are brought out they are greeted with applause according to their popularity. The utmost excitement prevails. Bets are exchanged rapidly. All true Frenchmen are eager for the success of the horses native to their country, and few bets are made on the foreign steeds except in the grand stands. The result is hailed with noisy delight by the successful parties, and with sarcastic nonchalance by the losers. Both enjoy

the sport, however, and the latter trust to time and chance to make good their losses.

Other races have been organized at Versailles, Fontainebleau, Vincennes, and Porchefontaine, but the great national course is at Chantilly, a few miles distant from the city by the Northern Railway. The races here last May were of unusual interest. A correspondent of one of the London newspapers, says of them, writing from Paris, on the 23d of May:

"Spite of the elections, with between three and four hundred thousand votes to be recorded in the Paris circumscriptions alone, Paris, at nine o'clock this morning, presented nothing unusual in appearance save a stream of vehicles and pedestrians proceeding in a northeasterly direction to the station of the Chemin de Fer du Nord, where special trains bound for Chantilly were in readiness. Indeed, with a certain class of Parisians the race for the French Derby, the Prix du Jockey Club, was a far more interesting event than the electoral contest between the Government and the Liberal party which has to be fought out to-day and to-morrow. The early morning was somewhat unpromising, but as noon approached, the sun shone brilliantly, and the hour's run to Chantilly, with the latter part of the journey through the forest, was pleasant enough. All Chantilly seemed to have turned out to welcome its visitors, and, as usual, all the beggars from the surrounding districts waylaid them at the entrance to the little wood, the footway through which leads directly on to the course. On entering the betting-ring, behind the 'tribunes,' we find groups of early comers breakfasting leisurely under the trees. The betting-men are busy preparing their lists, which they fix against the trunks of the young oaks, or mount upon staffs stuck firmly in the ground; in all cases taking care to select the most shady places. Ere long, the ring is crowded, and speculation is at its height.

Hundred-franc notes fly about, and the chink of Napoleons is incessantly heard. Jockeys are weighed and horses saddled, and the bell rings for the first race. The stands are crowded, and the lawn in front is pretty nearly blocked. Here one may study the most remarkable toilettes. The favorite colors seem to be pale blue, pale green, lavender, pink, pearl gray, and maize color, bordered with deep white lace or bound with satin or velvet of some contrasting shade. It is in the hat alone, with its pyramid of feathers, its large bouquets of flowers, bands of velvet, and puffs of lace that one recognizes the extravagance of the day. Most of the ladies have small bouquets of flowers at the waist, just as most of the well-dressed men sport the orthodox rose or pink in their button-holes. Immediately in front of the stands are the 'grandes ecuries' of the Château of Chantilly, externally the most magnificent stables in the world, with their lofty entrances carved all over with prancing horses, stags brought to bay, and wild boars fleshing their tusks on too daring hounds; they have accommodation for no less than one hundred and seventy-two horses. To the right, on a slight eminence and surrounded by magnificent gardens, interspersed with broad sheets of water, is the Château itself; all the rest of the race-course is hemmed in by tall trees, between which one has glimpses of the red tiled roofs of the houses of the town. The bell rings, the course is cleared, a dense crowd is packed on the opposite side to the tribunes, where all the more novel speculations which our French neighbors have imported into horse-racing are in full force. There are the poules, the Paris mutuels, and Paris generals, with their bureaus formed of old diligences newly painted and furbished up, each having some ten or twelve wire-gratings, through which one may thrust two, five, ten, or twenty francs, and receive a bit of colored card-board in exchange. One noticed that at the twenty-franc gratings it was always some stylish

female who issued the billets. The crowding, elbowing, shouting, and touting in the immediate vicinity of these vehicles is equal to anything on the Epsom course on the Derby day."

Boating is very popular with the Parisians. There are two fine Rowing Clubs in the city, one of which is composed of the most aristocratic and wealthy young men of the place. Its headquarters are at Asnières, a small town on the Seine, about five miles from Paris.

The club has here a boat-house, provided with a restaurant, billiard-room, etc. Nearly all the regattas and boating matches take place at Asnières. The river here is straight and free from obstructions, and flows through a country remarkable for its beautiful scenery. Almost every Sunday in the summer season boat-races draw crowds from the city, and the restaurants of Asnières do a thriving business.

Boat Race at Asnières.

XXXIV.

LIBRARIES.

The principal library of Paris is the *Bibliothèque Impériale*, in the Rue Richelieu, opposite the Place Luvois. It is also the largest and most complete collection in the world, possessing 1,500,000 volumes of printed books, 150,000 manuscripts, 300,000 engravings, and 100,000 maps and charts. It occupies the immense palace which was once the residence of the wily Minister, Cardinal Mazarin. The building is at present undergoing extensive repairs, so that it is impossible to tell what the arrangement will be when these are completed.

It was the pride of the French Kings, as far back as the days of Charlemagne, to collect a few manuscript volumes, chiefly of chronicles and the Scriptures. Charles V. had a collection of 950 volumes, which he placed for safe keeping in the old Castle of the Louvre. It was scattered after his death, but a catalogue of it still remains. His successors busied themselves in collecting a royal library, which at the death of Louis XV., numbered 100,000 volumes, and was located in its present quarters. It narrowly escaped destruction during the Revolution, but once saved, was greatly enlarged and enriched by additions from the collections of the suppressed convents and monasteries. At present the sum of 125,000 francs per annum is expended in purchases of books, and 150,000 francs in salaries.

The buildings contain numerous lecture-rooms, and the residences of the officials. The reading-room is a magnificent

and pleasantly arranged hall, containing the library of reference, and numerous tables and other conveniences for students. It is bright and cheerful in appearance, and the officials are courteous and accommodating.

The *collection of printed books* occupies a number of halls. It is in process of methodical arrangement, but at present the system of consulting the works is very imperfect.

The *Manuscripts* occupy several rooms in the great gallery of the Mazarin Palace, and are accessible to students upon certain simple conditions. In the halls containing them may also be seen "a collection of elaborate bindings, and book-covers in ivory, or diptychs; of books decorated with precious stones and gold and silver; of ancient, illuminated, oriental manuscripts, of autographs of royal personages, of celebrated political and literary characters, and two curious ivory tablets, on which are scratched the expenses incurred by Philippe le Bel, with his itineraries, in 1301–2. Here also is preserved a curious Chinese inscription, said to date from A. D., 781, and brought from Si-an-fou, in China, relative to the progress of certain Syriac Chinese missionaries who had gone there during the Seventh and Eighth Centuries."

The *Maps and Charts* occupy the long gallery adjoining and opening into the Manuscript rooms. The collection is very complete, especially in the maps and pilot charts of the Middle Ages.

The *Collection of Antiquities* is divided into two parts—the Ancient Marbles and Inscriptions, now closed to the public, and the Cabinet of Medals and Antiquities. The former contains, amongst other objects, the celebrated Zodiac of Denderah. The latter is a magnificent collection of ancient cameos, medals and coins, bronzes, Etruscan vases, mediæval ivories and glass. There are several hundred thousand specimens.

Imperial Library.

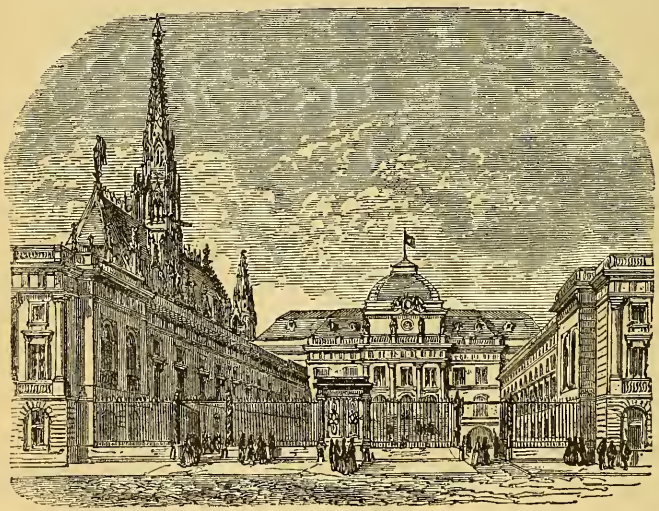
Attached to the Imperial Library is the School of Oriental Languages, where courses of lectures are given every year on the most important languages of the East by the first Orientalists in Europe.

There are numerous public libraries in the city. The most prominent are those of the Arsenal, Artillerie, Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, Medical School, Sainte-Geneviève, Institute, Invalides, Jardin des Plantes, Louvre, Mazarine, Sorbonne, and Hôtel de Ville. The Ministries, the Senate, the Corps Législatif, the Observatory, and several other Government establishments are provided with large and valuable libraries, not open to the public. The library of Sainte-Geneviève is the most frequented, being in the heart of the Latin Quarter.

XXXV.

THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE.

The Palace of Justice is the name applied to the immense range of buildings in the old *Cité*, extending entirely across the island, and including the palace proper, the Sainte Chapelle, the Conciergerie and the Salle des Pas Perdus. It



Palace of Justice.

is the seat of many of the principal Courts of the City, and is one of the most interesting places in Paris. A Roman Castle formerly stood on this site, and the ancient palace was the official residence of the Kings of France until the reign of Francis I. Though the monarchs did not always dwell

here, they commonly repaired to it upon State occasions, and it was regarded by all the kingdom as the seat of the royal authority. Since the kings left it, it has been used as a Parliament House, Court House, and Prison. The greater portion of the present building is modern. The vaults under the Salle des Pas Perdus, the towers on the quay, the Conciergerie and the Sainte Chapelle are all that remain of the original edifice. Frequent fires and extensive restorations have changed the rest.

On the side of the quay is a gloomy front with four tall towers. That at the corner of the Boulevard is the ancient *Tour de l'Horloge*, with a splendid clock dial. The tower is original, but the dial was erected in 1853, in imitation of the original which was placed there in 1585. West of the clock tower are three gloomy, sharp pointed turrets. The first is called the *Tour de Montgomery* and the next the *Tour de Cæsar*. Between them is the entrance to the Conciergerie, noted as the door out of which so many of the victims of the Revolution passed on their way to the guillotine. The third turret, the *Tour Bombée* is placed at a greater distance below, and together with the buildings lying between it and the *Tour de Cæsar* forms a part of the Conciergerie.

The eastern front of the building is very fine, and is broken in the centre by a vast court-yard at the bottom of which is a broad, handsome stairway leading to the main entrance. The Sainte Chapelle rises to the left of the porch and back of the side range.

Passing up the stairs you enter a vast ante-hall. In front of you is the stairway leading to the Imperial Court, and on your right, at the end of the hall, is the entrance to the *Salle des Pas Perdus*. This is a vast hall serving now as an ante-chamber to the courts of the building. It occupies the site of the great hall of the palace of Saint Louis which was used for State ceremonials and for public festivities. The origi-

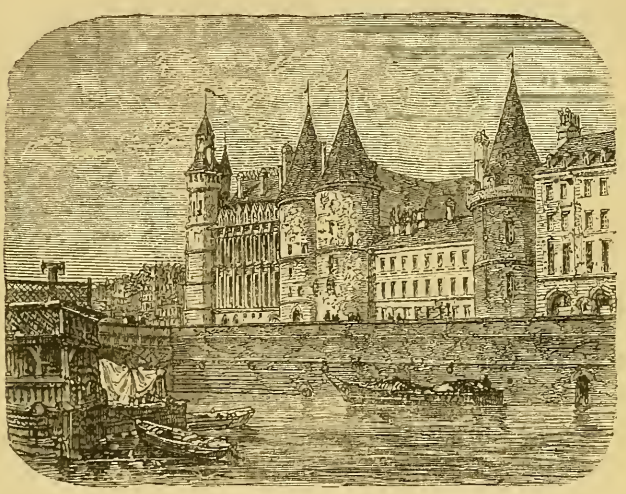
nal hall is admirably described in the opening chapters of Victor Hugo's "*Notre Dame de Paris.*" It was burned in 1618, and it is said that the fire was occasioned by burning the great mass of documents connected with the trial of Ravaillac, the assassin of Henry IV., and there is reason to believe that the conflagration was brought about intentionally in order to destroy all possible proof of the complicity of Marie de Médicis in the murder of her husband. The present hall was built a few years afterwards by Jacques Desbrosses. It is two hundred and thirty-five feet long and eighty-eight feet wide. On one side is a monument of Malesherbes the defender of Louis XVI. during his trial.

You will generally find the hall full of barristers (*avocats*) practising in the various courts which open into it. They are dressed in long gowns and bands and a queer shaped cap, and are usually surrounded with numbers of clients. Along the hall are the tables of public writers, whose services are always in demand by those who cannot read or write.

The principal Court opening into the hall is the great Court of Appeal (*Cour de Cassation*). It occupies the chamber in which the old Parliaments of Paris sat, and which was also occupied by the *Lits de Justice*, and later still by the Revolutionary Tribunal. It was in this chamber that Marie Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth, and the Girondins were tried and condemned. Louis XVI. was tried before the Convention in the Convent of the Feuillants. The hall was completely modernized in 1810, and retains nothing of its ancient appearance.

The *Conciergerie* was the ancient prison of the palace, and is still used as a place of temporary confinement for persons awaiting trial. It derives its chief interest from the tragic scenes which took place in it during the Revolution. Most of the prisoners destined for the guillotine were confined here previous to their execution, and on the terrible Second of

September 1792, two hundred and eighty-eight prisoners were massacred here by the mob. Marie Antoinette was brought here from the Temple on the 1st of August 1793, and imprisoned here until her execution on the 26th of October of the same year. Bailly, Malesherbes, Madame Roland,



The Conciergerie.

Danton, and last of all Robespierre and his companions set out from these old towers to the scaffold. The present Emperor was confined here in 1840, after the failure of his Boulogne Expedition.

Marie Antoinette was imprisoned in the present Sacristy of the chapel, and it was in the chapel itself that the Girondins held their memorable banquet on the night before their execution. The Queen's cell remained for a long time just as she left it, but Louis XVIII. had it transformed into an expiatory chapel. The crucifix on the altar is that before which the unhappy woman made her peace with Heaven. A sentinel placed behind a screen occupied the cell with the

poor woman, and three or four armed men were always on duty in the passage without. It is a terribly gloomy place, and after seeing it you have a deeper admiration of the fortitude with which the captive bore her imprisonment.

The *Sainte Chapelle* or Holy Chapel, is included within the Palace of Justice, and at present forms the private chapel of the Municipality of Paris. It was begun in 1245, and finished in 1248, and cost 800,000 francs. It was erected by Saint Louis, to contain the thorns of the Saviour's Crown and the wood of the True Cross which were purchased by the pious king from the Emperor Baldwin for the sum of 2,000,000 francs. Saint Louis was fully convinced that the relics were genuine, for besides paying this immense sum for them and building this costly casket to receive them, he conveyed them here with his own hands, walking barefoot through the streets of Paris. After his death, his heart was deposited here. His precious relics are now in the Treasury of Notre Dame. In 1791 the chapel was made a club-house, and then a granary, after which it was used as a store-house for legal records. Louis Philippe determined to restore it, and the work is just completed. The restorations cost the sum of 2,000,000 francs.

The building is small, but is altogether the most beautiful specimen of Gothic Art in France. "It is in two stories, corresponding in level with the floors of the ancient palace, so that the lower chapel or crypt was for the servants and the upper, on a level with the royal apartments, for the royal family. The dimensions of the upper chapel are internally one hundred and eight feet long, thirty-five feet wide, and sixty-five feet high; height of the spire from the ground, one hundred and forty feet. The exterior, though fine, does not give an idea of the magnificence of the interior, and the effect is much injured by the modern buildings around it. The spire has been rebuilt, and is a

copy of that which was placed on the chapel in the Fifteenth Century. The west end, the balustrade and turrets, were altered to what we now see them in the reign of Charles VIII. There is a porch in two stories, and a rose window at the west end, and there was formerly a flight of forty-two steps leading to the upper chapel. The lower one or crypt is a curious specimen of Gothic architecture, and was formerly painted over; it has recently been gorgeously decorated, having formerly served as the parish church of this quarter of Paris. The floor is covered with tomb-stones, chiefly of its canons. Boileau, although he had severely satirised the canons of the Sainte Chapelle in his 'Lutrin,' was buried here until his remains were removed to Saint-Germain-des-Prés. The ascent to the upper chapel is by a narrow corkscrew staircase in one of the turrets, the effect on emerging from which into the gorgeous interior is striking. The chapel consists of a lofty nave with an apse at the east end; four wide windows on each side almost replace the walls, and seven narrower ones surround the apse. The windows are in beautifully painted glass, and the whole of the walls and the roof are covered with paintings and gildings, the floor is paved with colored tiles. The statues of the twelve Apostles affixed to the pillars are admirable specimens of the Thirteenth Century. The high altar and reliquary behind it are new, but are copies of the ancient ones. On each side of the nave is a recess which was occupied by the King and Queen and on the south a small hole may be remarked communicating with a room from which Louis XI., used to hear mass without fear of assassination." The rose windows and other stained glass work are very beautiful, and have always been considered master-pieces of their kind. That in the west end dates back to the reign of Charles VIII. The others are of the Thirteenth Century.

XXXVI.

PARISIAN JUSTICE.

The Courts of Paris comprise a considerable number of establishments, each of which has jurisdiction over certain distinct causes or offences. This jurisdiction is confined to the city in the majority of instances, but in some extends over the entire Empire. The most interesting of all to a stranger is the great Central Criminal Court, or *Cour d'Assises*, which holds its sessions in a chamber in the Palace of Justice. Respectably dressed persons are allowed to be present at the sittings of this tribunal, except in cases in which it is deemed best to conduct the proceedings privately.

A writer in one of the English periodicals gives the following account of the manner in which trials are conducted in the French Courts. It is so truthful and so happily expressed that I ask the readers attention to it.

"A more striking and suggestive contrast than that between the French and the English judicial tribunals it would be difficult to find, or one more clearly marking the striking difference in temperament and mode of thought between the two races. The forms of French legal procedure aid in giving a romantic character to the scenes which pass in the Palais de Justice. The Procureur Impérial, combining in himself the powers of public prosecutor, grand jury, and adviser of the bench, is an official quite unknown to Anglo-Saxon countries; for his office implies a great deal more than those of our attorneys and solicitors-general. At the

opening of criminal trials, the procureur proceeds to read a long and minute narrative of the previous life, habits, and character of the accused, which has been collected with great care. He relates the career of the prisoner with a dramatic force worthy of a novelist, and seems as anxious to construct an interesting story as to produce a practical impression on the minds of the jury. The theatrical character of the scene is kept up by the French system of questioning the prisoner as well as the witnesses, hearing his statements, allowing him to interrogate the witnesses, or to explain away their evidence, and not very sternly checking him when he indulges in pathetic appeals, in untimely jokes, or energetic recriminations. The judge for his part makes remarks very freely, does not stick at a pun or a joke with the counsel, or even with the prisoner, and engages in altercations with both.

* * * * * * * *

"The smaller courts in the towns, where lighter every-day offences are tried, are usually the most interesting to the foreign visitor. These courts are usually situated either in the basement of the Palais de Justice, or in some obscure street. You are free to enter, and find yourself in a small, close, not sweet smelling room. You take up your position, standing, behind some railings—for spectators are seldom accorded the privilege of seats. At a square raised desk, over which appears the imperial escutcheon, is seated the presiding judge. He wears a long puffy gown of silk, with a broad white cravat, while his head is adorned by a singular hat, large and square, broader at the top than at the bottom, and lined—as well as you can see—with some lace, not of the finest. On the judge's right is another smaller raised desk at right angles with that of the judge; this is the place occupied by the procureur. Below the judge are the clerks, and in a semicircle in front of the desk sit the avocats,

avoués and notaries—the barristers and attorneys. The prisoner is placed on a chair in a small enclosed space, his counsel sitting by him; the jury is at the side seated on long narrow benches. There is a witness stand near the judge, as in England.

"The judge takes his seat, the court is formally opened, and the witnesses and prisoners are called in. The first prisoner put into the dock is a pretty, lively, flashily-dressed, saucy-looking grisette. She takes her place with a little shrug of the shoulders, and a grimace, and looks about coquettishly. The judge eyes her sharply for a moment, and then asks what she is charged with. 'Mademoiselle, Monsieur le Juge, is charged with stealing a fifty-franc note from her most intimate and confidential friend.' Information as to Mademoiselle's antecedents and position is at once forthcoming. Mademoiselle's name is Adrienne Petitbouche: she trims bonnets for the great Madame Picot by day; she flirts with her mignon Jacques by twilight; she literally 'shakes a foot,' and a little body, too, every night at the Bal de la Terpsichore Divine—admission one franc. On the whole, barring her daily task, she has a very careless, merry, wicked, delirious life of it. Her money melts like snow in a furnace; she often finds herself minus the cash for a new dancing skirt, and unhappily, Jacques is too poor to supply it. She therefore quietly slips into her darling Philomene's room—opposite to her own, and quietly abstracts the fifty-franc note which Philomene has just received as her monthly wages, and has stowed away in her trunk. Philomene catches her coming out of the door, misses her fifty francs, and has dear Adrienne brought up before the court.

"Philomene is the first witness, and skips to the witness-box brisk, prompt, and pert. Questioned indiscriminately by judge, jury, procureur, counsel, and prisoner, she answers smartly, with tosses of the head. She says she saw Madem-

oiselle Adrienne coming out of the room; her trunk was open; on the floor near it was Mademoiselle Adrienne's new silver thimble. Here the prisoner breaks in:

"'Yes, the hussy borrowed it of me the day before yesterday.'

"'It's a lie! I didn't! You know I didn't!'

"'Monsieur the Judge——'

"Now, hush, hush, hush!' (from judge). 'Go on witness.'

"'The concierge saw her going into my room just before.'

"'Aha, m'amie!' breaks in the judge, 'what do you say to that?'

"'I went in there,' says the prisoner, shortly, 'because I thought somebody was there. I heard a noise.'

"Judge: 'Yes—a rustle of fifty-franc notes!' (Great laughter).

"A witness deposes that, next day, Mademoiselle Adrienne bought a handsome new bonnet.

"'And where, m'amie,' said the judge, 'did you get all the money for that?'

"'One has friends.'

"'Come, come, where did you get it?'

"'Parbleu! it was Jacques.'

"'And who, pray, is Jacques?'

"'My Jacques—my friend, monsieur.'

"'Oh, your lover, n'est-ce pas?'

"'Ah, well, yes, Monsieur the Judge!'

"'And so Jacques is rich, is he?'

"'No, but he gave it to me.'

"'Has his rich aunt just died?' (General amusement).

"For all her bright eyes and pretty little shrugs, poo Adrienne is clearly guilty. The judge, after stating the fact, proceeds to sentence her, somewhat after this manner:

"'Now, ma jolie petite fille, I must send you to lodgings where fine bonnets are wholly needless; you must go to the

workhouse for one little month. You won't want any of Jacques's money for that. And I warn you not to mind whatever noises you may hear, or run after them; for you see what a position you are in from being too anxious about noises in your neighbor's room.'

"With this sally the trial ends, and the proceedings are concluded in the pleasantest of humors. Mademoiselle trips, with another shrug, out of the box, gives the disconsolate Jacques, who is by, a hearty kiss, bobs her head saucily at the judge, and surrenders herself gracefully to her fate.

"But the scenes which take place in the French courts are as various as the traits and impulses of the French themselves —only having this in common, that they are seldom without a dramatic tinge. Some months ago the following incident took place in one of the smaller Paris police-courts. A young man—one Mignoneau—was brought before the judge, accused of having received some money from a veteran, by name Monsieur Leger, on false pretences. The trial began, and the injured gentleman was called upon to take the witness-stand. A robust, hale old man forthwith separated himself from the crowd of spectators, advanced promptly to the stand, made an exceedingly courtly bow to Monsieur the Judge, and awaited the interrogatory. His testimony, delivered in a clear voice and with great frankness, was worth noting.

"'What is your age?' sharply demands the judge.

"'Ninety-eight and a half years,' replies the old man, slowly and emphatically.

"'You express yourself so distinctly, you seem so healthy, your color is so fresh, your eyes are so bright, and your step is so firm, that I must have misunderstood you.'

"'No. What I say is accurate. Count and see. I was born in May, 1770; a year and a half, Monsieur le Judge, will complete my century.'

"'What is your occupation?'

"'I was formerly valet to Monsieur Saint Prix, comedian to the king, at the Théâtre de la Nation.'

"'You were then very young. You must have served others since?'

"Leger, drawing himself up proudly:

"'Never, monsieur. M. Saint Prix left me enough to live on. When a man has had such a master, he does not need a second.'

"'Now, as to this case. Do you recognize the young man in the dock?'

"'I recollect, him, yes. He did an act which was not at all delicate. He pretended he had come from my marble cutter, and claimed thirty francs for a railing round my wife's tomb.'

"'Your wife?'

"'I had the misfortune to lose her, monsieur, a few months since.'

"'She was doubtless much younger than yourself?

"'Very little, Monsieur the Judge; only fifteen months. I used to say to her, wait a little for me, and we will go together. But she wearied of the world before me.'

"'You paid the young man what he demanded?'

"'Yes; but I did not bring him here. I hope you will not punish him too severely. Perhaps he will turn from his wicked ways, and give me back my money. Such a thing has happened within my own knowledge. M. Saint Prix had a cook who stole from him; he pardoned her, and she became honest.'"

XXXVII.

THE MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

I.

THE PREFECTURE OF THE SEINE.

The chief officer of the city is the Mayor of Paris, or as he is at present called, the Prefect of the Seine. He is appointed by the Emperor, and holds his office during the pleasure of the Sovereign. His authority extends not only over the city, but over the entire Department of the Seine. He is assisted by a Municipal Corps, or Council, consisting of sixty-eight members, all nominated by the Emperor. Sixty of these represent the city, and the others the rest of the Department. "Under the Prefecture of the Seine stand the following administrations: The central mairie, domains of the city, vestry-boards, funerals and concessions of burying-ground, local taxes and contributions, budgets and accounts, public weights and municipal fees, streets and sewers, plans, management and sale of immovable property, waters, promenades, plantations, unhealthy apartments, public health, sweeping, drainage, architectural services for the city, monuments, public assistance, town dues, city works fund, departmental council for public instruction." The Prefecture is located at the Hôtel de Ville.

The city is subdivided into Arrondissements, in each of which is located a *Mairie*, or Mayor's office. Some of these are very handsome structures. They contain all the offices

Mayoralty of the Second Arrondissement.

connected with administration of their respective quarters. All marriages are celebrated at these establishments by the Mayor of the Arrondissement. The law requires the acknowledgment of the civil contract, after which the parties may seek the services of the Church. All births and deaths are registered at the mayoralties, and the *Juges de Paix* hold their tribunals there.

II.

THE POLICE.

The Prefect of Police shares the government of the city of Paris with the Prefect of the Seine. The former may be called the Criminal-chief and the latter the Civil-chief of the Municipal Government. His headquarters are located in the western part of the Palace of Justice, and he is "charged with keeping public order with regard to morals, health, and politics. The following are the services under him: Crimes and misdemeanors, arrests, expulsions, public morals, prisons, workhouses, passports, certificate-books, furnished lodgings, lunatics, foundling children, nurses, police of public streets, navigation, railways, inspection of markets and provisions, weights and measures, fires, police for the exchange, the theatres, public balls and concerts, music halls, etc., inspection of mines, quarries, carriages, boards of public health and cleansing, supervision of steam engines, and of children employed in factories." There are sixty-seven Commissaries of Police, and a force of from four thousand five hundred to five thousand policemen on duty in the city. These are called *Gardiens de Paris*, or *Sergents de Ville*. They are dressed in a blue uniform, with silver trimmings, and a silver ship and number on the coat collar, a cocked-hat and a sword. You will see numbers of them about the streets. Besides

these, mounted men and infantry soldiers are detailed for places of public amusement and resort.

Of the *Secret Police* little is known. The force would lose one-half of its effectiveness were the authorities to allow the details of the system to become public. There is a central bureau from which all of its operations are conducted, and its members are widely scattered throughout the city. Very few of them are known. They are generally men of great intelligence, cunning, and bravery, and have become famous for the success which usually attends their efforts to trace hidden crimes to their authors. The operations of the bureau are assisted by the reports of vast numbers of spies and informers, who are said to pervade all classes of society. Even in the highest and most aristocratic circles are to be found persons in the pay of the police. The object of this vast system of espionage is almost entirely the detection of conspiracies against the Government, and it often happens that the most innocent and careless expressions involve persons in trouble with the authorities. You cannot be sure that your most intimate friend is not an informer, and will not betray you to the police. Strangers should be always on their guard, and should beware of expressing to any Frenchman sentiments unfriendly to the "powers that be!" Even the most innocent criticism may involve them in trouble.

The skill exhibited in the detection of crime is sometimes very remarkable. The following instance will illustrate this, and at the same time show the reader that the secret service often has its humorous as well as its tragic features:

Shortly after the establishment of the Empire of his gracious Majesty Napoleon the Third, it became necessary for the government to be on its guard, to thwart the plots which the Socialists were organizing against it in every part of the country. Those archenemies of order and established government worked their affairs well, however, and gave

the officials no little trouble. As fast as one plot was detected and foiled, another was organized, and for awhile the danger seemed to increase daily.

One morning one of the most experienced detectives whom I shall call Eugene Laromie, who had been told by his chief a few days before to hold himself in readiness to obey a summons from the government, received a message to attend a certain high official without delay. Upon repairing to the presence of that personage he was received politely. "Monsieur Laromie," said the official, "the Chief of the Secret Police has designated you as the person most deserving the confidence of the government in conducting certain matters of importance. A conspiracy against the State is known to be in existence. You are desired to unravel it, and I am authorized to say that if you do so to the satisfaction of the Emperor, you will be handsomely rewarded. At present we know nothing of the parties concerned in it. Our suspicions have been aroused by this paper, which was found in the street in front of the residence of Count ——, the Ambassador of ——. You must put us in possession of the remaining facts in the case."

As he spoke he handed the young man a small perfumed sheet of note paper, containing only the sentence, "Rivoli. 48. 10. 6. 53."

"May not this be merely an assignation, instead of the evidence of a conspiracy?" asked Laromie, smiling.

"Monsieur Laromie," replied the official, shrugging his shoulders, "the government has an especial reason for believing itself to be right in this matter. It can give you no clue but this paper. It relies upon your sagacity to discover the rest. I have the honor to bid you good morning, monsieur. May success attend you."

Taking the hint so politely given, Laromie left the official to his duties, and started out to think over the task assigned

him. It certainly promised to be very difficult. He had only an unintelligible paper to work upon, and the government expected him to discover the whole matter. Laromie was a shrewd man, and now that he felt that his reputation was at stake, he resolved to exert himself to the utmost to succeed.

The paper was found in front of the residence of the Ambassador from——, whose government was known to be hostile to the Empire. Remembering this, Laromie proceeded to the office of his chief, and procured a complete list of the entire legation, from the minister himself, down to the humblest attaché. He studied this, and watched the mansion containing the parties for a couple of days, but without being any the wiser for his trouble.

"Why shouldn't it be an assignation, after all?" he asked himself, going back to his original idea. "Why shouldn't Rivoli stand for *Rue Rivoli*, and forty-eight for the number of a house on that street? But then what do the other figures mean? Ha! I have it," a sudden inspiration flashing through his mind. "Ten stands for the tenth of the month, six for the sixth month, which is June, and fifty-three for the year. There, I have the whole sentence—forty-eight Rue de Rivoli, tenth of June, 1853. Why, it's as plain as the nose on a man's face. It's an assignation beyond a doubt, and the ministers are worrying themselves over an effort directed at nothing but the peace of some pretty woman. I'll stake my reputation on it that I am correct. Now to see what sort of a place is number forty-eight."

Acting upon the impulse which had possessed him, and which was one of those sudden inspirations that so often befall men trained in his profession, Laromie set off for the Rue de Rivoli. The more he thought of it, the more he felt convinced that he was right. No conspirator would have made use of so simple a cipher, and the perfumed note paper,

and the delicate hand in which the sentence was written, made it plain that a woman was concerned in the matter. Reasoning thus in his mind, he entered the Rue de Rivoli, and soon came opposite the mysterious number forty-eight.

The house was a large, handsome, private residence. It was evidently the dwelling of some person of wealth, and upon inquiring of a *gendarme* who stood near by, Laromie learned that the house was the property of Monsieur D'Encourt, a wealthy banker. Being of a very communicative nature, the *gendarme* added that Monsieur D'Encourt was a happy man, inasmuch as he was the husband of the most beautiful woman in Paris. He had married her only a year before when she had been the reigning favorite at the Opéra Comique.

"Ah, there she is now," he exclaimed, as a carriage drew up before the house.

Laromie was all attention, and placed himself so as to command a good view of the lady as she alighted from her carriage. She deserved all that her humble admirer had said of her. She was regally beautiful. She passed into the house almost immediately, and Laromie, after loitering about for a short while longer, left the street, and was soon in the presence of the chief of police.

"Do you know a Madame D'Encourt of this city?" he asked the chief, carelessly.

"By reputation, only. You know I have to keep myself informed concerning every one of note here."

"What is her character?"

"She is a weak, foolish woman, young enough to be her husband's daughter. She doesn't care for him at all, and married him for his money."

"Do you think her capable of conspiring against the government?"

The chief burst into a laugh.

"Nonsense, Laromie. She has too tender a feeling for a certain member of the government to seek to do it any harm. No, my friend; the only intrigues she cares to engage in threaten more harm to the repose of her husband's mind than to the Emperor."

That evening Laromie posted himself at the principal entrance of the Grand Opera, having learned from Madame D'Encourt's coachman that she would be there. At last the lady arrived. Suffering her to pass into her box, he waited patiently until the close of the performance, and then placing himself immediately behind her, followed her towards her carriage. Just before they reached the street entrance, he took advantage of the crowd around them, and leaning towards her, said, in a low, distinct tone, "*Rivoli; forty-eight; ten; six; fifty-three.*" She uttered a slight scream, and turned sharply around, but the detective had drawn back among the crowd. There was an anxious look on her face as she glanced around. Laromie felt convinced that he had found the writer of the mysterious note.

The next day Madame D'Encourt was informed that a man desired to speak with her. She bade the domestic show him into the room where she was seated. She glanced at him in surprise. His beard was worn much heavier than was the custom in France, and his hair was long and inclined to curl. His forehead was traversed by a deep scar, which terminated in the corner of his left eye, giving him a singular and not very attractive expression.

"You wish to see me, I believe," said the lady, as he entered.

"Madame is right. I have heard that she wishes to employ a confidential servant—one upon whose discretion she can always rely," said the man, calmly.

"Well?"

"I have come to solicit the place, feeling sure that I can give entire satisfaction."

"You? Why, you look like a brigand," said the lady, laughing. "I should never sleep in peace with you in the house."

"Nevertheless," replied the man, calmly, "I do not think madame can do better."

"What are you good for? What can you do?"

"I can keep a secret, madame. I can see that a lady does not suffer from too much suspicion on the part of her husband," was the significant reply.

Madame D'Encourt's color heightened, and she looked at the man searchingly; but he met her gaze calmly and without embarrassment.

"What is your name?" she asked, abruptly.

"Eustache Peloubert."

"Why do you wish to enter my service?"

"Why does the bright flame draw the poor moth to it, madame?" was the cool reply.

"You can flatter, I see," said the lady, laughing. "That shows you have tact. But, mark me," she said, sharply, "don't venture too near the flame. You may meet with the moth's fate."

The man bowed low, with a singular smile.

"Does madame accept me?" he asked.

"What wages do you expect?"

"I leave that to the bounty of madame."

"Then listen to me," said the lady. "I will take you into my service, for I think you will suit me. I will offer you no wages. If you please me you shall be amply rewarded. If I do not like you I will give you nothing, and will also discharge you. Does the arrangement suit you?"

"Perfectly, madame. When shall I commence?"

"To-day. You will always be in the neighborhood of this

room, unless I give other orders, so that you may be within the sound of my bell."

"Madame shall be obeyed," was the reply. And with a low bow the new domestic passed into an adjoining room, leaving Madame D'Encourt to ponder over the strange scene.

As the time wore on she liked her new servant better, and at the close of a week came to the conclusion that she had been very fortunate in securing him.

A few hours after forming this conclusion, she summoned him to her presence, and handing him a letter, said:

"Take this to its address, and wait for an answer."

Eustache took the letter, and left the room. As he entered the street he glanced at the address, and an exclamation of surprise escaped his lips. He hastily sought the nearest *café*, and calling for some boiling water, held the letter over it until the gum by which the envelope was fastened was softened. Then opening it, he took out the enclosure and read it. A strange smile overspread his features, and after a moment's hesitation he copied the letter in a small note-book which he took from his pocket. Then placing the letter back in the envelope, he re-sealed it, and in another hour had placed it in the hands of the party for whom it was intended, and had received instructions to say to his mistress that the matter should be attended to. He delivered the message promptly.

Monsieur D'Encourt had been called away to London on important business, and would be gone several days, madame said to him, when he had delivered the message.

"Eustache," she added, "the gentlemen to whom you gave the letter may call this evening on business of importance. You will see that we are not interrupted. Should there be danger of such an occurrence, you will be careful to warn me promptly by three taps on the door of my boudoir."

Eustache bowed.

"Madame's will is my law," he said, quietly.

Late that evening he admitted to the presence of his mistress the gentleman he had seen in the morning.

"You will remember my instructions, Eustache," she said, as he passed out of the room.

Some hours later he was summoned to see that the way was clear for the visitor to depart unobserved. His report was favorable, and he accompanied the gentleman to the door.

"Madame has engaged you as her confidential valet, she tells me," said the stranger, as he paused for a moment at the door.

'Yes, monsieur."

"You can be trusted, I suppose?"

"I think so, monsieur."

"And you are not troubled with the faculty of recollecting things and persons that do not concern you." And the stranger dropped a couple of bright new Napoleons into the valet's hand.

"Monsieur," said Eustache, gravely, "what passes in at one ear goes out at the other, or into my pocket."

The stranger laughed, and added:

"Very well, my good man. Act on this principle, and you will find a great deal going into your pocket."

Eustache bowed low, and the stranger disappeared in the darkness of the street. The valet stood gazing after him for awhile, softly clinking the coins in his hand, and laughing in a quiet, meditative way. Then he shut the door, and went up to his chamber, which, owing to his important position, was somewhat better than that occupied by the other domestics.

The next morning Eustache Peloubert left the house at an early hour, and bent his steps in the direction of the Bureau of the Secret Police.

Some time after his mistress rang for him, but he was not to be found on the place. A few hours later still, as she was impatiently awaiting his return, she was informed that a gentleman desired to speak with her immediately on important business. Very much surprised, she bade the servant admit him to her presence. He was a tall, handsome man, and bore himself with an ease and grace that impressed her favorably.

"Well, monsieur," she said, "to whom am I indebted for the honor of this visit?"

"My name is Eugene Laromie, madame," replied her visitor, bowing.

"Well, Monsieur Laromie, what is the business that you consider so important?"

"It is a matter that I would rather not trouble you with, madame. First let me say that I am one of the secret police of Paris."

Madame D'Encourt looked at him searchingly, and asked, haughtily:

"Well, monsieur, what have I to do with the police?"

"I will explain. It has become known to the authorities that you have been guilty of a great imprudence lately." The lady started and turned pale. "In short, madame, it is believed that you are engaged in a conspiracy to overthrow the government, and I have special orders from the Emperor to investigate the matter."

"There is some mistake here, monsieur," said Madame D'Encourt, energetically. "The Emperor has no more devoted subject than I am. What cause is there to suspect me?"

"I will tell you. A mysterious note has been found in front of the residence of a foreign minister whose government is known to be hostile to the Emperor. This note has been traced to you. A short while ago you employed a

domestic for a service which you did not wish to be known. You sent him with a letter to a certain gentleman of this city." Madame D'Encourt started violently. "The letter was delivered, but it was first opened and copied."

"The wretch!" exclaimed the lady—"to betray me."

"This letter," continued Laromie, not heeding the interruption, "was, like the first, written in cipher. The suspicions of the government have been very strongly excited against you, madame, and if you can explain this matter, I trust you will do so now. Otherwise it will be my duty to arrest you, and I need not tell you that I should regret that exceedingly. Here is the first letter, and a copy of the second." He laid two papers in her lap, and sat calmly waiting for her to speak.

Madame D'Encourt took the papers and glanced at them. Her face and neck grew crimson, and a faint smile hovered around her lips.

"Monsieur," she said, in a tone of relief, "I assure you these notes have no connection with a conspiracy. They do not mean the government the slightest harm. I assure you I speak truly."

"I am ready to accept your assurance, madame," said Laromie, "in my private capacity; but I have the Emperor's orders to clear up the mystery, and as his servant I am compelled to require a satisfactory explanation."

"But, monsieur," urged the lady, with great embarrassment, "it is very trying to me. These notes concern a private affair of mine. I do not wish to make it public."

"It will not be made public, madame," said the detective. "I will simply report in such a manner as to save you from annoyance. But to do this I must understand the whole matter. If you do not explain to *me*, you will be required to do so to a court of justice."

"Ah, no! not that. You are cruel, monsieur."

"Madame, I am only obeying the orders of my sovereign."

The lady buried her face in her hands for a moment in extreme embarrassment, and Laromie could see the crimson of her neck and cheeks growing deeper every moment. Suddenly she raised her head.

"Ah, well, then, monsieur," she said, speaking with a great effort, "I will explain to you, and will rely upon your honor as a man to save me from any unfortunate result to this most awkward affair."

He bowed low, and she at once entered upon her explanation, frequently pausing and covering her face with her hands to hide her confusion. When she had finished, Laromie rose.

"This is most awkward, madame," he said, calmly. "I will make my report at once, and do my best to quiet the matter, so that it shall trouble you no longer."

He bowed and left the house. Calling a fiacre, he set off for the cabinet of the official who had set him to work to ferret out the plot. Upon sending in his name, he was immediately admitted.

"Well, Monsieur Laromie," said the official, as he entered, "I trust you have been successful."

"I have succeeded far better than I expected," replied the detective, quietly, "and I am now prepared to lay the whole case before your highness."

"Aha!" exclaimed the duke (for the official was no other than a cabinet minister), rubbing his hands. "Proceed, my young Argus."

"I suspected at first," said Laromie, "that the paper was an appointment for an assignation, you remember."

"Very foolishly, too," interrupted the duke.

"Well, I started out with this idea, and at last discovered that the paper contained an appointment for a meeting of the parties concerned in the affair. Further than this, I learned

the locality at which the meeting was to take place, and upon following up this knowledge, discovered that one of the principal parties concerned in the matter is a wealthy and beautiful woman now residing in Paris."

"Of course," exclaimed the duke, shrugging his shoulders; "always a woman at the bottom of every trouble."

"Having brought to light one of the parties," continued Laromie, "I was of course anxious to discover the others. Fortune seemed to favor me. I heard that the lady desired a servant, and as I was unknown to her, and there was no danger of my true character being suspected, I at once resolved to apply for the place. I did so, and was successful."

"A very shrewd fellow, I confess," said the duke. "But go on, monsieur, the story interests me."

"I had not been in her service long," Laromie went on, "before she entrusted me with a letter for a certain party. I took it and promised to deliver it with promptness. It was addressed to a peer of France, my lord duke, one high in the confidence of the Emperor. I suppose it is not necessary to call names?"

"No, Monsieur Laromie," replied the duke, somewhat quieter than before, "they are not necessary."

"I opened the letter, and read it. It was in cipher, like the first, and like that, an appointment for a meeting. I copied the letter, then sealed it again, delivered it to the personage for whom it was intended, and received his answer, which I transmitted to the lady. That night I admitted the peer to the lady's presence, and stood guard during the interview. The lady's husband, my lord, is ignorant of the whole matter, and I was to give warning should he return unexpectedly. When the peer departed, he placed in my hand two Napoleons as the price of my discretion."

"He was very liberal," said the duke, dryly.

"Very liberal, my lord duke. This morning I called on the lady in my true character, and informed her that she was suspected of plotting against the government. She denied it, and frankly explained the whole matter. I have found, my lord, that it is as I at first suspected, merely a love affair, with which the government has no right to meddle, and I promised the lady that it shall be hushed up. I think *you* will confirm my promise."

While the detective was speaking, the duke had been hurriedly turning over a mass of papers that lay on his table. As Laromie finished, he took up one and glanced at it. Then turning to him, he said, hastily:

"Monsieur Laromie, will you let me see the paper entrusted to your care, and also the copy you made?"

"Certainly, my lord duke," replied the detective, handing them to him.

The duke glanced at them, and then burst into a laugh.

"This is very awkward, monsieur," he said, at length. "One makes some strange mistakes in a life-time. You were given the wrong paper. The government is satisfied with your skill in this matter, and now entrusts you with the true conspiracy." He handed the detective another paper, and went on, "By-the-by, Monsieur Laromie, I think you told the peer last night, when you helped him to gain the street without notice, that what passed in at one of your ears, went out of the other, and all else into your pocket—in short, that you can keep a secret when it is to your advantage to do so."

"My lord duke is right."

"Well, then, Monsieur Laromie, you will receive from the peer whose secret you have discovered, a cheque for one thousand francs. You will then forget what you have seen. I have the honor to wish you good morning, monsieur."

Laromie returned the duke's bow and left the office. The next day he received a cheque for one thousand francs,

signed by the Duke de ——, and later an equal amount in bank notes with a note of thanks, written in a woman's hand, but without a signature.

Two months later he laid before the duke the details of a conspiracy which had been for some time indirectly encouraged by the ambassador from —— and his government.

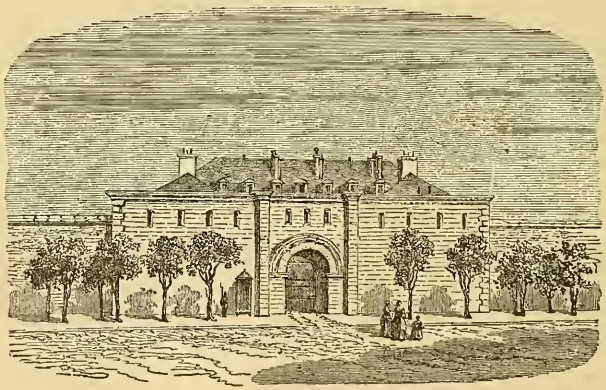
XXXVIII.

THE PRISONS OF PARIS.

I.

THE PRISONS.

The prisons of Paris are gloomy looking buildings from the exterior, and are cheerless enough within. They are under the control of the Prefect of Police, to whom application for permission to visit them must be made.

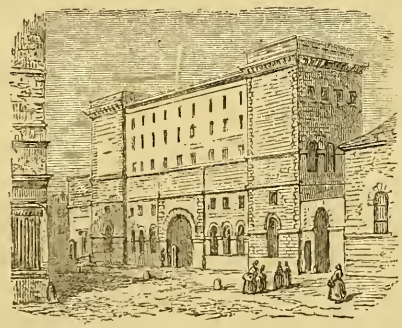


Mazas Prison.

Persons arrested by the police are temporarily detained at the *Dépôt of the Prefecture*, back of the *Palais de Justice*, and are confined together in large rooms.

The *Mazas Prison* or, *House of cellular arrest*, is an immense

establishment, semi-circular in form, and is one of the strongest and most secure in the city. It is here that persons sentenced to short terms of imprisonment and persons awaiting their trials are confined. The *Conciergerie*, in the *Palais de Justice*, is also for the confinement of persons awaiting their trial. Persons condemned for misdemeanors to less than one year's imprisonment, are confined in the *House of Detention of Sainte-Pélagie.* The *House of Detention and Correction of Saint Lazare* is used for the confinement of females sentenced to less than a year's imprisonment, and those awaiting a transfer to some other establishment. Young



Prison of Sainte-Pélagie.

females arrested as vagabonds, or for misconduct, at the request of their parents, and women of the town who have violated the police regulations, are imprisoned here. There is also a House of Detention at Passy, for the imprisonment of members of the National Guard, and a debtor's prison in the Rue de Clichy. The prison of the Madelonettes is the largest in the city, and cost six millions of francs. The *Prison of la Roquette* is the place of confinement of criminals condemned to death, and all public executions take place immediately in front of it.

As a general rule, only prisoners condemned to terms of

less than one year are confined in Paris. All are treated alike, but persons merely awaiting trial may obtain separate and better quarters than those of the prisoners undergoing punishment, by paying for them. In such cases the prisoner has a room to himself, which is called *être à la pistole*. Each prisoner is allowed a little less than two pounds of bread and a quart of soup, with vegetables, per day, and meat once a week. Labor is enforced in all prisons. Until the establishment of the present Empire, convicts sentenced to hard labor were made to undergo the period of their punishment in certain establishments, called *bagnes*, located at Toulon, Brest, and Rochefort, but at present these *bagnes* have been suppressed, and convicts are transported to Cayenne, in the French Guyana, South America.

II.

PUBLIC EXECUTIONS.

Since the introduction of the Guillotine it has remained the only instrument of capital punishment used in France. To foreign eyes it is a horrible invention, but the French claim that it is the quickest and most merciful means of producing death that has been discovered, and that it is far more humane than the gallows. All condemned criminals, as I have stated, are confined in the prison of La Roquette (the Rocket Prison) which is situated in the eastern suburbs of Paris, about a mile beyond the Bastille, and all public executions take place in the square just in front of the prison.

I think the Parisians must have a natural taste for blood, for they crowd to witness an execution with the same eagerness with which they huddle into the vast auditorium of the Porte Saint Martin theatre. The people living in the neighborhood of the Rocket Prison are always on the watch for

events of this kind. They inform themselves of every arrangement of the terrible affair, and then hasten to spread the news through the city. Some of them are regularly employed for this purpose by lovers of the terrible. As all executions take place at daylight, these people have ample opportunity on the previous night to circulate their news, and you will see them passing rapidly along the Boulevards, and from café to café, spreading their intelligence, and receiving gratuities from almost all to whom they impart it. Do not think their tidings are welcomed only in the third rate cafés. They receive their highest rewards—sometimes as much as twenty francs—in the fashionable establishments of the Boulevards, and when the affair comes off, be sure you will find a liberal sprinkling of frock coats and kid gloves amongst the crowd of blouses. George Alfred Townsend gives the following graphic description of an execution which took place a few years ago, and by it the reader can see how such affairs are managed in Paris:

"At midnight a body of cavalry forced back the mass of people from the square of La Roquette. A number of workmen, issuing from the prison gates, proceeded to set up the instrument of death by the light of blazing torches. The flame lit up the dark jail walls, and shone on the helmets and cuirasses of the sabremen, and flared upon spots of the upturned faces, now bringing them into strong, ruddy relief, now plunging them into shadow. When the several pieces had been framed together, we had a real guillotine in view, the same spectre at which thousands of good and bad men had shuddered; and the folks around it, peering up so eagerly, were descendants of those who had stood on the Place de la Concorde to witness the head of a king roll into the common basket. Imagine two tall, straight timbers, a foot apart, rising fifteen feet from the ground. They are grooved, and spring from a wide platform approached by a

flight of steps. At the base, rests a spring plank or *bascule*, to which leather thongs are attached to buckle down the victim, and a basket or *panier* filled with sawdust, to receive the severed head. Between these, at their summit, hangs the shining knife in its appointed grooves, and a cord, which may be disconnected by a jerk, holds it to its position. Two men will be required to work the instrument promptly, the one to bind the condemned, the other to drop the axe. The *bascule* is so arranged that the whole weight and length of the trunk will rest upon it, leaving the head and neck free, and when prone it will reach to the grooves, leaving space for the knife to pass below it. The knife itself is short and wide, with a bright concave edge, and a rim of heavy steel ridges it at the top; it moves easily in the greased grooves, and may weigh forty pounds. * * *

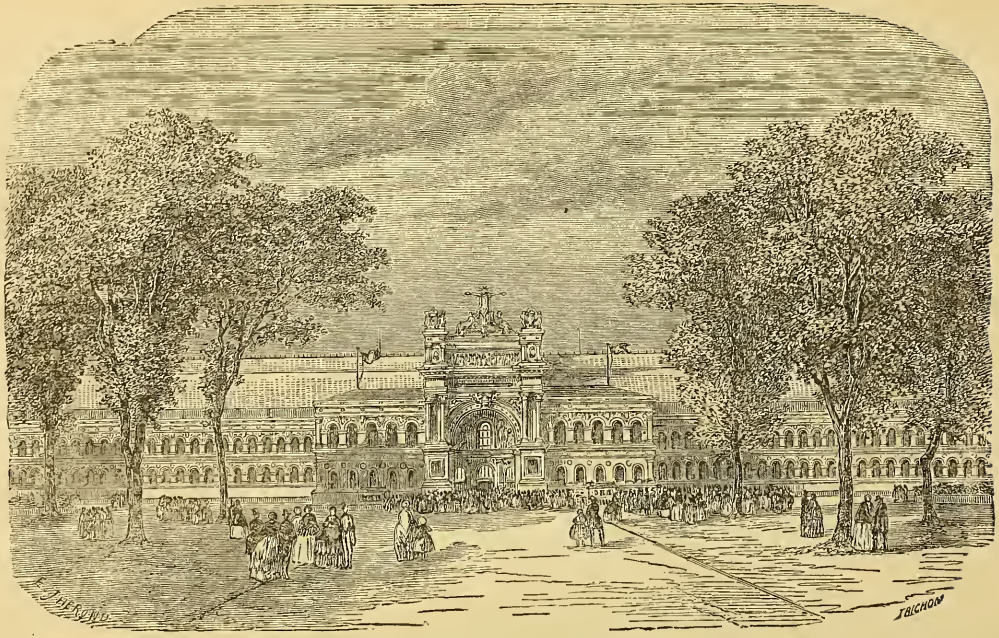
"At four minutes to six o'clock on Thursday morning, the wicket in the prison gate swung open; the condemned appeared, with his hands tied behind his back, and his knees bound together. He walked with difficulty, so fettered; but other than the artificial restraints, there was no hesitation or terror in his movements. His hair, which had been long, dark, and wavy, was severed close to the scalp; his beard had likewise been clipped, and the fine moustache and goatee, which had set off his most interesting face, no longer appeared to enhance his romantic, expressive physiognomy. * * * He wore only the coarse prison shirt, scissored low in the neck, a pair of black pantaloons, and his own shapely boots. As he emerged from the wicket, the chill morning air, laden with the dew of the truck gardens near at hand, blew across the open spaces of the suburbs, and smote him with a cold chill. He was plainly seen to tremble; but in an instant, as if by the mere force of his will, he stood motionless, and cast a first and only glance at the guillotine straight before him. It was the glance of a man who meets

an enemy's eye, not shrinkingly, but half defiant, as if even the bitter retribution could not abash his strong courage. * * * * * * He seemed to feel that forty thousand men and women, and young children were looking upon him to see how he dared to die, and that for a generation his bearing should go into fireside descriptions. Then he moved on between the files of soldiers at his shuffling pace, and before him went the *aumonier* or chaplain, swaying the crucifix, behind him the executioner of Versailles—a rough bearded man—to assist in the final horror.

"It was at this intense moment a most wonderful spectacle. As the prisoner had first appeared, a single great shout had shaken the multitude. It was the French word '*Voila!*' which means 'Behold!' 'See!' Then every spectator stood on tip-toe; the silence of death succeeded; all the close street was undulant with human motion; a few house-roofs near by were dizzy with folks who gazed down from the tiles; all the way up the heights of Père la Chaise, among the pale chapels and monuments of the dead, the thousands of stirred beings swung and shook like so many drowned corpses floating on the sea. Every eye and mind turned towards the little structure raised among the trees, and there they saw a dark, shaven, disrobed young man going quietly toward his grave.

"He mounted the steps deliberately, looking towards his feet; the priest held up the crucifix, and he felt it was there, but did not see it; his lips one moment touched the image of Christ, but he did not look up nor speak; then as he gained the last step, the *bascule* or swing-board sprang up before him, the executioner gave him a single push, and he fell prone upon the plank with his face downward; it gave way before him, bearing him into the space between the upright beams, and he lay horizontally beneath the knife, presenting the back of his neck to it. Thus resting, he could look

into the *panier* or basket, into whose sawdust his head was to drop in a moment. And in that awful space, while all the people gazed with their fingers tingling, the legitimate Parisian executioner gave a jerk at the cord which held the fatal knife. With a quick, keen sound, the steel became detached; it fell hurtling through the grooves; it struck something with a dead, dumb thump; a jet of bright blood spurted into the light, and dyed the face of an attendant horribly red; and Couty de la Pommerais's head lay in the saw-dust of the panier, while every vein in the lopped trunk trickled upon the scaffold floor. They threw a cloth upon the carcass and carried away the panier; the guillotine disappeared beneath the surrounding heads; loud exclamations and acclaims burst from the multitude; the venders of trash and edibles resumed their cheerful cries, and a hearse dashed through the mass, carrying the warm body of the guillotined to the Cemetery of Mont Parnasse. In thirty minutes newsboys were hawking the scene of the execution upon all the quays and bridges."



Palace of Industry.

XXXIX.

INDUSTRIAL COLLECTIONS.

I.

THE PALACE OF INDUSTRY.

On the South side of the Champs Elysées, is a magnificent stone building known as the *Palace of Industry.* It was erected for the great exhibition of 1855. "An Exhibition of the Arts and Manufactures of France was established in 1798, and has been repeated every five years with occasional intermissions. The number of exhibitors, however, never exceeded four thousand, and the building in which the exhibition took place was a temporary construction. The Great English Exhibition of 1851 far eclipsed all the previous Paris exhibitions, and instigated the French to attempt a monster one of the same kind. In 1852, accordingly, designs were formed for the erection of a permanent building of stone and glass which we now see. The Exhibition opened on the 15th of May, 1855, and continued for five months, the visitors during which time were estimated at four million. Besides the present building, an immense rotunda, and a gallery thirteen hundred yards long called Annexe, were erected towards the Quai, so that the permanent building formed but a small part of the total, the area of which exceeded that of the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park. The walls of the Palais are of stone, so largely supplied with windows as to be more a system of arches than walls. The principal entrance is in

the Avenue des Champs Elysées; it is surmounted by a group of statuary representing the Genius of France distributing rewards to Art and Commerce. On the outside are shields bearing the names of French towns, and medallions containing busts of celebrated men; and round the lower frieze the names of men celebrated in all branches of knowledge and of every country.

"The interior consists of one large hall, six hundred and thirty-four feet long, and one hundred and fifty-eight feet wide, one hundred and fifteen feet high, surrounded by side-aisles, or galleries, on iron columns, and one hundred feet wide. The roof is of iron and glass, and arched, the flat walls at each end being filled with brilliant but badly painted glass. One of these represents France inviting all nations to the exhibition."

Horticultural and agricultural shows, and exhibitions of the fine arts, of curiosities, of models of public works and ingenious inventions, are in progress at the Palais at almost all seasons of the year

II.

THE MUSEUM OF ARTILLERY.

In the Place St. Thomas d'Aquin, just out of the Rue de Bac, on the south side of the river, is the old building once the Dominican Convent of Saint Thomas d'Aquin, but now the Imperial Museum of Artillery. It was begun in 1794, with the old armor saved from the Bastille, Sedan, and other places. Napoleon I. presented it with many specimens taken from foreign collections, but the most of these were removed in 1815. In July, 1830, it was plundered by the insurgents who were in search of arms, and very many of the specimens thus taken were never returned by the "good patriots." At

present there are in the collection, about 4,000 objects, all arranged in the most tasteful as well as the most comprehensive manner.

In the court-yard, called the "Sebastopol Court," are a number of heavy guns, mortars, anchors, and other trophies

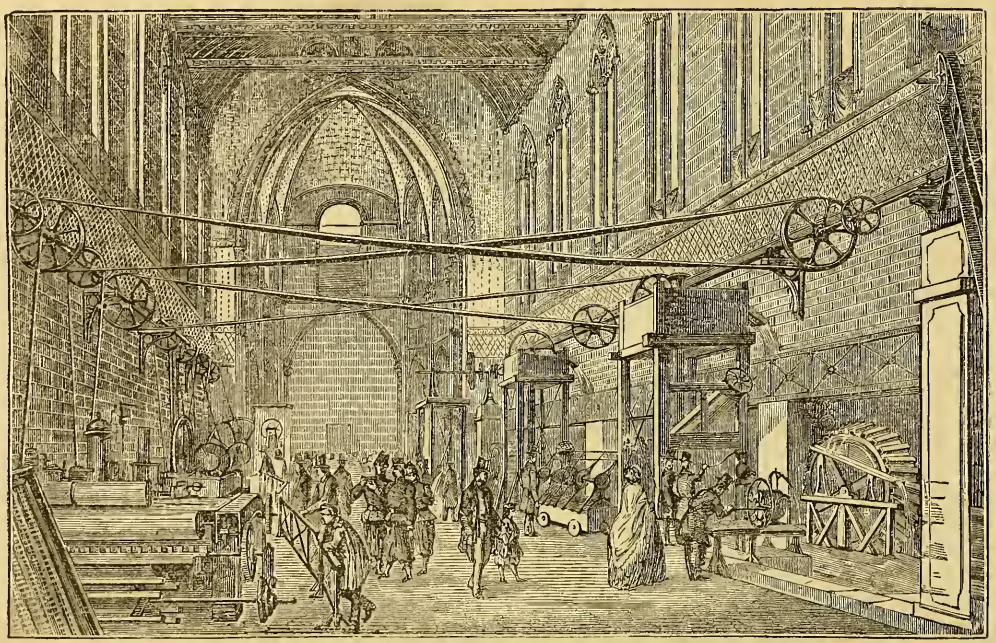
Museum of Artillery.

brought from the Russian stronghold. The corridor surrounding the court, is lined with cannon of all ages and countries. Here are guns abandoned by the English at the siege of Meaux, in 1442, Austrian field-pieces captured at Magenta and Solferino, and Russian guns from Bomarsund. A massive iron chain, two hundred yards long, hangs on the

wall. It was used by the Turks to close a branch of the Danube, during the siege of Vienna, in 1683.

The remainder of the collection is arranged in a number of rooms and halls, occupying the two stories of the building. Here are models of all the artillery used in the French service from the days of Louis XIV. down to the present time. Here are specimens of ancient and modern fire-arms, and at least one of every species of weapons in present use in the armies of the civilized world. Our American rifles show well in this group. This part of the collection is very complete, and in the same hall are models or actual specimens of every article needed for the complete equipment of an army, also many specimens of the weapons of barbarous or semi-civilized nations.

Ascending the stairway, along which are ranged some fine bass-reliefs of Roman and Mediæval armor, you enter the Great Hall, which contains a magnificent collection of arms and armor, arranged chronologically in glass cases down the middle of the room, and dating from the remotest periods. In the centre of the hall are men in armor and on horseback, and along the sides, suits of armor, some of which belonged to the kings or great princes of France. The objects are arranged with the utmost care, and are fully explained in the excellent catalogue for sale at the street entrance. They form a complete history of defensive and offensive warfare from the ages of Stone and Bronze down to the present day. Here also you may see the swords of Augereau (used at Arcola) of Desaix, Murat, Lefebvre, and the Eagles of the Legions of the Great Napoleon. You may spend a whole day, or more, in examining the collection, and learning the gradual changes and improvements which each century has made in the system of civilized warfare.



Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers. Machinery Hall.

III.

THE CONSERVATOIRE DES ARTS ET MÉTIERS.

THE building in which this collection is located, was once a part of the ancient Monastery of *Saint Martin des Champs*, founded by Henry I., in 1060. The Monastery was suppressed in 1789, and in 1798, the *Conservatoire des Arts Et Métiers* was formed.

"The object of the institution is the improvement of machinery of every kind, by exhibiting models of the best and most recent inventions for the purpose of stimulating the creative faculty in the minds of other artists and mechanics. Previous to 1798, three repositories of machines existed in Paris, but in this year they were amalgamated into one. In 1810, a gratuitous school of arts was originated, which was reorganized and enlarged several times, until in 1838 it was finally established under its present regulations. No patent for any sort of improvement in machines, or the invention of new ones, is granted until a model of the same has been deposited in this museum; so that instruments, from the simplest tool to the most complicated piece of mechanism, are collected and classified in the salons of this building.

"The principal entrance to the Conservatoire is on the west, under a solid archway, richly sculptured, under the pediment of which, is inscribed, '*Conservatoire Impériale des Arts et Métiers.*' The edifice consists of a part of the old abbey of St. Martin des Champs, and of the chapel belonging to it erected by Pierre de Montereau, the architect of the Sainte Chapelle. The style is Gothic. The museums are held in spacious saloons, communicating with lecture rooms of modern construction. The library, which contains upwards of twenty thousand volumes, on mechanical and

mathematical subjects, is most elegantly fitted up. There are also fresco figures of Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, Painting, and the Plastic Art.

"On the *ground floor*, are arranged in beautiful order, weighing machines, looms, spinning machines, printing presses, screw making machines, agricultural implements, such as ploughs, harrows, mills, crushing and winnowing machines, etc. There are also specimens of porcelain, silk, glue, etc. In the vestibule is a bass-relief of Dedalus and Icarus, by Ruxtheil, and, in an adjoining out-house, Tuxford's locomobile engine, which gained the chief medal, at the Great Exhibition of 1851, may be seen. It was here that Ledru Rollin, Sergeant Boichot, and other plotters against the government of General Cavaignac, were seized on the 13th June, 1849.

"On the *upper story* are exhibited steam and fire-engines, apparatus for lighting and heating, turning lathes, and amongst them one that belonged to Louis XIV. There are, moreover, rooms devoted to geometrical illustrations; to carpentry; to the making of compasses; to specimens of stereotype; furnaces, etc. Also to instruments belonging to the science of natural philosophy or physics; as air-pumps, electric machines, etc., and to clocks and chronometers."

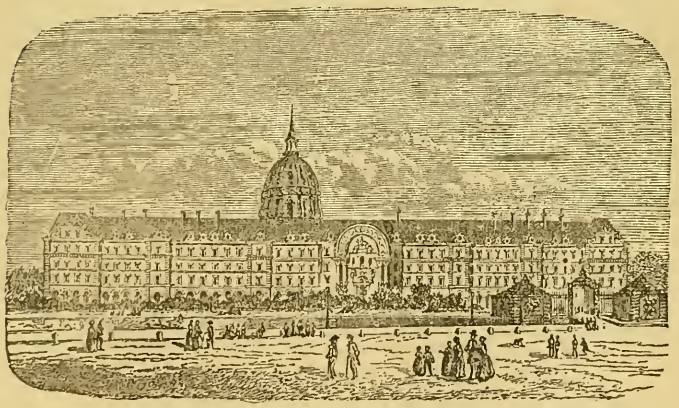
XL.

THE INVALIDES.

I.

THE HOSPITAL.

The *Hôtel des Invalides*, lies on the south bank of the Seine, just opposite the Champs Elysées, and is separated from the river by a long esplanade planted with trees.



The Invalides—From the Esplanade.

Until the reign of Louis XIV., there was no general asylum for the veteran soldiers who had become disabled by wounds or sickness in the service of the country. The great king and his minister Louvois determined to supply this need, and accordingly, in 1670, the present *Hôtel des Invalides*

was founded. The principal portion was finished in 1706, but several additions have been made since then.

When the mob set out for its attack on the Bastille during the Revolution, the insurgents who composed it marched first to the *Hôtel des Invalides* and summoned the Governor, an old man of eighty, to surrender. He having no force to resist the attack, deemed it best to open his gates, and the rioters swept into the grounds and building, and carried off twenty pieces of cannon and twenty-eight thousand muskets. With these, they carried the grim old tower of Saint Antoine.

Between the court in front of the building and the Esplanade, is a dry ditch, and just behind this is the "Triumphal Battery," composed of eighteen guns, fourteen of which were captured during the wars of the First Empire, two at Sebastopol, and two at Algiers. These guns stand in demi-batteries, one on each side of the grand gateway. To the right and left of them are twenty other pieces captured in Algeria, China, Cochin China, and Egypt.

Back of the court is a garden, which the old pensioners are allowed to cultivate, and at the end of it extends the principal façade. It is four stories high, two hundred and twenty-five yards long, is pierced with one hundred and thirty-three windows, and is richly ornamented with trophies and statues. The entrance is in the form of a triumphal arch, the tympanum of which is ornamented with a bass-relief representing *Louis XIV., on horseback, attended by Justice and Prudence.* The east and west ends are ornamented with handsome pavilions, and the whole front has an appearance of massive grandeur, in full harmony with the faded, time-worn hue that is overspreading the entire pile. The Governor, usually a Marshal of France, and the lieutenant-governor reside in this portion of the establishment.

The buildings and grounds cover an area of sixteen acres,

and include about eighteen different courts, and afford accommodations for about five thousand veterans. The courts of the main building are five in number. The principal one is the "Court of Honor," three hundred and fifteen feet long by one hundred and ninety-two feet broad. It lies just back of the main entrance, and is surrounded by a long corridor, the walls of which are decorated with paintings illustrating the military history of France from the earliest times.

At the gateway you will be beset with men and women offering you guide-books, relics, and little boxes of souvenirs of the place. They are more numerous here than anywhere else in the city, and it is hardly possible that you will succeed in entering the grounds without purchasing some of this pretty trash. Once out of the hands of these petty merchants, you are accosted by one of the old pensioners, who politely offers his services. It is usual to accept the offer, through consideration for the veteran, but you will find very few of the old blue coats who will be of much service to you as a guide.

You pass in with the old man, through the grand archway and into the Court of Honor, pausing awhile to admire the mural paintings of the arcades, some of which are very beautiful. Then you may see the building in whatever order your fancy dictates. The *Library* is attached to the officers' quarters, and contains twenty thousand volumes. Here you will see the cannon-ball which killed the great Turenne, in 1673, and two silver candlesticks which he used in his campaigns. The library is a good collection, and was given to the hospital by Napoleon I.

On the ground floor, at the end of a long passage, is the kitchen, a curiosity of its kind. The preparations for cooking the meals of such a large number of inmates, are of course very great, the establishment having a capacity for cooking twelve hundred pounds of meat at once, but the

ingenuity displayed in their selection and arrangement is remarkable. Everything is scrupulously clean, and the tins and coppers shine like silver and gold. Close by is the butler's pantry, in which you will see the splendid old-fashioned service of plate, presented to the establishment by the various sovereigns of France. The refectory, for privates and non-commissioned officers, is a large hall, handsomely frescoed. It is one of those massive old rooms of the age of Louis XIV., and is lined with long oaken tables, surrounded by rows of stools. The service is simple, but everything is clean and neat. The officers' refectory is smaller, but much handsomer, and the paintings are better. The service is quite elaborate, and the accommodations in proportion to the rank of the occupants. The dinner hour is four o'clock, and "as the clock strikes, a drum rolls, a general restless movement takes place in the crowd; in all directions is heard the stumping of wooden legs."

The dormitories are eight in number, and are each named after some French hero. They occupy the first and second floors, and are simply but comfortably arranged.

Between the 15th of May and the 15th of June, of each year, strangers provided with tickets from the Minister of War, are allowed to see the models of the fortresses of France, which are contained in two long galleries in the garret. There are about fifty of them, including models of Brest, Strasbourg, Cherbourg and its great breakwater, Perpignan, Grenoble, Bayonne, Toulouse, Dunkirk, Belleisle, Besançon, Mont St. Michel, and others.

The hospital is capable of accommodating five thousand inmates, but at present is occupied by about three thousand. The inmates wear a blue uniform with white metal buttons, and silver lace trimmings, and a cocked hat. Each one receives an annual allowance of money, besides his clothing, food, and quarters. The sum varies according to the rank

of the recipient. The privates receive twenty-four francs per annum, and the Governor, 40,000 francs. Twenty-six Sisters of Charity, and two hundred and sixty servants attend upon the veterans.

II.

MILITARY MASS.

At the eastern end of the Court of Honor is the entrance to the Church of Saint Louis, which is used as the chapel of the hospital. Passing in through the corridor, you push open a green baize door, and enter the church. The interior really consists of two churches, now thrown into one by a massive archway, closed upon ordinary occasions by purple velvet hangings. The high altar stands in this archway, and answers for both churches. That nearest the Court of Honor is used as the chapel—the other contains the tomb of Napoleon. The chapel proper is two hundred and twenty feet long and seventy feet wide. A fine organ is placed in the tribune over the door. A row of massive pillars extends down each side of the church, and from the vaulted roof are suspended the tattered banners of the foes of France captured in battle. There were three thousand of them hanging here at the downfall of Napoleon I., but the Minister of War ordered them to be destroyed the night before the Allies occupied Paris, in 1814, to prevent their recapture. They add much to the interesting appearance of the old church. Here are the funeral monuments of several of the Marshals, or Governors of the Invalides, and in the vaults below are buried Marshals Turenne, Jourdan, Moncey, Duroc, Bertrand, Mortier, Sérurier, Duperré, Grouchy, Bugeaud, and others. The church also holds the hearts of Vauban, Kléber, Négrier, and Mademoiselle de Sombreuil.

Ordinary service is held here every morning, but at eleven

o'clock on Sunday, the Military Mass is performed with great pomp and ceremony. From a charming little work,* published not long since, I take the following account of this ceremony. It is so truthful and vivid that I prefer it to an attempt of my own:

"Fancy a grand, dimly-lighted chamber, with incense floating around the altar, and drifting up to mingle with the war smoke lingering in tattered flags still above. Hundreds of flags are arranged everywhere; standards that Napoleon's eye has seen fall; banners that have waved over Sebastopol, the haughty Prussian ensigns, a hundred Spanish draperies, all hung in triumph in a church. I wonder if the old soldiers worship the saints, or the flags when they come here.

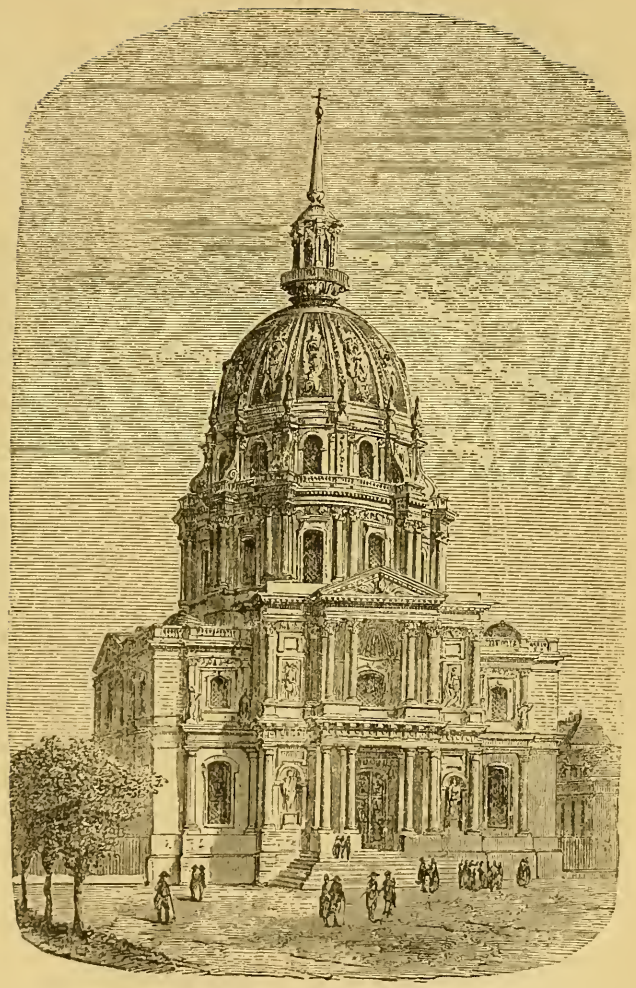
"There is a standard which came from Boston in 1773, another from Quebec, and still another—how came it here—from Lexington!

"It will soon be noon, and the worshippers of the parish begin to pour in. Strangers come, for the music is said to be superb. While the nurse maids and their soldier lovers are dropping on their knees here and there, a long burst of melody comes from a hidden band, and a solemn requiem for the dead is played. The priest kneels silently before the altar. By-and-by a chorus of pure voices chants, above our heads in some unknown gallery, and the music of an organ swells on the air.

"Crash! a dozen drums, the monotonous roll of the tambour, and the unequal tread outside the doors announce that the invalids are marching in to attend service; the doors open, and a huge beadle, stamping his ponderous mace on the stone floor, ushers them in.

"Bent and shrivelled, worn and wasted, supported by crutches, canes, and kindly arms of stronger companions, in

* *My Paris.*—By Edward King.



Dome of the Invalides.

they come! Bat, bat, bat; their eyes seem to flash fire as they gaze upon the flags, and now and then an old hero stands so erect that his medals are seen plainly on his wrinkled breast.

"Halte!

"The whole line is transformed to wooden statues patched out with wooden pieces. One old rogue winks wickedly at a small boy when the mass begins, and pinches his neighbor. The gray-haired commander, almost in his second childhood, blossoms all over with conceit and happiness. Military evolutions are performed, and then the music surges downward among the flags once more. Snatches of masses that these warriors have heard sung over their dead comrades in foreign lands, sometimes bring a tear, but oftener a smile. Soldiers are happy-go-lucky fellows at best.

"Now heads are uncovered and bent, as the solemn Kyrie Eleison is chanted. The line is motionless.

"En avant!

"The old commander orders attention, forward, and march, and they hobble out, and meet you in every out of the way corner, asking if you would like to see the tomb, and always finishing the little conversations which they invent with 'Monsieur will please to remember an old soldier!' Which means that a small present will be acceptable."

III.

THE EMPEROR'S TOMB.

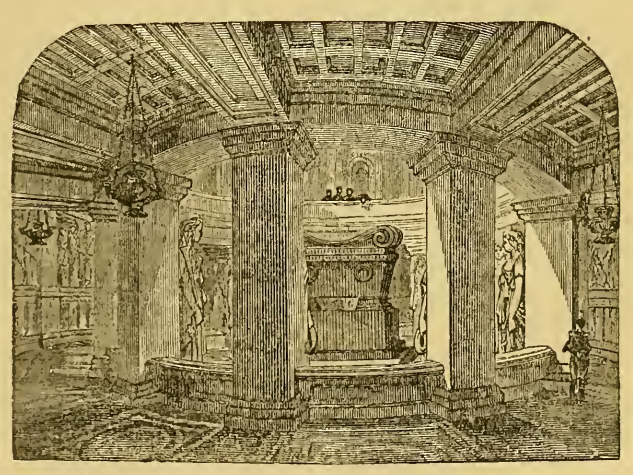
You pass out through the great gates and follow the street wall around to the Place Vauban, in order to enter that portion of the church surmounted by the dome and containing the tomb of Napoleon. The portal is very rich, and is ornamented with statues and Doric and Corinthian columns·

Above the roof rises the noble dome built by Mansard at the close of the Seventeenth Century. He took nearly thirty years to build it, and it is one of his finest works. It is covered with lead and is richly gilded and sculptured. From any elevated point of the city you can see the sunlight shining on it, but the effect, while good in itself, is not in keeping with the venerable appearance of the rest of the building. From the summit of the cross to the ground it is three hundred and twenty-three feet.

The interior of the church is very beautiful. The magnificent high altar at the end facing the entrance is surmounted by a canopy supported by four black marble columns, each twenty-two feet high, and consisting of an entire block. The capitals are gilded, but the light which falls on them from the painted windows is so arranged as to give them the appearance of mother of pearl. The cupola is finely painted, and rises majestically above the crypt. The sides of the church are occupied by eight fine chapels. The old chapel of Saint Thérese contains the tomb of Turenne, and the chapel of the Virgin the tomb of Vauban. They lie immediately opposite each other. In the chapel of Saint Jerome are the remains of Jerome Bonaparte, the brother of Napoleon, and in another those of Joseph, the ex-king of Spain, and eldest brother of Napoleon. The Emperor's remains were deposited in the chapel of St. Jerome upon their arrival from Saint Helena, and remained there until the completion of their present resting place.

In the centre of the church and immediately under the great dome, is the mausoleum of Napoleon I. It consists of a circular crypt open above, and surrounded by a marble balustrade, over which you can look down into the tomb. The crypt is nineteen feet deep, and in the centre is the sarcophagus of the Emperor, a massive solid block of polished red sandstone from Lake Onega, in Finland, weighing about

thirteen tons. Twelve colossal statues of victory support the balustrade. The pavement is in mosaic with festoons of flowers and the names of Napoleon's greatest victories. At one end of the crypt is a niche of black marble, in which stands a fine statue of Napoleon in his Imperial robes. A lamp, always burning, hangs before it, and beneath the lamp is an antique altar on which are placed the three keys of the coffins in which the body was laid at Saint Helena, the sword used by the Emperor at Austerlitz, the hat he wore at Eylau, and the gold crown presented to him by the city



The Emperor's Tomb.

of Cherbourg. On each side of the vault are the standards taken by him in battle. The tomb is very handsome, but not as imposing as it should have been.

Two winding stairways under the high altar of the church, lead to the vault below. The entrance to the Emperor's tomb is closed by two magnificent bronze gates, and on either side of the entrance are the tombs of Marshals Duroc and Bertrand, Napoleon's most devoted friends in life,

and the guardians of his rest in death. Over the portal of the entrance is the inscription, taken from the Emperor's last will, "I wish my ashes to repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of that French people whom I have loved so well."

Visitors are not allowed to enter the vault, but must pause at the closed gates. No rude footsteps are heard around the ashes of the great soldier, and even the church above the crowd is silent and subdued, for this is holy ground to every Frenchman.

XLI.

THE POOR OF PARIS.

I.

THE CHILDREN OF POVERTY.

He who has penetrated the dark and dismal quarters of Paris, and has seen the misery which reigns triumphant in such close proximity to the luxury and splendors of the great city, will understand how difficult it is to treat in a single chapter of that which might fill a volume. One hardly knows where to begin or what to describe.

Paris is full of suffering, so full, indeed, that the liberality of the City and Government, though very bountiful, fall far short of meeting the actual necessities of the case. The assistance granted by the authorities is dealt out upon a thoroughly organized system which is placed in the hands of the "Committee of Public Assistance." This committee provides a series of excellent establishments for the relief of suffering, and about one hundred and eighteen thousand persons are the recipients of its charity. Some of the institutions under its control will be described in the chapter on "hospitals." Over twenty-six millions of francs are annually expended by the City and State for the relief of suffering in all its forms, but this immense sum falls far short of the demand, and even the additional fund derived from private contributions fails to make up the deficit. You may spend days in visiting the benevolent establishments, which are so

vast and so complete that it seems almost impossible for suffering to exist in their vicinity, and yet you are startled by the terrible want and misery you see all around you.

Paris draws all classes to it, especially the poor. They come here from the provinces and from other lands, expecting to find work, but the city is so full, and all the trades and arts are so crowded, that but few in proportion to the number of applicants succeed in finding employment. The rest, almost before they know it, are in the depths of poverty. How they struggle to resist it, and how futile are these struggles, is known only to the Eye that sees all things. Even those who have regular employments are not always exempt from suffering. As a rule, wages are low in Paris, and it is very hard "to make both ends meet" on the slight pittance the working classes receive. The majority are forced to live in narrow, dirty quarters, oftentimes where the sunlight and pure air never reach them. They have no fire, and as for light, a wretched lamp or a more dismal candle must serve their purposes. They dress shabbily, they cannot afford better clothes. Meat is a luxury to them; if they taste it once a week they are fortunate, and in general, must content themselves with a thin, wretched soup. So badly are they lodged, so wretchedly do they fare, that you wonder how they can perform the constant and hard labor required of them. They have absolutely no chance of bettering their condition, and in case of sickness, or loss of work, must inevitably sink lower, and once down they have but little prospect of rising again. This is the condition of a very large part of the working class of the city. How much worse then must be the lot of those who cannot procure employment.

The poor workman as a rule lives in a single room, or two at the most, and his family share these close quarters with him. He is barely able to provide a support for those

dependent upon him, and his wife, besides taking care of the "house" and the children, must work for wages either at home or abroad. Black bread and soup, and perhaps a little meat once in awhile, form the diet of the family. Numbers are huddled together in the same building, and the whole establishment is close and dirty. Everything speaks of poverty and want. The streets are narrow and tortuous, the buildings are high and dingy, and you cannot look to the right or left, before you or behind you without seeing some painful or disgusting object. The average New York tenement house is no worse than these dwellings of the poor. Efforts have been made to induce, and even to force them to remove to the cleaner and more healthful localities of the outer Boulevards, and many of them have done so; but many still remain in the heart of the city. They have not the means to travel back and forth between their homes and their work, and besides are unwilling to quit their old haunts.

The workmen wear wooden shoes and blue blouses as a rule, and nearly all have a weary, despondent look when their features are tranquil. The women are coarsely and often dirtily dressed. Their costumes are various, and are sometimes picturesque in spite of their wretchedness.

The women working at the various trades are worse paid than the men. If married, their earnings are united with the husband's; if single, they live alone as long as they remain honest. The best paid are the shop-girls, of whom as a class hard stories are told. The sewing-girls constitute a large portion of the female workers. The highest wages paid them rarely exceed twelve francs and are never more than fifteen francs per week, for twelve hours' labor a day. Out of this the girl must live, pay her rent and clothe herself. Let the reader imagine what a difficult task lies before

her, remembering that the highest wages named above are less than three American dollars.

If then the lot of those receiving wages is so hard, how much harder must be that of those who have no dependence! Their sufferings are great. For days they go without food, and think themselves fortunate if they can find a bit of bread or a half picked bone in the streets. They cannot even ask for charity in public for the law forbids begging on the streets. It makes no distinction between the ten thousand wilful vagrants who infest the city and those who are simply and unavoidably unfortunate. It forbids any of them to appeal to passers by for aid. Yet "necessity knows no law," and when the pangs of hunger are fiercest they timidly and cautiously seek aid from the nearest person, and to the credit of humanity be it said, their appeals are generally successful. Their chief assistance, apart from the city, however, is derived from the poor laborers, whose own hard lot inclines them to help those more wretched than themselves.

You see them everywhere, on the Boulevards, in the little squares which dot the city, in their own sad quarters. Wherever there is a fête or a ball going on, they collect in crowds—dark, wretched and fierce crowds—and gaze silently at the splendors which seem almost heavenly to them. Sometimes the contrast is too great, and they break out into yells and imprecations which at once call down upon them the interference of the police. Poor, ignorant, wretched creatures! they have tried more than once to overturn the State in the hope of bettering their condition, but only to find a change of masters.

Wherever you see a bench or a seat in any of the public grounds or along the river side, you will see these poor creatures—in a half-reclining position so as to avoid the suspicions of the police—with their heads sunk on their breasts, sound asleep. Nothing could be more touching than

the weary, dejected appearance they present, but they excite no pity in the hearts of the cocked hat-gentlemen who guard the city. They are not allowed to sleep on the streets, and after a certain hour at night, when the park gates are closed, cannot sit down. Later, still, they must not even remain standing on the street. They must move on, if they have no homes. And so all night long they must keep walking through the hard streets and under the pitying stars. Even a brief halt or the slightest attempt to rest brings the police upon them. The sequel is an arrest and confinement for vagrancy, which those who preserve the slightest self-respect, dread. They will endure hunger, fatigue, loss of sleep—anything—but a commitment for vagrancy. They bear up with a strange heroism against the cold, hungry, wakeful nights, but they dread the rain or the snow. Then even pride forsakes them, and they seek the nearest police station and beg for shelter. It matters nothing now that they must henceforth bear the stigma of vagrancy. The rain conquers them, and they fly from it to the punishment with which the law visits their misfortunes. I am not writing of the wilful vagrants of the city, but of that class who are forced into legal vagrancy by their misfortunes. They deserve better treatment at the hands of the law, for in spite of their misfortunes, in spite of their poverty, in spite of their agony of body and mind, they keep their souls free from crime, and when their lot grows so hard that it can no longer be borne, they seek under the dark waters of the Seine, the rest they failed to find on earth.

II.

THE MONT DE PIETÉ.

In the *Rue des Blancs-Manteaux* there stands a huge establishment with which the majority of the Parisians are too well acquainted. It is the great pawnbrokers' establishment, the *Mont de Pieté*. Pawnbroking in France is a monopoly, and is conducted under strict regulations. In Paris there is this great central establishment, which is provided with two branches and twenty auxiliary offices. The *Mont de Pieté* was founded in 1777, and has a monopoly of loans and pledges. It is the property of the city of Paris. The capital necessary to establish it was taken from the general hospital fund, to which all its net profits are applied. Being a municipal institution, its transactions are, of course, strictly honorable, and its patrons are saved the losses they would sustain at the hands of the class which usually manage such matters. In a city like Paris, pawnbrokers are a necessity. There is so much misery here which the authorities cannot relieve, that expedients like this must be resorted to, and the city has acted wisely in taking the matter into its own hands and protecting the poor from the outrages which were formerly practised upon them.

The most of the pledges are deposited at the branch or auxiliary offices, but all are transported for storage to the central establishment, where one must go to redeem them. The articles bring only a certain proportion of their value, and the borrower pays nine and a half per cent. if the pledge is made at the central office, and twelve per cent. if at one of the minor offices. The engagement is made for one year, but one may take up his pledge at any time before the expiration of the year, or he may renew the engagement nine times after the first one, making the renewal at the end of

each year. If an article is neither renewed nor redeemed, at the expiration of fourteen months, it is sold, and should there be any surplus over the sum due the establishment, arising from the sale, it is paid to the owner, upon his application within three years.

The auxiliary office has received from the working people the slang name of "Le Clou."* The students call it "Ma Tante" (my aunt). There are twenty of them, as I have said, and as they lie nearer than the central office to the majority of the people, they do the principal amount of the traffic with the poor. They are curious places, and the persons you meet there are still more curious.

You enter a large hall divided into two apartments by a high wooden partition pierced in several places with little holes or windows. The room is plain and unfurnished, lighted frequently by high grated windows which leave the larger portion of it in a deep shade. That part occupied by the officials is brilliantly lighted, and the rays which stream from it make the public room seem even more gloomy. Rows of wooden benches are ranged along the room, for the convenience of persons awaiting their turn at the window. These benches are usually quite full, and it is interesting, and often painful to watch the faces and actions of the persons in waiting. Some are full of impatience, some sad and desponding, some careless, some cynical, and some angry with fortune. All are silent, however, and pay no attention to their companions. All classes come here, the high and the low, the victims of extravagance as well as the victims of poverty.

This stout fellow dressed in a workman's blouse has a sad face which tells his story plainly. He is out of work and has not succeeded in getting another place, and has come to

* Literally, "The Nail."

pledge his bed for the means to ward off hunger until he can find employment. He leans wearily on the window-sill as his pledge is accepted, thinking no doubt that he will fare badly to-night, and taking his receipt and his money walks silently away, and as he goes you notice that he is almost in rags. It is a mere trifle that he carries away with him, and will not last him long. Then, Heaven help him if he has not found work. After him comes a man in a blouse, still more wretched in appearance. His wild eyes and bloated features tell you too plainly why he has sought the Mont de Pieté. He pawns his coat for a few sous, and hastens to the nearest wine shop to drown his soul in brandy or absinthe. This girl who trips so daintily up to the window, dressed in silks and ribbons, you may see to-night on the streets seeking to ensnare some victim into her toils. She draws from her ears the pretty pendants some simpleton has given her, and carelessly hands them to the official. They are worth forty francs, and she receives twenty for them. She commences a pert expostulation, but a look from the official silences her, and she snatches up the money and receipt, and flirts down the room tossing her head in idle wrath. She wanted more but she knows she must take the sum offered her, or nothing at all. She is followed by a woman, whose dress tells you she is from the provinces, and you know from her appearance that she is a wife and mother. She has come to Paris with her husband and children, the good man hoping to better their condition. They have been unfortunate, and she has come to pledge some of her household linen. She hopes to redeem it soon—perhaps before the year is out. It is her first visit here. Will it be her last? This young woman, stealing up so timidly, and with such a modest blush on her pretty face, is also a wife and a mother, but she is very young. The husband lies sick in the great *Hôtel Dieu*, and the young wife works hard to provide for herself and the

baby who is with the good Sisters at the "Crib," and to buy some little comforts for the husband. It is a weary task, though, and once or twice before she has come to the Mont de Pieté, and has left pledges which she may never redeem. The skies seem very dark to her now, and she comes to pledge that which she values most of all her little store—the "blessed piece." These "blessed pieces" are very dear to the French workingwomen. They toil hard and save what they can. When they have accumulated five francs, they exchange their small coins for a silver piece of that sum, and carry it to the priest who blesses it. It is then honored above all their savings, and is regarded as a charm, a sort of "lucky penny," and only the direst poverty can induce them to part with it, and it is for the baby and the sick husband that the little wife pledges it now. She receives four francs and a half for it, and will have to pay the full value of the coin when she redeems it. It is a hard bargain, but she is thankful for it, and goes away thinking that the little purchases she will provide will make the sick husband better.

It is a cold, hard place, truly, dear reader, but you little know of the quiet heroism it witnesses daily. They throng here, year after year, pledging articles of every description and of all values. It is said that the average value of the pledges is seven francs. For many of the articles only a few sous are given. The sum total is enormous, however. During the year 1865 the operations of the establishment exceeded thirty millions of francs.

The Central Establishment is one of the most curious places in Paris. The ground floor is fitted up with storerooms for the safe keeping of new goods and other new articles pawned by merchants and dealers. Such objects as are too large or too heavy to be stored on the upper floors, or in the towers, are also given a place here. On this floor you will find a curious collection of coco-water fountains. Many

of them you have seen on the backs of the venders of this beverage in the summer. There is no demand for it in the winter, and the dealers pawn their equipments here during that season, betaking themselves to other avocations until the return of spring, when they redeem their pledges and renew their operations. On the first floor are kept the most valuable pledges. This is the quarter of the aristocracy, and you will find here jewels, and gold, and silver articles of all kinds to the amount of millions of francs. The upper classes live fast, and often need money. The Mont de Pieté preserves well the confidences entrusted to it, and they come here because their necessities will not be known. This floor affords a strange contrast to the rest of the building. The second floor is devoted to wearing apparel and household dry goods. The collection is extensive, and comprises every article used for dress, for the toilette, or for the house, of every variety, fashion, and texture, from the richest silks and satins to the coarsest "home-spun." They are arranged in separate packages on wooden shelves. The walls of the stairways and of the rooms devoted to that purpose, are lined with pictures of all kinds. The top floor contains the mattrasses and bedding of the poor, and many other objects of poverty. It is a wretched collection, and the room is filled with a strong and sickening odor.

Each article pledged has a ticket attached to it corresponding with that given to the borrower, and the numbers on these tickets, together with a description of the pledges, the amount advanced, and the sum due the establishment, are entered in a register kept for the purpose. Every article that can be named can be found here, some of great value and some that you would call trash. Yet the establishment receives everything, for it finds a ready sale for all unredeemed pledges, and is satisfied with the rate of interest it receives.

XLII.

TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

COMPETITION in Paris is reduced to a science. If you wish to see this art in practice, go to the galleries of the Palais Royal, where a dozen separate shops devoted to the same branch of trade stand side by side, and purchase the same article in each. You will come away with the firm conviction that of all shrewd men, the Parisian merchants take the first rank.

The shops of Paris are small, as a general rule. I have seen almost fabulous displays of wealth, in a room too small to serve as the counting room of a Broadway house. Merchants here do not care to spend large sums on rents, and many rely upon the display which they make in their windows. One of the principal jewellers of the Rue de la Paix offers his gorgeous wares in a shop which a witty young American describes as so small that the proprietor has to stand outside when purchasers come in. It is no exaggeration to say that in the majority of the retail stores of Paris, the greater portion of the stock is displayed in the windows. These displays are generally very beautiful, and are always arranged with great taste. They form one of the prettiest features of the streets. Indeed, one thing that gives these streets so bright and cheerful an air, is that each shop window has almost always a crowd of animated chattering Parisians gathered around it, admiring its beauties. Almost every article so displayed has its price affixed to it in plain figures, so that one may examine nearly the entire stock and ascer

tain the prices of such articles as he wishes to purchase, without once entering the shop.

As I have said already, the Parisian shopkeepers are usually shrewd persons. Many of them are women. Nearly all the retail shops employ women as salesmen. Some of them are very pretty, and all are vivacious and have the gift of worrying strangers into purchasing. It is the custom to sell on credit to parties of responsibility, but as an inducement to persons to buy for cash, all articles sold for ready money are ten per cent. cheaper than those sold on credit. The dealers readily detect a stranger, however fluently he may speak their language, and the best plan is for a visitor to the city to have the articles sent with the bills to his banker, who will pay the charges and secure to him the benefit of the discount. Usually the banker divides the discount with the purchaser, who, even under this arrangement, will save five per cent.

Many of the shops exhibit a placard bearing the words, "*English spoken here.*" Avoid them by all means. Their English is not often better than your French, and you are sure to be charged roundly for the privilege of hearing your native tongue spoken.

Nearly all the business houses of the city are dedicated to some patron Saint or devil, or some historical personage. You will see signs by the score in your walks through the city, such as "*Maison de la belle Jardinière,*" "*Au Petit Saint-Thomas,*" "*Au Bon Diable,*" "*A la Reine des Fleurs,*" "*A la Pensée.*" * These inscriptions are extremely puzzling to a stranger, who is more than half tempted to regard them as the proper "signs" of the firm doing business in the house.

One of the most curious establishments in the city is the

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* "House of the Beautiful Gardener," "To little Saint Thomas," "To the good Devil," "To the Queen of the Flowers," "To Thought."

immense bazar opposite the Château d'Eau, called the *Magasins-Reunis*. It is simply a collection of shops under one enormous roof, and consolidated under the management of one company. The company has a capital of twelve million francs, and does an enormous business. All purchases are for cash, and the purchaser is guaranteed the full reimbursement of the amount expended. "When he makes a purchase of one hundred francs' worth of groceries, he receives a card promising at the end of a term of years to give him its full value in groceries, or jewelry, if he wishes, on presentation. If he buys an ounce of tobacco, the guarantee is the same."

The tobacco shops are generally very little establishments, scarcely more than a box. The manufacture of the weed is a government monopoly, and the State also regulates the sale of it. The number of shops is limited, and thus a certain trade is secured to each one. The proprietors are often persons who have served the State or City faithfully, and who are rewarded for their devotion with these snug little places. Almost every one in Paris uses tobacco, and the trade is exceedingly profitable. The tobacconists also sell postage stamps.

All sorts of expedients are resorted to to promote trade. The majority of the dealers advertise liberally, and many offer amazing discounts. Not long since a butcher announced that a five franc gold piece would be found in one out of every hundred sausages sold in his shop. His announcement produced the desired result, and the demand for sausages was enormous. A clever writer thus describes some of the means resorted to by the Parisians to make known their wares:

"The numerous gigantic advertising sheets which rise, in Paris, into the air, in the form of seven-storied, colored walls, form a singular blue-book of Parisian industry. Let us examine the first on which our eyes fall.

"On the top of it a dentist reminds suffering humanity, in golden letters a yard long, of the perishable character of our teeth. Right below, husbands have an opportunity to make observations in regard to the whims of their fashionable wives; the *reclame* is a sign of a dry goods store. Beside it figures, with black letters on a red ground, a liquor dealer who has succeeded in solving the important problem of furnishing lovers of strong drink with genuine Jamaica rum at 1f. 50c. a bottle, and excellent Cognac brandy at 1f. 20c., not to speak of Bordeaux wine at twelve sous a litre. The third *reclame* on the same line is that of a perfumery dealer, who assures the public that his ottar of roses and his soaps are *ne plus ultra* of perfumery, and exclusively possess the power of rejuvenating old-looking faces. Below these dry goods, liquor and perfumery dealers, we read the *reclame* of a company bent *a tout prix* on promoting the welfare of mankind, inasmuch as it offers to it chocolate at the wonderfully low price of twenty-four sous a pound. The lowest *reclame* is a real monster of a sign—that of an artist, a photographer, who invites beautiful and ugly persons to have their portraits taken at his establishment, at the rate of from one to twenty francs and more; and the sign of a coal and fuel dealer, who holds out the most tempting promises to those who wish to warm themselves.

"But the indefatigable, all-devouring press is likewise represented on the Parisian walls. But it attaches its production only to such walls as do not contain the dreaded words, '*defense d'afficher*,' (post no bills,) only official publications, such as the Emperor's throne speeches, etc., do not allow themselves to be frightened back from any walls by these words.

"In such a field the desire for publicity develops itself with surprising rapidity. He who has a few sous to spend for posters, causes them to be printed and posted, if possible, on

the walls of new-built houses. Celebrated quacks who have discovered new remedies for killing tape-worms; amiable manufacturers of insect powder, who boast of having put an end to the lives of millions of blood-thirsty fleas and disagreeable cockroaches, and of having received various prize medals therefor; disinterested makers of boots and shoes, bent only on keeping the feet of their fellow-men warm, and willing to part for the low price of six dollars with any pair of their patent-leather or water-proof boots; talented pianists who got the consumption at the court of his Majesty So-and-so, under the load of the laurel-wreaths showered upon them, and anxious, previous to their demise, to delight and make happy the audiences of Paris; humane glovers who think themselves in duty bound to furnish constantly new gloves to the fashionable world; teachers claiming to be familiar with ten languages, and ready to teach the easier ones of them, for instance German, in twenty-five lessons, with the same fidelity with which a doctor administers a spoonful of medicine to his patient. But we would not be able to exhaust this list of sharp intellects, eager to turn to account the desire of man for making himself comfortable and adding to his personal appearance.

"If the printed wall *reclame* loses some of the majestic attitude and dignity of the painted one, this is still more the case with the street *reclame*. The small bills and circulars, distributed at all corners to the passers-by, by hunchbacks and others, invalids in or without uniform, when put together form a little work, giving us interesting glimpses of the industrial and whole public life of the French capital, but which, at the same time, may be called a *chronique scandaleuse* of Parisian competition.

"The most conspicuous element of this *chronique* are the *reclame* of the manufacturers. These gentlemen take the field against one another with the utmost disdain of death,

compared with which even the heroism of a Don Quixote is eclipsed. Their missiles are hurled into the world in prose and in verse. To attain their ends they resort to the most absurd and ridiculous things. A firm of the Chausse d'Antin is 'ready to sell its goods at 33 per cent. less than cost price; 150,000 Cashmere shawls are to be sacrificed to the public.' Such self-abnegation was unknown even to the ancient Greeks and Romans.

"Next to the manufacturers, the owners of small restaurants principally advertise their business in this manner. All day long cards and circulars of restaurants are distributed in the principal streets of Paris, but especially during the hour preceding dinner-time, when there is a regular deluge of these advertisements. The proprietors of the 'Petit Rocher de Cancale' and other restaurants hold out to their guests the most tempting promises. A dinner at 1f. 75c., for instance, consists of a plate of soup, a piece of boiled beef, an *entremet*, a plate of vegetables, a piece of roast beef, a dish of salad, half a bottle of wine, and bread *ad libitum*. A poor devil, who is gulled by the low prices and goes to the restaurant in question, gets all that the bill of fare promises, but of what quality? The soup, not too salty, but without a particle of strength; the meat lean, dry, and utterly exhausted; as to the wine, for God's sake do not ask me to describe it.

"We now come to the host of other street *reclames*. Here a philanthropist asks the public to try his Northern Elixir of Health. Nectar, he says, compared to his, is mere water.

"'This way, this way!' shouts their M. Billardius. 'A great prize contest on the billiard-table between myself and Mr. X. *Partie en* 3,000 points.' At the bottom of this little bill we read the words, 'This coffee house is the largest in France. Breakfast two francs. Meals and liquors of the best quality.'

"'I,' exclaims a modest disciple of St. Crispin, 'I am a

unique fellow in the capital. Superhuman efforts have enabled me not to use any more middle men for the sale of my superb and faultless goods. So they are astoundingly cheap,' etc. Twenty, thirty other bills contain almost the same words. We, therefore, pass on to the negro *reclame*.

"Not content with turning art and industry to account for his private ends, the Parisian manufacturer avails himself, also, not unfrequently of the physical differences of races to attain his object. Even though such a black child of the desert costs him several thousand francs a year, he willingly spends that sum.

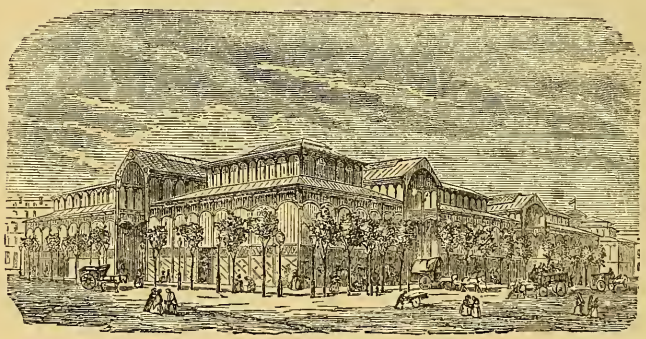
"But a short time since I saw how far the *reclame* furor of the Parisians will go. As I entered one of the liveliest streets of the capital, a large crowd, seemingly surging around the band of a regiment, approached me. What was it? A little negro, carrying on his breast and back a yoke like a painted sign, jumping at nearly every step, and kindly informing the curious crowd that his master had better Indian straw hats for sale than any body else in Paris.

"Finally, there is a *reclame* of accidents purposely brought about. The secret of this kind of *reclame* is as follows: You go to a printer, cause him to print your card in large type, paste these cards on small packages of goods or little rolls of paper, put the whole lot of these packages into a box that is very imperfectly nailed together, put it on the back of your porter, or on a hand-cart, and instruct the porter carefully as to the course he is to pursue. He then leaves with the box, or with the box and the hand-cart, goes to a street where there is a crowd, and runs the box, as if accidentally, against a wall or against a wagon so that the box breaks asunder, and the contents roll out on the pavement. He then looks decidedly perplexed, and takes good care not to pick up the small packages, but leaves to play the same game somewhere else."

XLIII.

THE MARKETS.

THERE is no city in the world so well supplied with markets and retail provision shops as Paris. Butcher-shops and green groceries are scattered over the city in every direction, and there are also several markets located at convenient



Halles Centrales.

points. The principal market is the immense structure called the *Halles Centrales* (Central Halls) in the Rues de la Tonnellerie and de Rambuteau. It stands on the site of the ancient Cemetery of the Innocents and adjoins the old Market of the Innocents, which was merely a collection of old sheds which the dealers had erected for the sale of their wares. In 1852, the present elegant structure was begun. It is not yet completed, but when finished will cover about five acres of ground. The establishment consists of a number of square

pavilions connected by covered streets. The foundations are of brown stone, but the remainder of the structure is of iron and glass, and is light and tasteful in appearance. Stalls or shops, twelve feet square, are arranged in each pavilion, except that in which butter is sold by wholesale. The streets running through the building are paved with solid blocks of stone, and streams of fresh water covered with an open iron grating flow through every part of the buildings for the purpose of carrying away the filth. The sheds are very lofty and are beautifully constructed. Everything is clean and neat, and the roadway is firm and well swept.

Entering the building from the Rue de la Tonnellerie, by the covered way which separates the two ranges of pavilions, you see first, on your right and left the two pavilions devoted to the sale of vegetables and fruits; the next on the right is for the sale of butter by wholesale, and just opposite the pavilion for the sale of fish; then come the pavilions for the sale of butter, cheese, and eggs by retail, together with the commoner utensils of household use, and earthenware vessels in particular; and just opposite are pavilions for the sale of vegetables, poultry and game by retail. Passing these you come to the meat market, divided into wholesale and retail quarters. The retail department lies just opposite the church of Saint Eustache. Beneath this portion of the market is an immense cellar, supported by massive columns of cast iron, and lighted by openings closed with glass louvres. The meat is placed here for safe keeping, each dealer having his separate "lock-up." An immense tank is built here in which fish are preserved alive.

The display in the market is of the very best kind. The meat is all fresh and is dressed in the best and most convenient manner. It is sold in the mass by the wholesale dealer, and is prepared by the retail merchant to suit his custom. You buy it here already skewered, tied and arranged for

cooking. It is all ticketed by the official inspector, and these tickets are sure guarantees of its quality. The fowls and game are in equally good condition, the inspection being very rigid with them. The eggs are all of the same size. The inspector passes them through a ring, and all which are too small to fill up the circumference are thrown out. Good beef sells for about eighteen cents (American money), a pound, and veal for the same price; butter, from twenty-two to sixty cents a pound, according to quality; eggs from ten to thirty cents a dozen, according to the supply; chickens, about thirty cents a piece, and partridges the same. Rabbits are offered here alive, and are killed and dressed after the sale is effected. You buy your fresh fish, crabs, lobsters and eels alive, so that you run no risk of finding them spoilt when you come to eat them. The vegetables are prettily arranged, and are generally good, though some of them do not compare with similar products of the western world. Asparagus is very high. The best comes from Argenteuil, and brings as much as three and four dollars a bunch. "Fresh peas shelled twenty cents; cherries, four to six cents per pound; strawberries, from four to ten cents per pound; currants and gooseberries, two cents; potatoes, about one dollar per bushel. But we have no less than forty-six varieties of potatoes—not hardly one of which resembles Parmenter's importations in the slightest degree. Many of our species are vastly superior to anything known in America. Sweet potatoes are only to be found in the colony of Algiers, and are not appreciated in Paris. Apples are very fine and very cheap—the best in the world are the St. Germain and the Calvie. As to the variety of pears, a nurseryman in the valley of the Loire has over seven hundred varieties, and with all the demand for the exportation of the trees and of consumption in Paris, we cannot have a fine pear under ten cents, and may pay three dollars a piece for them in this city.

Interior of the Halles Centrales.

Bread is cheap—four cents per pound for the '*pain de menage*,' or what the working classes are glad to eat, and which is really choice bread, far surpassing the ordinary qualities of England and America—up to eight cents, which is the highest price at present paid for the choicest sorts. Crackers are consumed in very small quantities."

The best hour for seeing the markets is early morning. Then the throng of purchasers is thickest, and business is at its height.

In one quarter of this immense building are the stalls devoted to the sale of half consumed victuals, which traffic has already been described in the chapter on restaurants.

Flower Market.

The flower markets are five in number. They are merely collections of light, movable stands, covered for the protection of the merchants and their wares. They are held in the

various parts of the city on different days of the week, opening at sunrise, and closing at sunset. On Monday and Thursday a flower market is held at the Château d'Eau; on Tuesday and Friday, on the esplanade to the east of the Church of the Madeleine; on Wednesday and Saturday, just behind the Tribunal of Commerce in the Cité. On Monday and Thursday markets are also held in the square in front of the Church of Saint Sulpice, and just back of the Hôtel de Ville. The merchants are generally women or young girls, and are clad oftentimes in bright, picturesque dresses. The display of flowers is very fine, and the prices moderate as a rule. A more beautiful sight than one of these flower markets is not to be found in all the city.

The French are passionately fond of flowers, and spend large sums upon them. The great ladies when they have lost all interest in everything else turn to these pretty ornaments with a singular passion. But they are not the only ones whose passion for flowers is a distinguishing feature. "Quite contrary to the great Parisian lady, who only loves flowers when she has nothing else left to love, the Parisian grisette loves flowers before she begins to love anything else. The latter commences as the former finishes. There is not in all Paris, in the melancholy heights, in the sloping garrets, where the house sparrow hardly dares to take his flight lest he should be giddy—a single girl, poor and alone, who does not come at least once a week to this flower market, to enjoy the spring and the sky. As neither verdure, nor the sun, nor the brilliancy of flowers, nor the song of birds, comes to seek her in the frightful corners where she conceals her sixteen years, it is she herself who goes in search of them. * * Of all the honest people who gain their living by buying and selling, the flower women, has, without contradiction, the most upright conscience, and the most sincere good faith. She sells at a high price to the rich, but a very low one to the poor. She thinks she ought to encourage so good a passion, and that it is much better for this young girl to buy a flower, to ornament her wretched little room, than a ribbon

to adorn herself. Thus she sells her pot of mignonette or sweet peas, almost for nothing. And then the young grisette goes away more happy and more triumphant, than if she had in the presence of a notary, purchased a whole domain."

In the square of Saint Martin you may witness every Sunday the holding of the *Bird Market.* It is located just back of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, and is well attended.

Bird Market.

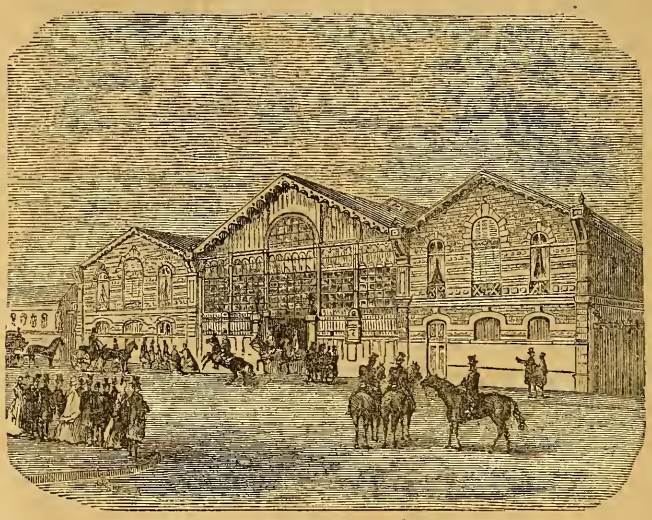
Every Sunday a large and varied collection of birds is offered here for sale. Here are natives of the Empire, birds from every country of Europe, tropical birds, and every species of the feathered tribe. The cages are of every conceivable shape and pattern, and are generally sold with their occupants. The dealers are oftentimes amusing fellows, and the crowd assembled around them is always a study.

The *Grass or Forage Market* is held daily in the Boulevard

d'Enfer, and is worth seeing, as the visitor will find here a large collection of peasants and small proprietors, who have come in from the country to sell their crops.

The *Horse Market* is in the Boulevard de l'Hôpital, and is held twice a week. The collection of horses to be found here is interesting, but the animals are chiefly, if not entirely, beasts of burden. On Sunday the place is occupied by a dog market.

The French *Tattersall*, in the Rue Beaujon, near the



Tattersall.

Champs Elysées, is the best place for purchasing blooded stock, or horses for private use. These animals are disposed of here by public sales every Thursday, and in private, every day. You will generally find a good selection here, and the place is worth visiting by those who do not care to purchase, inasmuch as many of the best horses of the city are kept at livery. Carriages, harness and hunting equipages may also be purchased here, and everything necessary to a complete outfit be procured.

The *Cattle Markets* are at Poissy, Sceaux, and La Chapelle, but are soon to be replaced by a commodious structure at La Villette, which is to be provided with stalls for five thousand oxen and thirty thousand sheep.

The *Market of the Temple*, in the Rue du Temple, near the Boulevard of the same name, is devoted to the sale of clothing. It was originally opened in a part of the gardens of the Temple, and was a wretched collection of sheds. The old market has been replaced by a handsome structure of iron, containing two thousand stalls. Here are kept articles of male and female attire of every grade and price. The greater portion of the establishment forms a handsome bazar, but the remainder is devoted to the sale of second-hand clothing, and constitutes one of the most remarkable sights of the city. The dealers pay about five centimes a day for the privilege of selling here, and, in addition to this, pay a tax of twenty centimes on each bundle introduced into the establishment, for sale by them. Consequently they make their bundles as large as possible. The market is open from eight o'clock in the morning until mid-day. The dealers collect around the gates as early as five o'clock, and take their places in line. As the gates are opened, they rush in and fill the place. The scene is curious, indeed. The dealers have a language, or *argot*, of their own, and address each other and the old habitués of the place in a tongue which only those accustomed to it can understand. They are keen, shrewd-looking people, many of them Jews. Their wares consist of clothing of almost every fashion and material ever dreamed of, and their practices are not generally open to inspection. Indeed, even in the better portion of the place one must have his wits about him, for the whole establishment is a mammoth Chatham Street.

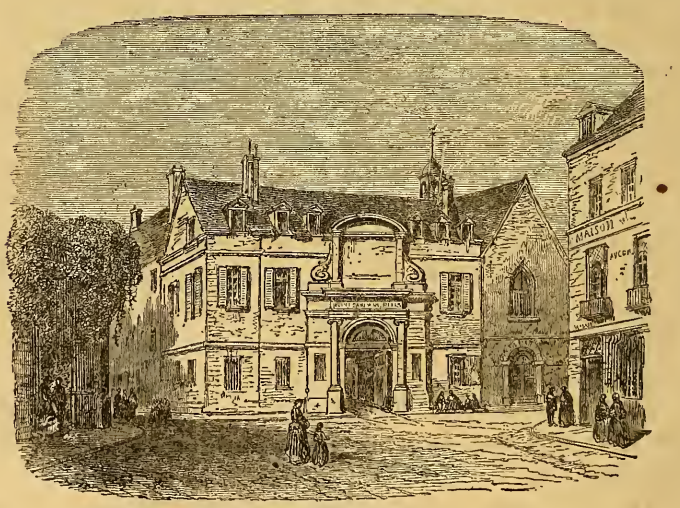
XLIV.

CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.

I.

THE HOSPITALS.

THERE is no city in the world so well supplied with hospitals and other charitable establishments where suffering of all kinds is relieved without charge to the sufferer. There



Hospital of La Pitié.

are sixteen *hospitals* in the city, containing seven thousand and fifty two beds. Every description of disease, every species of suffering has an establishment especially devoted

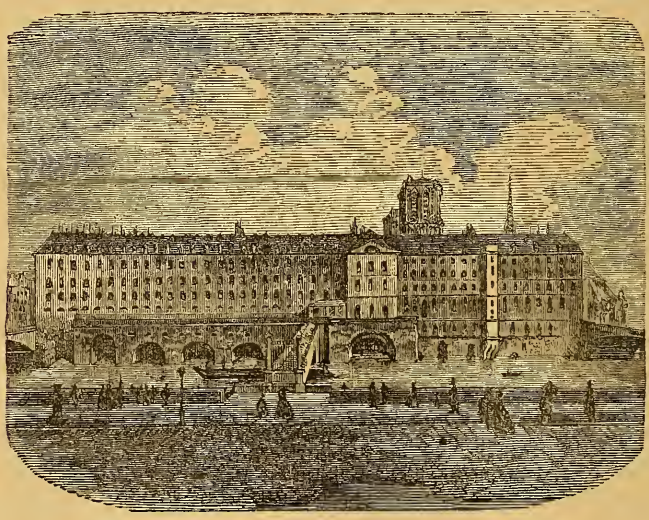
to its relief. One of the best is for poor women unable to defray the expenses of a confinement. Two are set apart for the treatment of incurable patients, and eight are for the general treatment of acute diseases. Any one, sick and unable to pay, is admitted free, and is provided with the best of treatment until his or her recovery. Besides this, the physicians and surgeons in charge of the establishments hold gratuitous consultations every morning at each hospital. Medicines and such treatment as may be necessary are given on the spot to those who do not need to be placed in the hospital. There is also a Central Bureau at which application may be made for admission to any hospital in the city for treatment. Each hospital contains from three to eight hundred beds. About six thousand patients are usually under treatment, and about ninety thousand receive treatment during the year. The hospitals are attended by the Sisters of the various orders of the Catholic Church, and are in charge of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of France, such men as MM. Nelaton, Ricord, Velpeau, and Chassaignac. About twenty-two millions of francs are annually expended in conducting the hospitals of Paris. The city makes an appropriation of twelve millions of francs, some of the patients pay for the services rendered them, bequests are constantly made to the various establishments, and the Government levies a tax of ten per cent. of the gross receipts of all places of public amusement for this purpose. The general supervision of the hospitals is vested in the "General Committee for Public Assistance."

The principal hospitals are the Hôtel Dieu, the Charité, the Pitié, and the Hospitals Lariboisière, Necker and Saint Antoine.

The *Hôtel Dieu* is the oldest and, until very recently, was the largest hospital in the city. It is located in the old Cité, in the great square of Notre Dame. It is said to have existed here as far back as the reign of Clovis. Philip Augustus enlarged it, and Saint Louis and Henry IV. conferred many privileges upon it. It is a heavy, time-worn edifice,

occupying both banks of the river, the two portions being connected by means of a covered bridge. It is badly located and inconveniently arranged, and the older portions are said to be unhealthy. A new hospital is in course of erection on the opposite side of the island. As at present arranged, the establishment contains eight hundred and fifty-four beds for medicine, accouchements and surgery. It is attended by eight doctors and three surgeons, and is provided with two clinical medical, and two clinical surgical professorships.

The routine in most of the hospitals is about the same



Hôtel Dieu.

The wards are scrupulously clean, and the floors are polished and bare. Down each side of the room, is a row of beds hung with snowy curtains, leaving the middle of the floor free. A card is affixed to the foot of each bed, stating the name, residence, disease, and time of entering the hospital, of the patients. You will find the good Sisters of Charity in great numbers in every hospital. They are most devoted nurses, and by their gentle and tender ministerings do much good in this world and lay up for themselves a rare treasure

Asylum of Vincennes.

in the home where "neither moth nor rust doth corrupt and where thieves do not break through nor steal." They shrink from no danger, from no labor in their holy work, but incur fatigues untold and freely expose themselves in nursing contagious and infectious diseases. Some of them are young and pretty, and you wonder why they should devote themselves to such a service if it be not for the love of the Master.

Each physician has two wards, with about eighty patients, under his care. Every morning at eight o'clock, a number of students and attendants of the hospital collect in the physician's room, and accompany him in his rounds. He passes from bed to bed, questioning the patients and prescribing the treatment to be pursued for the next twenty-four hours. These directions are carefully written down by one of the assistants, in a book kept for the purpose. The visits are brief, but the examination is thorough. Occasionally the business-like manner of the doctor changes as he pauses by the side of some little child, and his voice will take a tenderer tone, for there are few things that touch these great lights of the healing art so much as the sufferings of childhood.

In the surgical wards the same system is pursued. The cases are minutely described to the students, and the operations performed in their sight. Dr. Chassaignac usually reserves the cases which do not need his immediate attention until Monday morning, when his *clinique* is held in the amphitheatre of his hospital. At this time he performs the operations in the presence of an immense number of students, the patients being placed under the influence of chloroform in all severe cases. To professional men, and lovers of the horrible, the scene is intensely interesting, as the most skilful operations to be witnessed in Paris take place here.

Small-pox patients are admitted to all the general hospitals, there being no special establishment for them, and the general hospitals usually contain a considerable number of them. The physicians say their chances of recovery are much greater if scattered amongst other patients than if all were

confined in the same wards. This may be true, but it doubtless does not benefit the other inmates of the wards in which they are placed, who, if they had their choice, would probably decline being found in such company.

The Asylum of Vincennes, situated at the southern extremity of the Wood, is one of the largest and handsomest of the modern establishments. It was founded by the Emperor Napoleon III., in 1855, and was opened in 1857. It is for men exclusively, and the preference is given, in receiving patients, to the workmen who may be wounded or taken sick in prosecuting the public works.

Besides the hospitals, there are a number of establishments called *Hospices*, which are designed to serve as "houses of retreat" for aged and infirm persons. Many of these have been established and endowed by private liberality.

The hospitals for the insane, blind, dumb, and other afflicted persons are very numerous and are well managed. The immense Hospital of Bicêtre was built by Louis XIII., and is one of the largest and best conducted. It shelters about two thousand old men, one-half of whom are afflicted with mental diseases. The department for lunatics is worth visiting, but can only be seen (as a special favor) by application to the proper authorities. One of the curiosities of the place is an immense well, seventeen feet eight inches wide and one hundred and seventy-six feet deep. It is cut in the solid rock, and is inexhaustible.

I cannot undertake to name all of the charitable asylums of the great city, and can only say that, no matter in what form or by whom aid may be desired, it is given here by some organized institution.

II.

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

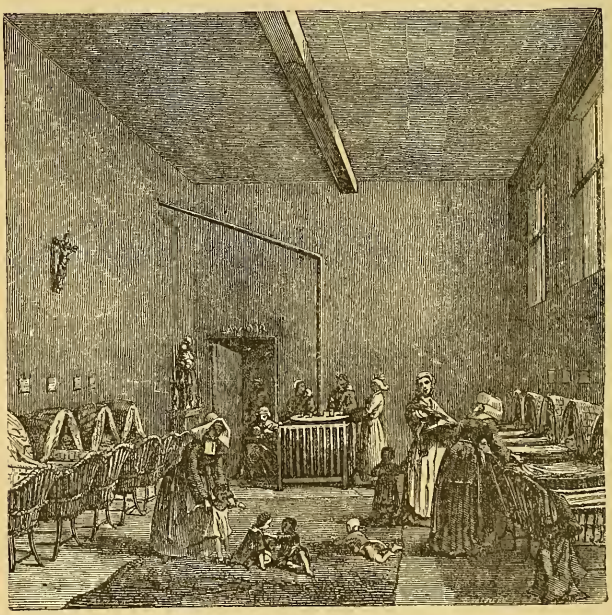
Decidedly one of the most interesting of the charitable establishments of the city is the *Foundling Hospital*, estab-

Hospital of Bicêtre.

lished by Saint Vincent de Paul in 1640. It is very large, is amply provided with every comfort, and is attended by the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul.

The object is to provide for children abandoned in infancy by their parents, and thus diminish the extent of the crime of infanticide. Some years ago a revolving box was placed near the street entrance. Persons wishing to abandon their children had only to place the child in the box and ring the bell. The box was at once turned into the inner part of the building by the watcher, and the child given to the care of the good Sisters. Now, it is necessary to present the child at the office of the institution and produce a certificate signed by the Commissary of Police of the district in which the mother resides; and the authorities also require her name and place of residence. Every effort is made to persuade the mother to retain the care of her child, and, if she consents to do so, she is assisted in maintaining it from the hospital fund. If she insists upon abandoning it, however, the child is received, and a record made of the circumstances of the case. Each child is numbered according to its arrival, the numbers beginning with "1" every year. About five thousand infants are annually received here; but it is said that the prevalence of infanticide has increased so greatly since the abandonment of the revolving box, that the authorities are seriously considering the propriety of restoring it. The majority of the children left here are illegitimate—the offspring of the sewing and shop girls, and those employed in the various trades of the great city. When their children are born, these women, if unwilling to retain them, can place them in this asylum, and thus the temptation to infanticide is in some measure removed. Competent judges declare that this crime is generally committed in France, not so much through fear of shame and disgrace as from an unwillingness to see the little innocent lead a life of struggle and privation. The foundling hospital removes this fear to a great degree, and offers a safe asylum to the unfortunate children. The institution never loses sight of them after being once placed

in its charge, and if, at any time, a mother wishes to reclaim her child before it comes of age, she can do so by giving proof of good character and ability to support it. Only about one in a hundred are thus reclaimed. Should the father wish to acknowledge or legitimatize his child, he can do so by simply acknowledging it in due legal form. Out of fourteen thousand eight hundred and sixty-six illegitimate children born in Paris in a given year, three thousand six hundred were acknowledged in this way by their fathers.



Interior of a Foundling Asylum.

As soon as a child is received into the asylum, a ticket, inscribed with its number, is attached to its clothing. If it be in health, it is taken into the *crèche*, and laid on a bench before the fire. Sometimes as many as half a dozen little strangers are laid out in this way, side by side, before the bright blaze. If it be ill or ailing, it is sent to the infirmary

for treatment. Rows of cribs are arranged around the room, and these form the babies' beds after they are thoroughly warmed by the fire. Sometimes as many as a hundred children are collected here.

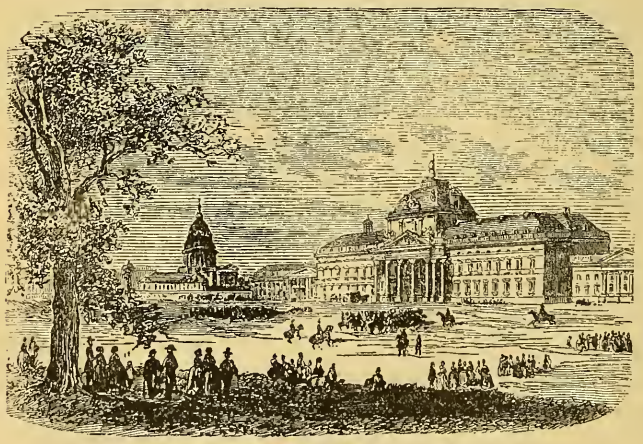
At the earliest possible moment the children are sent into the country to be nursed. The Empire is regularly laid off into districts for this purpose. Each district is in charge of a director, whose duty it is to make a personal visit to all children put out to nurse in his district, and to report their condition to the institution. He is also charged with the duty of procuring good nurses, who are usually the wives of the better class of peasants, to whom the small sum paid for the care of the child is very welcome. They receive from thirteen to eighteen francs per month for taking care of the children. The institution sees that the children are well nursed and treated, and watches over them with the greatest care until they come of age. Upon reaching the age of twelve years, the boys are usually bound out to learn some trade, and the girls, unless the families in which they have been raised should wish to adopt them, are furnished with places as domestics. If they conduct themselves with propriety they receive each from the asylum fund, a marriage portion of one hundred and forty-eight francs. It is said that at present, about forty-five thousand foundlings under age still remain under the kindly supervision of the asylum.

There is another species of children's retreat at which, for about four cents (American money) per day, mothers may leave their children to be taken care of while they are at work. They must come and nurse them twice a day as long as they are young enough to need it. They are often at work as far as two miles from the "Crib," as it is called, but they trudge cheerfully over the long way twice a day to minister to the wants of their little ones.

XLV.

THE CHAMPS DE MARS.

To the westward of the Invalides is an immense field, three-quarters of a mile long and nearly a mile broad. It is beaten down and dusty, and you do not require a second glance to tell you that it is an immense drill ground. It is the famous *Champs de Mars*, or "Field of March." The name seems to have been derived from the custom of the old



Barracks of the Military School.

Frankish kings to hold their great military gatherings in March. The Bridge of Jena connects it with the north shore, and there is a landing of the steamboat-omnibuses on the river shore just below.

The field seems to have no history previous to the Revolution. At the beginning of that great struggle it was simply

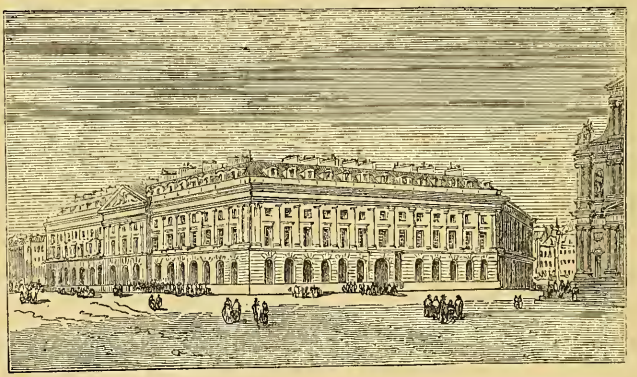
a dust heap, a dumping place for the trash of the city. In 1790, however, a change came over it. When the solemn Feast of Confederation was proclaimed in France, this plain was selected as the scene of the event which was deemed so auspicious. It was in no condition for a ceremony of any kind, however, but the people of Paris resolved that it should be made so, and the whole population, without regard to age, sex, or rank, turned out with pickaxe and spade, and levelled the plain, after which they surrounded it with an earthen rampart, by which means it was converted into a species of amphitheatre, capable of containing half a million of people. The monarchy was in danger, and an effort was to be made to save it. In one week the field was ready, and on the 14th of July, 1790, the great festival took place. A monster altar was erected at the end towards the military school, and around it were gathered the King, the Queen, and the nobles. Talleyrand, then Bishop of Autun, assisted by three hundred priests, performed a solemn mass, after which the king took the oath to the new Constitution, and it was repeated by the four hundred thousand people who filled the raised sides of the amphitheatre, and the sixty thousand armed men who surrounded the altar. The good people fondly believed that this beautiful ceremony was the close of their struggle. A little later, they looked back upon it as merely the beginning. The ramparts remained where they had been thrown up until the erection of the buildings for the Great Exhibition of 1867, when they were levelled.

On the 16th of July, 1791, after the king was brought back from Varennes, a vast crowd of good patriots assembled around the "Altar of the country" which was still standing in the Champs de Mars, to clamor for his deposition. Lafayette and Bailly in endeavoring to disperse them, fired on the crowd and several hundred persons were killed.

Several of the public events of the Revolution occurred on this spot, and here, two days after his coronation, Napoleon I. distributed to his legions the eagles which led them to vic-

tory at Austerlitz and Ulm. Again on the 1st of June, 1815, after his return from Elba, the Emperor here proclaimed the *Acte Additionel*, and distributed to his troops the eagles which were conquered at Waterloo. And here it is, according to the legend which they tell around the camp-fires, the dead Emperor holds his midnight reviews of shadowy legions that march without roll of drum or blare of bugle.

When Charles X. found that he could no longer trust the National Guard, he dissolved them on this field, and committed the error of leaving in their hands the arms with which they overthrew him at length. Louis Philippe delivered these same troops their colors here, after they had placed him



Napoleon Barracks.

on the throne in 1830; and in 1852, after the establishment of the present government, the Emperor Napoleon III. distributed eagles here to 60,000 troops. In 1867 the field was covered with the buildings of the Great Exhibition, which have since been removed.

The field is at present used for reviews, drills and other military exercises, and for the great national festivals of France.

At the southern end stands the old Military School, commenced in 1752 and finished in 1762, by Louis XV., for the

gratuitous education of five hundred sons of poor noblemen, but more especially for the children of those who had perished in battle. The school was broken up in 1788, and in 1789 it was made a cavalry barracks. Napoleon had his headquarters here for some time. It is now a barracks for infantry, cavalry, and artillery.

A number of very fine barracks have been erected in the city by the present Emperor. They form handsome additions to the architecture of the city, and are located at points which were formerly centres of insurrection. The Napoleon Barracks behind the Hôtel de Ville, is the finest in the city.

XLVI.

PARIS UNDERGROUND.

I.

THE SEWERS.

One of the most wonderful features of Paris is the system of sewers which underlies the city. By means of this immense net work of drains the filth and refuse matter of the city is collected and carried miles away, and the causes which once made Paris so sickly and unwholesome are thus removed.

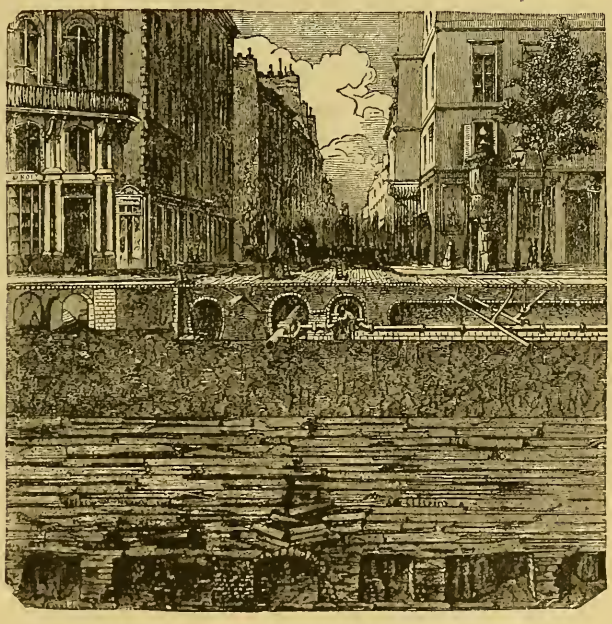
The total length of the sewers of Paris is about 433,333 yards. Besides this, about 2,166 yards more are to be constructed at some future.

"To organize the net-work of the sewers," says M. Adolphe Joanne, "the soil of the capital has been divided into five basins, of which three are on the right, and two are on the left bank of the Seine.

"On the right bank, the first of these basins embraces Charonne, Belleville, and Montmartre; the second, entirely central, comprises the quarters of Saint Antoine, the Temple, Saint Martin, Saint Denis, the Palais Royal and the Tuileries; and the third is composed of the heights of Chaillot, the Roule, Monceaux and the Faubourg Saint Honoré. On the left bank, one of the basins embraces the mount of the Deux-Moulins and the valley of the Bièvre, and the other the quarters of the Luxembourg, Saint-Germain-des-Prés and the Gros Caillou.

"Six great principal galleries, cutting the city nearly at

right angles, and having for tributaries fifteen secondary galleries out of which branch a multitude of galleries of less importance, constitute the principal arteries of the net-work. Three of the six principal galleries are on the right bank; the first (4,330 yards) is that of the quays; the second (2,004 yards) descends the boulevard Sébastopol, and joins the first at the Place du Châtelet; finally the third runs from the Place de la Bastille to the Place de la Concorde, through the streets Saint-Antoine and de Rivoli.

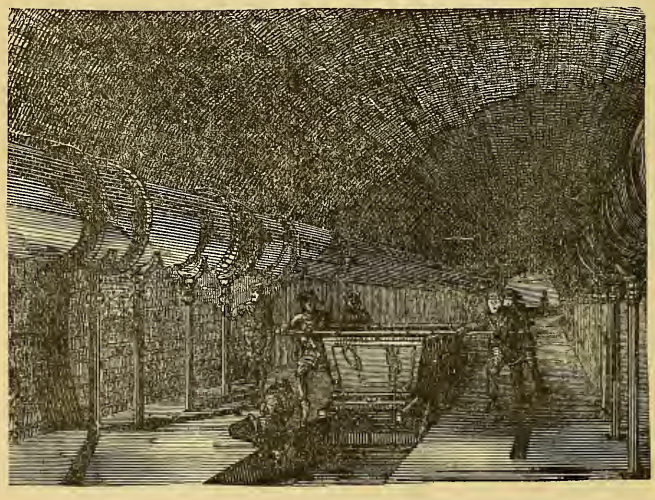


Subterranean Paris

"Besides these galleries of modern construction, there is also on the right bank a collector, which is no other than the old girdle sewer, formed of the stream from Ménilmontant, which was covered (1740) by Turgot, provost of the merchants.

"This sewer starts from the rue des Coutures-Saint-Gervais,

follows the rue Vieille-du-Temple and that of the Filles-du-Calvaire, crosses the boulevards, follows the rue des Fossés-du-Temple, traversing the boulevard of the Prince-Eugène at its lower end, continues its course through the rues du Château-d'Eau, des Petites-Écuries, Richer, de Provence and de Saint-Nicolas-d'Antin and falls into the general collector of Asnières under the boulevard Malesherbes. Formerly it emptied into the Seine at the foot of Chaillot.



The Great Sewer.

"Of the principal galleries on the left bank, the first (6930 yards) includes the line of the quays from the Pont d'Austerlitz to the pont d'Iéna; the second follows the boulevard Saint-Michel from the Place de l'Observatoire to the Pont Saint-Michel, and the third is that vast subterranean canal which receives the Bièvre and which is to be continued to the rue Saint-Jacques, where it will join that long gallery into which falls the sewer of the boulevard Saint-Michel.

"The sewers on the left bank, fall, like those on the right bank, into the collector of Asnières under the Place de la

Concorde. They pass the Seine by means of a wrought iron siphon, over a yard in diameter and two hundred and seventeen yards long, which enters the river a little above the Pont de la Concorde and at more than two yards below the low water line."

Until within the past twenty years the filth of the city was thrown into the Seine immediately within the corporate limits, and the river was made even fouler than the Thames, at London. Now, the refuse is collected in this vast system of sewers, and carried far below the city and discharged into the stream in the midst of the green fields and fresh air, where the poisonous vapors are powerless for harm.

II.

THE CATACOMBS.

The Catacombs of Paris form one of the most remarkable sights of the city, but only a very small portion of the visitors who come to the capital are ever gratified with a view of them.

They were originally quarries from which the light colored stone used in building the city was drawn from the earliest times down to the Seventeenth Century. They are very extensive, and underlie a considerable portion of the south side of the river. They extend over at least a tenth part of the entire city, and have an extent of about three millions of square yards. It is said that some of the branches even pass under the Seine and extend for a short distance into the northern part of the city. The distance from the surface of the ground to the bottom of the Catacombs, is about seventy English feet. The descent is by ninety steps, and though there are a number of entrances to them, visitors are usually admitted by the entrance at the *Barrière d'Enfer*.

After the excavations were abandoned as quarries, they seem to have been forgotten by the Parisians until 1774, when a house situated near the *Barrière d'Enfer* suddenly

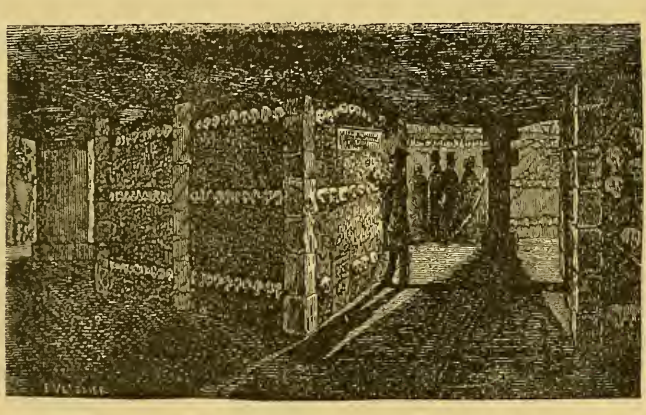
sank down into a hole eighty feet deep. Similar accidents occurred in 1777, and the government fearing a repetition of them determined to take measures for strengthening the old quarries. Accordingly engineers were set to work, and since then the task has been regularly continued. The Catacombs have been thoroughly surveyed and mapped with reference to the streets above, and the government makes an annual expenditure of one hundred thousand francs for supporting and propping the roofs of the caves, and building piers and buttresses so that there shall be no danger of further accidents.

In 1784 the practice of making interments in the old Cemetery of the Innocents was discontinued. The cemetery was dangerous to the health of the community, and it was necessary to suppress it. Accordingly, the vast masses of bones which had accumulated in it were removed, and placed with religious ceremonies in the Catacombs. During the Revolution the churches and religious establishments were suppressed, and the bones of those who had been interred in them were transferred to the Catacombs. Many of the victims of that fierce struggle were also interred here. The bones of those killed in the various outbreaks since the Great Revolution have been placed here, and once in every five years the "common graves" in the great cemeteries of Père la Chaise, Montmartre, and Mont Parnasse, are opened and the remains of the unknown and nameless occupants are transferred to the Catacombs. Six millions of skeletons people this wonderful city of the dead—three times as many as crowd the busy streets above—and every year the number increases. When the bones were first placed here, they were thrown in a miscellaneous heap, but since 1812, that part of the Catacombs lying within the old Octroi wall, has been arranged in a singular but interesting manner. The remainder of the excavations form an intricate labyrinth with which even the engineers find it difficult to penetrate.

It is at present very hard to procure admission to the caves. Formerly the privilege was accorded to every one,

but such a number of persons lost their way in the subterranean windings, and so many even perished here, that it was resolved to close them to the public. Once or twice a year the engineer in charge makes a tour of inspection, and then, as a rare favor, visitors are permitted to accompany him.

The entrance is in the garden of the Octroi office, at the *Barrière d'Enfer*. You pass down a narrow winding stairway of stone, of ninety steps, and at length find yourself at the level of the Catacombs, seventy feet below ground, in a tunnel about three feet wide and a little over six feet high. You pass on, following the guide, through a narrow passage,



The Catacombs.

often so low that your head touches the roof. The walls are cracked and the ceiling is in such a dilapidated condition that it seems to need but a touch of your hand to bring it down and crush you. The water drips steadily through these cracks in most places, and in some it pours down in a considerable stream, causing you to thank Heaven that your inspection is made in your roughest clothes. Here and there, on either side of your route, are dangerous holes, so deep that you cannot see the bottom, and every now and then you notice a side

passage, on your right or left, leading off to the windings of the dark labyrinth. You are cautioned not to pause even to look into them, but to follow the guides diligently; a moment's inattention or pausing may separate you from them, for the windings are sharp and sudden, and the side passages so numerous that, once bewildered in them, you are almost sure to wander off into the unexplored portions. Signs and names of localities are cut on the walls to direct the officials, but they would be of little use to you.

Fifteen or twenty minutes' walking will bring you to the heavy wooden door which marks the entrance to the Catacombs proper. The guides throw it open, and you pass in. Your first sensation is one of horror. The vault is here about ten feet high, and the passage much wider than that by which you have come from the stairway. On each side of you, as far as you can see, is a wall of thigh and shin bones, ornamented with three rows of ghastly skulls. The first row is about three feet from the ground, and the others about the same distance from each other. This wall reaches nearly to the roof, and behind it and on top of it the smaller bones are thrown without regard to order or system. The skulls are toothless in some instances, but contain a few hideous teeth in others. How they grin at you! How they seem to mock your vigor and comeliness, telling you plainer than words could, that it is all vain, that, a few short years at the best, and you must be as they! The place has a damp, sickly smell, and the torches only add to its horrors with their feeble rays. Six millions of skeletons are around you, and you are indeed in the realm of the departed. Call your reason to your aid, summon up all your indifference. It is all vain. The spell of this terrible city of silence is upon you, and you cannot shake it off.

Several miles of these walls of bones and skulls lie along your route, and yet they form only one three hundredth part of the excavations. Nearly all the corridors are arranged upon the same plan. The bones gathered from the same cemetery are arranged in one collection, and a slab is placed

in the wall to indicate the locality they came from. At intervals of a few feet are inscriptions set into the wall of bones and hideous skulls. Some of these are very appropriate, as the following will show:

"*La mort nous confonde tous sous un même niveau; la distance des ranges se perd dans le tombeau.*"—"Death sinks us all to the same level, and the differences of rank are lost in the tomb."

"*Venez gens du monde, dans ces demeures silencieuses, et votre tranquilité sera frappé de la voix qui s'élève de leur interieur.*" —"Come, people of the world, into these silent dwellings, and your tranquillity will be broken by the voice that rises from them."

"*Heureux celui qui a toujours devant ses yeux, l'heure de sa mort.*" "Happy is he who has always before his eyes the hour of his death."

Other places have crosses made of skulls set in the walls, and in one place is a well of pure water, which has been enclosed with stone-work. Above it are inscribed the words of the Saviour to the Samaritan woman at Jacob's well. It is called the "Samaritan's fountain."

The bones are of a deep brown color, and all seem to be in an excellent state of preservation. They form a wonderful and terrible spectacle. For several miles they are ranged on either hand, dry and fleshless as those which the prophet saw in his vision. Six millions of skeletons, not perfect, but broken apart, and arranged without regard to those whose earthly frames they once formed. The fellow to this arm may be a mile away, or that leg may lie next to the skull of one who lived centuries before him. Could they start up now, clothed with flesh and filled with life, what a wonderful throng they would make, reaching back, as they do, almost to the days when Captain Labienus halted his legions under the walls of Lutetia.

They say these old vaults were once the haunts of thieves and robbers, and that even now there are secret entrances, unknown even to the police, by which fugitives from justice enter and conceal themselves. Few, I fancy, ever come to

this part of the excavations, for, apart from its being well known to the authorities, it is too terrible a place for even the most hardened to remain in for more than a brief period.

Your inspection of the vaults is over; and half a mile from the "Samaritan's fountain" you come to a circular stairway, by which you ascend, and emerge once more into the open air in another quarter of the city, and half a mile away from the spot at which you entered. The sunshine dazzles your eyes, so long accustomed to the gloom, and you find that the bright world in which you live never looked so strange to you as it does now, as you emerge from the lonely and dismal land of the dead.

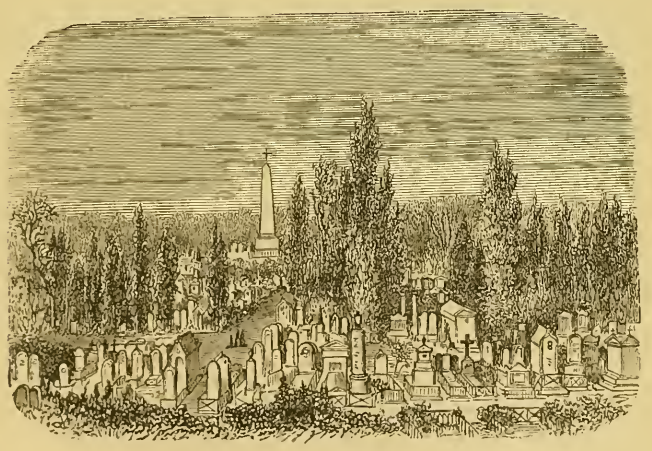
XLVII.

DEAD PARIS.

I.

THE CEMETERIES.

UNTIL the beginning of the present century, it was the custom in Paris, as in all Europe, to bury the dead either in churches or in the small yards attached to them. It is said



Cemetery of Montmartre.

that Napoleon I. was the first to conceive the idea of making a cemetery outside the walls of Paris, he having seen a similar arrangement at Frankfort, in Germany. Several large cemeteries are now in use. They were originally located in the

suburbs, but since the extension of the corporate limits from the old Octroi wall to the fortifications, they have formed part of the city.

The oldest of these is the Cemetery of Montmartre, located on the heights of the same name, in the northern portion of Paris. It was originally a gypsum quarry, but has been so much enlarged and improved that it rivals the famous Père la Chaise in its beauty. A portion of it is laid off as the burial ground of the Jews, and amongst other handsome monuments, contains that of the great composer Halévy. The grounds are handsomely laid out, and contain many fine monuments and vaults. Here are buried Daru, the historian of Venice, Marrast, the Republican writer, and President of the National Assembly of 1848, the Duchesse d'Abrantes, General Cavaignac, Paul Delaroche, and many other distinguished persons.

The Cemetery of Mont Parnasse is situated in the southern part of Paris, and a little to the westward of the Observatory. It covers one hundred and fifty acres, but is plain and unattractive.

The great cemetery of Paris is *Père la Chaise*, situated on the height of Saint Lŏuis, in the northeastern part of the city. It covers an area of two hundred acres. It originally consisted of fifty acres, and was given to the Jesuits in 1705. The confessor of Louis XIV. was at this time the superior of the order in Paris, and his name was given to the grounds. In 1763 the Jesuits were expelled from France, and the land was sold. In 1804 it was purchased by the city, and converted into an extra-mural cemetery. The grounds are now very extensive, and are beautifully laid off. The trees are fine, and the shrubbery is well kept. Broad walks and drives, resembling streets more than anything else, extend through all parts of the grounds, and are lined with perhaps the handsomest and most costly collection of monuments and tombs to be found in any cemetery. But it is not so much the ornaments, the shrubbery, or the fine trees that makes the place attractive; it is the fact that it is the last resting-

Cemetery of Père la Chaise.

place of so many brilliant and distinguished men and women. During the last fifty years, 16,000 stone monuments have been erected here at an aggregate cost of 125,000,000 francs—$25,000,000.

From the heights of the cemetery a fine view of the great city may be obtained when the smoke of the Faubourg Saint Antoine does not hang too thick in the atmosphere. The busy, bustling streets below, offer a strange contrast to the silent avenues which lie around you, and to which so many of those who tread the gay thoroughfares are hastening. Only a few years, and they will lie here, and their places in the bright city will be filled with others as careless as they are now. Everything here is so peaceful that you find it hard to realize that the pretty heights were once a battle-field. Yet it was here, when the Allies attacked Paris, in 1814, that two determined assaults of the Russian army were repulsed with heavy loss. The third effort was successful, and the Russians bivouacked that night in the Cemetery.

Here, in the Jewish quarter is the tomb of Rachel the Tragedienne. It is a little stone chapel, with a grated door, built over the grave. Over the entrance is the simple word *Rachel*. Kind friends keep the flowers fresh and hang bright *immortelles* about the tomb. A basket is placed in the chapel to hold the cards of visitors to the spot. Close by is the grave of the great financier Achille Fould, and immediately opposite the vault of the Rothschild family. At the north-western end is the Mussulman Cemetery, or lot for the burial of persons of the Mahometan faith. It is separated by a high wall from the rest of the grounds; and the Queen of Oude, who died in Paris a few years ago, lies buried here.

In the Christian burying-ground a vast array of great names confronts you. Just north of the Jewish portion is the tasteful tomb built from the ruins of the Abbey of the Paraclete, which marks the common grave of Abelard and Héloise. It is surrounded by an ugly red railing which mars its general effect, but is holy ground in the eyes of lovers, and on All-Souls-Day the tomb is nearly hidden with

the wreaths and flowers which are showered upon it. Many of Napoleon's Marshals are buried here—Lefèbvre, Masséna, Davoust, Macdonald, Junot, Grouchy, Mortier and Suchet—and in the midst of a pretty flower-garden, without stone or inscription to mark the spot, lies sleeping "the bravest of the brave," Michel Ney. Béranger the people's poet slumbers hard by, and not far from him are Manuel the orator, Foy the soldier author, Barras the chief of the Directory, Benjamin Constant, and Caulaincourt the grand Chamberlain of Napoleon.

It would be impossible to name all the great men buried here. In the course of your walk through the silent city you will see many of the brightest names of France. Here are the good and the bad, the great and the humble, and around you lie, with thousands of silent companions, Mademoiselle Lenormand, the famous Sybil, Alfred de Musset, the great Arago, Frederic Soulié, Cuvier the expounder of Nature, Mademoiselle Mars the actress, Robertson the historian, Hérold the composer, Talma the tragedian, the gentle Bernardin de Saint Pierre, Bellini the composer, Eugéne Scribe the brilliant author, Sidney Smith who held Acre so bravely against Napoleon, Laplace, La Fontaine, Molière, Weber, Beaumarchais, Saint Simon, Racine, Bruat, Dupuytren, Gouvion de Saint Cyr, Sieyès, Laffitte, Fourrier, Gall, Isabey, Bosio, Joubert, Emile Souvestre, De Ballzac, David, Volney, the Abbé de Pradt, and Godoy the Prince of Peace. They lie on every hand, so numerous, indeed, that you grow weary of reading the pompous and high-sounding inscriptions.

II.

THE COMMON DITCHES.

In all the Parisian cemeteries there are three classes of graves. The first, those over which the splendid monuments and the humbler stones are raised, belong absolutely to the

family or friends of the sleeper, and can never be disturbed unless the cemetery be altogether broken up. They are called *concessions a perpétuité*, and cost at the rate of five hundred francs for six feet square. The next class are the *Fosses Temporaires*, which occupy a separate portion of the cemetery. An interment here costs fifty francs, for which sum a separate grave and a ten years' undisturbed occupancy of it are guaranteed. The last of all are the *Fosses Communes*, or Common Ditches, which lie near the walls of the cemeteries. They consist of long open ditches, in which the poor and uncared for are buried. The coffins are placed here in rows, close together and on top of each other, three deep. They are rough boxes of pine, but they often hold rare and beautiful forms. They are placed in the ditch, the name of each occupant is marked on the box with red chalk, together with the date of the interment. When the ditch has received its allotted number the dirt is thrown in, well mixed with lime to assist the process of decomposition, and destroy the poisonous vapors which might arise from so much decaying humanity. Unless proof of poverty can be adduced, a charge of twenty francs is made for each interment in the fosse commune, and for fifteen francs more a small wooden railing and a cross may be placed here. Every five years, however, the ditches are cleared out. The bones are dug up and removed to the Catacombs, and the crosses and railings are given to the hospitals for fuel. It is very hard, but in this great city the poor cannot repose in peace, even in death. The place has a revolting appearance to one unaccustomed to it, but the birds sing gaily above it, the sunshine falls tenderly over it, and the dead are better off even in their crowded resting-places than the wretched ones that mourn them in the hard, stern city below. Look down into the ditch and read the red marks on the poor boxes beneath you. Here is an old *ouvrier*, as rugged in life, no doubt, as the box that holds him now; here a little, tiny case encloses a baby's form. Alas! poor mother, place your pretty wreaths here while you may. When the ditch is filled up,

it will be only a few short years and then the spot where your darling now lies, will be the cold bed of another. Here is a better casket—one of mahogany, or covered with cloth, holding one too dear to be put to rest in the common box. The next one, the red marks tell you, is "buried by Charity." This one plain and rough bears a tender legend in the coarse red marks. "*Aglaé bien aimée.*" So "well loved," and to come to this place!

The little crosses along the temporary graves and the common ditches, as well as the finer tombs, are hung with wreaths of flowers. On Sundays and holidays you will find many persons kneeling by these pretty offerings, praying for the souls of their dead friends. On All-Souls-Day (Nov. 2d), or the *Jour des Morts*, as it is called in France, the Roman Catholic Church enjoins its children to pray for the souls of the departed, and upon this occasion the cemeteries are crowded with the friends and relatives of the dead. The tombs are hung with flowers and wreaths of *immortelles*, and the commmon ditches are covered with similar offerings to the depth of several feet. There was once prevalent in France, a beautiful superstition concerning the *Jour des Morts*. It was believed that from midnight of the preceding night until the dawn of the holy day, the dead were permitted to leave their graves and come back to the scenes of their earthly lives. All who mourned loved ones kept a tender vigil by the home fireside on this night, leaving a door or window open so that the dear spirit might enter freely and depart without hindrance at the appointed time. The old belief has long ago departed from this skeptical and mocking city, but it lingers still in some portions of the country.

Large sums are annually expended in the purchase of wreaths and other floral tributes. The streets leading to the entrances of the cemeteries are lined with shops offering them for sale. About seven millions of francs are annually expended for these articles, and on the *Jour des Morts* the sales usually run from six hundred thousand to a million of francs.

III.

FUNERAL POMPS.

By virtue of the municipal regulations, the business of an undertaker in Paris is a monopoly, in the hands of a company known as the *Administration des Pompes Funèbres*. There is one general establishment in the city, with branches in each arrondissement. The company has an ample capital, and its average annual receipts are about 2,000,000 francs. The law prohibits any one but a servant of this company from burying a body, and only the Imperial family are exempt from passing through its hands. The relatives or friends of a deceased person are required to give notice of the death and to make application for interment within twenty-four hours of the death, and in ordinary cases the burial takes place as soon as possible. A printed form is furnished the friends of the deceased, and contains a detailed list of the expenses of a funeral of the desired class.

The funeral ceremonies are divided into nine classes, each of which has its special list of charges. In this way extortion is prevented, and the exact sum necessary for the funeral is known beforehand.

Funerals of the first-class, complete in every particular, require an expenditure of 10,869 francs. For this sum a magnificent hearse with silver mountings, drawn by six sable horses, and followed by thirty or forty carriages, all arranged in costly hangings of black, is provided. The front of the church at which the funeral ceremonies are performed is hung with a heavy black pall, in the centre of which the initials of the deceased are wrought in silver thread. High mass is said at the church, the Curé of the parish himself officiating, assisted by eighteen priests and two vicars. Everything is managed on the most splendid scale, and the most imposing show is made in every particular. From this the scale descends to the ninth class funeral, which costs but six francs and seventy-five centimes. In this case the coffin is placed on a bier

borne on the shoulders of four stout men. The different classes cost as follows:

1st Class	7,000 to 7,200	francs.
2d "	3,000 to 3,300	"
3d "	1,600 to 1,700	"
4th "	750 to 800	"
5th "	300 to 350	"
6th "	100 to 150	"
7th "	35 to 45	"
8th "	18 to 20	"
9th "	6 to 7	"

The average number of respectable funerals are of the fifth class. Not more than a thousand a year are of the first four classes, and the great majority are of the eighth and ninth classes.

They have a pretty custom here of removing the hat from the head and standing uncovered during the passing of a funeral procession. Some of these cortéges are very touching sights. I once saw one wending its way towards Mont Parnasse. It was very humble, and the only vehicle was the hearse which carried the body. It was the funeral of a poor woman, a wife and mother, and just back of the hearse walked the stricken husband leading his two motherless children by the hand. All three were uncovered, and I never saw three sadder faces. A few friends followed on behind to see the poor mother laid in the common ditch. Hers had been a hard life, doubtless, and I thought it full as hard that she should be denied the undisturbed rest in the grave which even the poorest may enjoy in my own happy land.

XLVIII.

FRENCH HOUSES.

The French have no word in their language to express the idea of "home" in its strong Anglo-Saxon sense; and, in Paris, the mode of life of the majority of the people leaves but little chance for the formation of such an institution. I do not mean that there are no domestic establishments, but that the city contains few buildings which are anything but vast, and sometimes very magnificent, tenement-houses. With the exception of the old noblesse of the Faubourg St. Germain and the very rich, families occupy merely a few rooms on a floor, with other families above them and below them; and this state of existence is such as of necessity to deprive them of the privacy and tender influences which surround a home organized on the English or American plan. Indeed, it has always seemed to me that the Parisian cares but little for his home, except as a place for sleeping and avoiding the severity of the weather. As much time as he can spare from his business he spends on the streets, at the café, or at some place of amusement. Madame sends her children out with the nurse at the earliest practicable moment on such days as the weather will permit, and they live in the open air until dark, coming in merely for a brief period to partake of their meals; and Madame, herself, sets the whole family the example of spending as much time as possible in the open air. All classes, sexes, and ages seem to be happiest when nothing interposes between them and the blue vault of heaven. This is the rule. The exceptions are doubtless numerous, but they do not impress a stranger so forcibly as the prevailing custom.

The houses of Paris are in most cases built of a light, cream-colored stone, and are from six to nine stories high. The new buildings rarely exceed the former height, and are very much handsomer than the others. The fronts are almost invariably ornamented with carved stone work, and these carvings usually exhibit no mean skill on the part of the sculptor. The stone is put up in the rough, and is carved after it is laid in its place in the edifice. It is too soft to risk having the work spoiled by accidental blows from falling pieces or other causes during the erection of the building. The stone is procured from the quarries along the Northern Railway, and hardens by contact with the air, so that the sculptures run less risk of injury every year of their exposure. The buildings are generally capped with pretty ornamental roofs, which give them a lightness and airiness that add much to their beauty.

In the centre of the ground-floor a massive gateway opens from the street into the court-yard, which lies back of the main building, and is surrounded by the stables, coach houses, and perhaps the back buildings of the edifice. It is generally very pretty and cheerful in appearance, and in some of the finer houses is roofed over with glass and ornamented with flowers. On this floor is the room (or perhaps rooms) of the *Concierge*. The *Concierge* is the "official," if I may so style him, placed in charge of the entire building by the owner. He collects the rents, lets the appartments, and receives all letters and cards for the inmates of the house. Visitors wishing to see the occupant of any floor apply at the room of the *Concierge*, and are instructed how to find the desired apartment. The *Concierge* also keeps the police informed as to the conduct of the occupants of the building, for there is little that passes within that escapes his notice, or of which he does not hear. It is well to be on good terms with him, for he has it in his power to cause you a vast deal of annoyance. He can send away your friends, detain letters or cards left for you, and when you ring at the bell at night, after the gate is closed he can keep you waiting in the cold, dark

street. Having the occupants of the establishment so much in his power, Monsieur the Concierge is not altogether dependent on his wages, for all who are able to do so fee him extravagantly. I use the term advisedly, for he will not be influenced by any paltry "*pour boire.*" He is very careful of the morality of his mansion; but, if Monsieur pays well and is discreet, he is not so unfeeling as to forbid Mademoiselle. the cousin of Monsieur, to pass in unquestioned.

The first floor above the ground, or the *première étage*, as it is called here, is the handsomest and most expensive in the house; and in the better class of establishments it is truly resplendent with gilt and carvings, and plate glass, and polished floors. Above it the apartments are not so fine, and the degree of elegance and comfort decreases as you ascend. The garret-floor is usually reached by a separate stairway in the rear, and is occupied by persons often so poor as to be perishing for want of food and fire, and this too in houses where the first floor is the abode of persons enormously wealthy. Indeed, it has been truly said that, in seeing the inmates of one house, you see all grades of Parisian life.

The floors in the better class of houses, (and of these I shall speak exclusively in this chapter) are laid off into one or more suites of rooms. Each suite is complete in itself, and consists of one or more bed-rooms, a parlor, dining-room, and the tiniest and most complete little kitchen in the world. Yet small as this kitchen is, it has all the conveniences necessary for cooking, and the admirable manner in which food is prepared for sale at the provision shops, saves you a great deal of trouble at home. Everything is complete about this suite, and you are so cut off from the people above or below you that you never see them except, perhaps, to pass them on the stairs, where courteous salutations (which give no right to recognitions elsewhere) are exchanged. The French tell you this system of living is admirable, but until you can be sure of the same amount of privacy and seclusion that you possess in your own homes, you that have children with you in your visits to Paris, will hardly be free from anxiety or annoyance.

It is true that this system enables one to do without as many servants as are required in a separate house, and in these days this is indeed a consideration, but there are many things which offset this advantage. Your cook, who, in all probability, will be your only servant, will have exclusive charge of the marketing, for, in Paris, no lady or gentleman must think of attempting this in person. The market people are fierce haters of respectable persons, and rarely fail to make them feel that they have blundered terribly in seeking to make their own purchases. I have been credibly informed that there exists between the servant class and the market people an understanding, tacit, perhaps, but still an understanding, that the former shall be the only persons allowed to frequent the "*Halles*" in peace. If you go yourself you are sure to be cheated, and if the cook goes she will swindle you for her own benefit. If she gives three francs for an article and charges you with four, be sure the market woman will endorse the cook's assertion. The cook gives the dame of the halle her custom, and the latter regards it as her religious duty to sustain the cook in cheating you. Another way in which you are made extravagant in spite of yourself is, that you cannot buy provisions by the quantity, for want of a store room in which to keep them. You must buy everything of the retail merchant and pay him a round profit upon such purchases.

Many of the dwellings built during the present reign are provided with gas and water, but the majority of the houses of the city are without either. The river water is scarcely fit to drink, and water of a better quality is very scarce. Water for drinking and for cooking purposes is brought to the door every morning by the "Water Carriers," who sell it at two cents (American money) a pail. There is a hydrant in the court-yard of nearly every house of the better class, but the water it yields is used merely for washing. Scarcely any of the houses have bath rooms. If you wish to bathe, you must seek one of the public baths, or have a tub sent from one of the establishments close by. For three francs the tub,

with an abundance of warm towels and soap, is brought, filled, and carried away after you are done with it. This is much more expensive than a bath at one of the establishments along the river, and is indulged in chiefly by the rich, or well-to-do.

Gas is not liked by the majority of Parisians of the better class. The ladies especially object to it. They say it injures the ornaments of the room, and is very trying to the complexion. They prefer the soft radiance of the wax-tapers that are used in the most of the dwelling houses. Gas is used for lighting the streets, shops, and places of public amusement.

Wood is used for warming the apartments. Coal is rarely seen, and furnaces are unknown. The Parisians tell you that coal is abominable, that it spoils the furniture, ruins the skin, and is bad for the throat and lungs. They admit that their wood fires do not heat the rooms as thoroughly as they could wish, but prefer them, with all their drawbacks, to coal.

In the richest and most elegant mansions you will find carpets, but the majority of Parisian dwellings are without them. The floors are of oak, well laid, and polished like glass. They are often very handsome, and add not a little to the appearance of the room. The duty of polishing the floors is discharged by a class of workmen called *Frotteurs*. The *Frotteur* is an institution, and a very curious one, too. He charges about two francs an hour for his work, and furnishes his own wax. In beginning operations, he rubs the floor with a lump of wax, taking care to give it a good coating and at the same time to save his material as much as possible. Then he fastens to his foot by means of a leather strap, a stiff, dry brush. He leaves the other foot free for the purpose of balancing himself, and with his brush skates, dances over the floor at a rapid rate. He generally enlivens his labor by singing and as one foot becomes tired, changes the brush to the other. He seems to like his work, and will echo right heartily your laugh of amusement as you watch him.

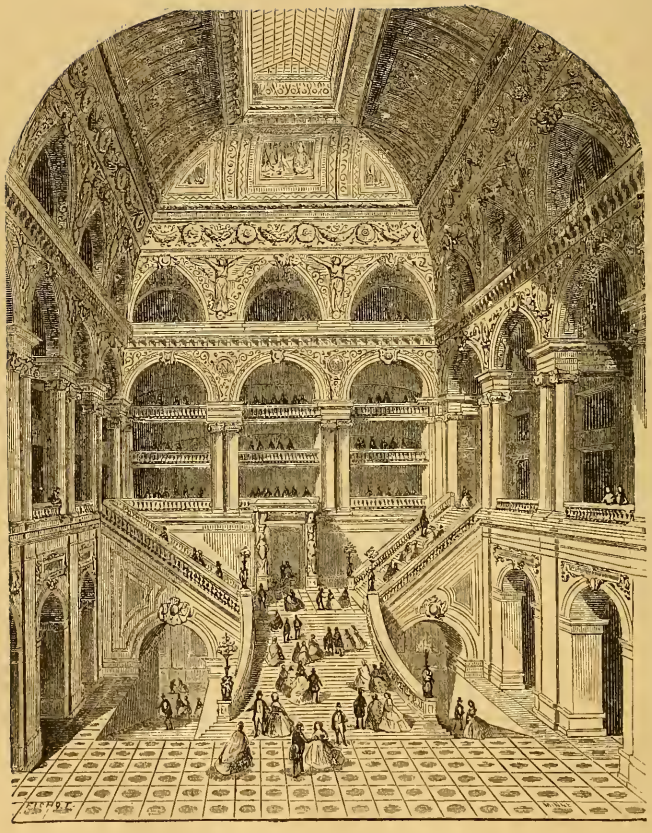
Should the family wish to avoid the trouble of preparing their food in the house, they have two courses open to them —either to take their meals at a restaurant, or to have them sent in to their apartments from the nearest establishment. Meals will thus be served fresh and hot, and in any style, and servants provided if desired. Of course this is expensive, but many persons of wealth prefer it to the trouble of having the work done at home.

The washing is all done at the immense establishments along the river. The process is rough and terribly destructive to clothing, and it is perhaps for this reason that dirty linen is so common in Paris.

Some of the dwelling houses of the city are immense establishments in which the rooms are let simply as lodgings, and not in *suites*. These are also in charge of a Concierge, and are occupied chiefly by persons who take their meals at the restaurants

PART II.

PARIS BY GASLIGHT.



Vestibule of the New Opera.

I.

PARIS BY NIGHT.

THE sun has gone down behind the huge Arc de Triomphe, the last notes of the band in the Tuileries garden have died away, and the shades of evening are gathering over the great city. All the streets are crowded with people, workmen and workwomen coming from their daily avocations, and taking their way to the poorer quarters which they call "home." The omnibuses and cabs are filled with persons seeking their homes in the distant parts of the city, and on every railway long trains are departing with thousands bound for the suburban towns. In the morning you will see these same people coming back, dull and silent, for a day of care and fatigue lies before them; but now they are merry and careless. The labor of the day is over, and the season of pleasure is approaching. So they go, thousands upon thousands, and in a little while the streets seem deserted.

It is the dinner hour, and you will find the *salons* of the Palais Royal and the Boulevards, and the humbler establishments of the less favored quarters thronged with persons in search of their evening meal. By seven o'clock the cafés and restaurants are almost deserted in their turn, and the throngs betake themselves to the places of amusement with which the city abounds.

The Cafés on the Boulevards are ready now for their evening visitors. If it be summer the pavements are lined with chairs and little tables around which, during the whole evening, thousands sit and sip their refreshments. How the lights flare out upon the dark streets from the brilliant saloons

in the winter! Through the half curtained windows and doors you may see the merry pleasure-seekers within, and listen to their laughter which comes to you mingled with the rattle of glasses and dominoes. Pausing for a moment to glance at the brilliant scene is a poor wretch whose whole appearance is expressive of misery. He has not tasted food for a whole day, and these people are squandering that which would be life to him. He utters a half suppressed groan, and you turn quickly, but merely to catch a glimpse of his dark, pinched face, as the Sergent de Ville drives him onward. And so onward, all the long, weary night must he go, with the heavens dark and heavy above him, and the earth cold and hard at his feet.

The omnibuses rattle by with a furious crashing, and the lights of the cabs fairly dance, like so many fire flies between the lines of green trees, the crowd on the wide side walks grows thicker every moment, and overflows into the street. The hum, the buzz of thousands of voices floats merrily on the air, and at short intervals the music of a score of bells rises above all, proclaiming the flight of time to these careless creatures.

The clinking of sabres mingled with the rapid tramp of horses' hoofs attracts your attention, and a handsome carriage surrounded by a squadron of mounted men with gleaming helmets and gorgeous uniforms, dashes by swiftly, and by the glare of the street lamps you catch a glimpse of the tired, care-worn features of the Emperor, and the pensive face of the beautiful Empress. Their Majesties are bound for the Grand Opéra, where you may see them more at your leisure

The Imperial carriage has created a stir on the Boulevard, and you find yourself in the centre of a crowd which has suddenly gathered about you, all like you, watching the sovereigns as they pass down the broad street. A young girl next to you, says to you, half-laughing, that her Majesty is growing old, and that she can see her wrinkles, and thus draws your attention upon herself. She is young, and passably pretty, too, and is laughing and careless. Her dress is flashy, but not

without taste, and she wears a profusion of jewelry, but there is a reckless look upon her face, and she has covered its dark lines with powder and paint. Look around you, and you will see hundreds—I might say thousands—of others, of which she is the type. The cafés are full of them. You will find one or more at every table, smoking, drinking, and laughing—the gayest of the gay. They come here to seek company, and when they find it, make the most of it. They, of course, are shameless, and this publicity is very agreeable to them; and you will find hundreds of them here, in the most beautiful and public resort of Paris, strolling arm in arm with their male friends or drinking with them at the tables. The men are as shameless as they. They are fully aware that no one is deceived as to the exact *status* of the women who hang on their arms, or sit with them in the full blaze of the café lights, but they seem rather to enjoy the display they are making. They are not all young men, gray hairs are seen at some of the tables, and many of these merry gentlemen have wives and children at home. Nor are the French the only transgressors against decency. Do you see that fine looking fellow, hobnobbing with that merry little woman, who has already drank more brandy than is good for her? His home is on Beacon Hill, in Boston—that respectable city—and I fear the steady children of the Pilgrims who so admire his perfect propriety of conduct at home, would hold up their hands in horror could they see him now. Yonder is a New York banker, called here by sudden and urgent business, and who writes to his absent better-half, that his time is so occupied with engagements that he will not be able to leave for home as soon as he expected. That magnificent beauty by his side could tell a different tale were she so disposed. That fat, good-natured old gentleman over yonder, is from Chicago. His good wife and children are snugly stowed away in their cozy quarters at the Grand Hôtel, believing in their innocence that papa has gone out to see his banker. He will have need to see him if he keeps up this thing very long, and, after all, he might have exhibited a little more taste in the selection of his companion. And that

one, more shy than the rest, who only half understands the silly prattle of the merry girl by his side—why, that one is absolutely Deacon X——, from Brooklyn. Oh, fie! my worthy deacon, is Paris so different from "the City of Churches" that what is vice there is virtue here? and when the good pastor next calls on you for your experience, will you tell him of the company you were in when I found you at this pretty café?

Do I exaggerate? Tell me, ye that have seen Paris by night, if you have not also seen your countrymen, staid and respectable at home, plunge into vice here with a recklessness which appalled you?

But the crowd at the café and out on the side-walks is not entirely composed of black sheep. They are numerous enough, but the great majority of the people assembled here are persons of respectable positions. Men come here with their families, women with their husbands, young girls and boys with their parents, and the good and depraved mingle together in one careless throng. What must be the result of this promiscuous assembling, where virtue is degraded to the level of vice, where no distinction can, with politeness, be made between a pure woman and a lorette, and where licentiousness is held up to the gaze of the young—and the old, too, for that matter—not only unrebuked, but as the highest form of pleasure—what must be the result of all this, I leave to others to determine, merely observing that I thanked God that my own country, with all its faults, was not cursed with such a state of society as this!

By eleven o'clock the theatres begin to discharge their thousands of spectators, who come to swell the crowd on the Boulevards, and from now until long after midnight the gayety will be at its height. Then the cafés will close, the streets will become almost deserted. A few of the cafés remain open all night, and in them you will find one or two women waiting in the often vain hope of finding some visitor generous enough to give them a supper.

The Boulevards, however, do not attract all the Parisians. Come with me to the Champs Elysées. The great avenue is

thronged with the many colored lights of the cabs and omnibuses. How they dart to and fro across the Place de la Concorde, and over the bridge. The lamps twinkle brightly in the Tuileries garden and amongst the green trees of the Champs Elysées. Every seat, every chair is filled, and the walks are full of promenaders. Here and there, on every hand, are the shooting stands, hobby-horse galleries, toy and refreshment stands, and all the pretty sights for which the place is famous. Those bright lights in the direction of the Avenue Gabriel mark the entrance to the circus, and you can hear on every hand the music from the *cafés-chantants*, which nestle amongst the trees on each side of the great avenue. Yonder is the Avenue Montaigne, and the glare of light which streams out of it is from the *Jardin Mabille*. Here, under these pretty trees, the throng is almost as great as on the Boulevards, but the crowd is quieter. The glare of the lights in the groves blinds you, the palaces in the distance rise white and bewildering, and until you have thoroughly familiarized yourself with the place, you are forced to call in the aid of a cab to enable you to find your hotel.

The river is alive with lights. There are long lines of illuminated windows on each side, lamps on the bridges, at the water's edge, and on the boats that dart rapidly to and fro through the silent and dark waters.

The blaze of the gaslight in the better parts of this great city is something wonderful. The American plan of a few sickly burners, separated by wide intervals of space, is discarded, and the lights are numerous and close together, and there are often as many as six or eight burners enclosed in a single lamp. In the Rue de Rivoli a lamp is hung between every arch, and the street is flooded with a perfect blaze of light. You cannot find a dark corner in any part of new Paris. And to see these streets on the nights of the great fêtes, when every house is illuminated, when long rows of gas jets throw out in bold relief the beautiful façades of the stately edifices, and climb to the summits of towers and monuments, when crowns and crosses of fire deck the heads of statues and gleam down from the lofty heights, when mil-

lions of lamps, twined in wreaths and festoons, and of every shape and color, sparkle amidst the thick green of the Tuileries garden and the Champs Elysées, and pain the eyes with their brilliancy, when thousands of rockets and shells are bursting over head in mottoes and designs of fire—to see all this in one brief night is enough to turn the coolest head, and set it to dreaming of Paradise as the only place whose splendors are not eclipsed by those which he has witnessed.

But do not think that beauty and splendor reign everywhere in the great city. Come with me out of the bright and crowded streets into the dark and narrow thoroughfares of old Paris. What a change of scene! Look up at the tall dark houses, old, begrimed with dirt, the windows stopped with old clothes and hats, and strips of paper. Everything about you betokens poverty—the very darkest and deepest poverty. The shops are small and wretched, and the poor little tapers with which their occupants seek to illuminate them but add to their gloom. The streets are full here, as in the better quarters, but with a very different throng. The dresses are coarse and ragged, or patched, the faces are pinched and wan. There are no cafés here—alas, there is not in the whole quarter as much money as will change hands to-night in one of the gilded saloons of the Boulevards! These people are hungry, dirty, ignorant and wretched! You hear no laughter from them, for hearts are heavy here, and life is all one long tragedy. It is a terrible place!

Midnight is long past. The heavy rumble of wheels is heard in the silent streets. But do not be alarmed; it is not artillery, but merely the "night carts" going their rounds. Those lights which dart about so rapidly and so close to the ground are the lanterns of the *chiffoniers*, who are seeking for rags, bones, and lost valuables, and who are picking out their living from the refuse of the streets. They will be out all night searching for their prey. But at last, as the gray streaks begin to light up the eastern sky, they too will disappear, and the streets will be left to the mysterious-looking sergents de ville, and for a little while Paris will be wrapped in silence and slumber.

The New Opera.

II.

PARISIAN THEATRES.

THERE is no city in the world where the theatres are so uncomfortable, and the performances so fine, as in Paris. There are about thirty of these establishments in the city, all designed to amuse the people; and that they succeed in their object cannot be doubted.

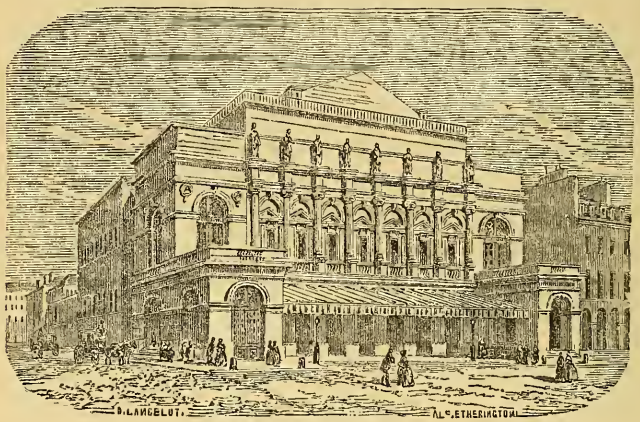
At the head of the list is the *Grand Opéra*, or *Imperial Academy of Music*, which stands in the Rue Lepelletier, just back of the Boulevard des Italiens. The next in rank is the *Théâtre Français*, in the Rue Richelieu, in the southwest end of the Palais Royal; and the third is the *Opéra Comique*, in the Place des Italiens. These three are government establishments, and the others are conducted by private individuals.

The Grand Opéra is a plain, heavy building without. The vestibule is dirty and unattractive, and the boxes open at the back upon a shabby corridor. The auditorium, however, is very fine. It is decorated in crimson and gold, and is lighted by immense chandeliers. It affords one of the most brilliant displays to be seen in the city when filled with an audience in full dress. Its arrangements, while a little more comfortable than those of the most of the Parisian theatres, are open to many improvements.

The present edifice was erected in 1821, and was designed as a temporary building to replace the old Opéra, which stood in the Rue Richelieu, and which was pulled down in consequence of the assassination of the Duke de Berri, in front of its doors. In January, 1858, three cowardly Italians attempted

to assassinate the Emperor Napoleon III. in front of the entrance to the present building. They failed in their attempt, but the explosion of their shells killed and wounded nearly one hundred persons in the crowd in the street.

The Grand Opéra is designed for the encouragement and development of musical talent in France, as well as for the



Grand Opéra.

amusement of the people. Its artistes are usually trained in the Imperial Conservatory of Music, one of the best schools in existence. It receives from the State an annual subsidy of 800,000 francs, and 100,000 francs from the Emperor; but in spite of this, its expenses are heavy. The salary of a popular tenor is about 80,000 francs, and the rates paid to the composers of the pieces produced are high. It is famous for the magnificence of its scenery and the excellence of its ballet. The orchestra is immense, and the duties of the conductor are by no means light. The pieces produced are put on the stage with the most conscientious care. Every detail is perfect, and the greatest fidelity to historical truth in the arrangement of scenery and dresses is preserved. The chorus is worthy of its name. I am sure I do not exaggerate when I say that in one opera, at least—*Le Prophète*—there were

several hundred in the chorus. The immense stage was filled with persons, and in the whole throng I could not detect the slightest inaccuracy of costume. As for the performance, it was worthy of the immortal production to which the evening was devoted.

The regular Opera nights are Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Extra representations are frequently given on Sunday night during the winter season. At such times the approaches to the building are lined with mounted troops and Sergents de Ville, and there is a plentiful sprinkling of men in uniform in the lobbies of the building. When the Opera is over it is one of the most interesting features of the entertainment to watch the spectators depart, and notice the long line of magnificent equipages, with drivers and footmen in gorgeous liveries, dash up and bear off their more splendidly dressed owners. On the evenings when the Emperor and Empress are present, the street is densely packed with persons eager to obtain a sight of the Sovereigns, and the dark line of wild, poverty-worn faces without afford a striking contrast to the gay and careless throng streaming out of the brilliant halls.

A new opera house is now in course of erection, just above the *Grand Hôtel*, and facing the Boulevards and the Rue de la Paix. It is a magnificent edifice of white and colored marble, and is profusely ornamented with statues and gildings. It covers an area of twelve thousand square yards, and was begun in August 1861. The total cost when finished, will be upwards of twenty-five millions of francs. On the west side of the building is the Emperor's private entrance, and on the east side the entrance for the holders of season tickets. Both of these entrances are provided with carriage-ways from the street to the second story of the building, so that one can leave his carriage at the door of his box. This arrangement will be peculiarly pleasant to ladies, as it will spare their rich toilettes from exposure to rain and snow in leaving and entering their carriages. The public entrance is through an immense vestibule, surrounded by galleries which

are approached by a magnificent stairway of marble. The vestibule occupies the entire height of the building, and is gorgeously decorated with carvings, frescoes, and statuary. The *Auditorium* is arranged like that of the present building, but is much handsomer, and several fine crush rooms are provided. When completed, the *New Opéra* will be the finest theatre in the world.

The *Théâtre Français* is the home of the "legitimate drama." Here the classic plays, and sterling old French comedies, with occasional new pieces of the legitimate school, are produced. The company is the best in France, and nowhere in the world will you see the works of Racine, Corneille, Molière and the other great Masters produced as well as in this heavy, but not unhandsome hall. You will also see one of the best cultivated audiences in Europe in this theatre which witnessed the triumphs of Talma, Mademoiselle Mars, Duchesnois, and Rachel. The majority of the Parisians consider it "good but rather stupid." It receives an annual subsidy of two hundred and fifty thousand francs.

The *Opéra Comique* is for the production of lighter operas, and has of late years been the principal scene of the triumphs of Offenbach. The building is heavy and dull, both without and within, and in its arrangements for seating spectators is one of the most uncomfortable in the city; but the pieces are put on the stage in the best and most careful manner, and the company and orchestra are excellent. To a stranger the merry audience is full as interesting as the performance. The establishment is assisted by an annual subsidy of two hundred and forty thousand francs.

The other theatres of the city are private enterprises and receive no aid from the Government. The *Théâtre Italien* (Italian Opera) and the *Odéon*, opposite the Palace of the Luxembourg, are the principal, in point of excellence. Nearly all have excellent companies and produce their plays in good style, for Paris will not tolerate bad acting. Until within the past few years each establishment was required to confine itself to a special school of the drama, but at present

a manager may produce tragedy or farce, melodrama or pantomime, according to the popular taste.

The majority of the theatres, indeed, almost all, are arranged very differently from those of our own country, or of England. In front of the orchestra pen are the orchestra chairs, and back of these is the pit, or parterre, arranged without passage-ways, except at the sides. Encircling this pit, and on a level with it, is a row of dark, gloomy boxes, called *baignoires*. You can see very little but the heads of their occupants, who sit entirely in the shade. Above the *baignoires* is a handsome balcony with open seats, as in our dress-circle; and back of this, and slightly raised above it, is the first row of boxes, or *loges*. Above this is another row of boxes, and in the larger houses a third row rises above the second; but in the majority the third row gives way to an open gallery. At the top of the house, almost on a line with the ceiling, is a row of semi-circular holes, from which the heads of the occupants of the highest but cheapest seats may be seen. Everybody who can goes to his favorite theatre; and, starting from the boxes and ascending to the top gallery, you can see every variety of Parisian society represented in the audience.

The houses, as a rule, are badly ventilated, and you are sure to be thoroughly uncomfortable before the evening is over. There is no music between the acts, and the waits are long and dull, and made disagreeable by the shrill cries of the venders of books of the play, opera-glasses, and other wares, who are permitted to infest these places. As soon as the curtain falls on an act, there is a rush by the greater part of the audience to the crush rooms and cafés. The crowd pours back again just as the curtain is rising, and the opening of each act is lost to you in the confusion and bustle of the spectators. All around you, except in the more aristocratic seats, people are munching apples, sucking oranges, or candies, or cracking nuts. In the pit and orchestra seats this is an intolerable nuisance.

One of the features of a Parisian theatre is the *claque*—a

number of persons brought in to applaud. You may recognize them by their seedy appearance and methodical manner of applauding. They sit in a compact body, numbering from twenty to fifty persons, immediately behind the orchestra. You see them here, night after night, sitting in the same places, and applauding at exactly the same passages, with a gravity and method which could not be equalled by amateurs. The principal applause comes from them, the audience rarely troubling itself to join them, except to honor some unusual success.

The *claque* is an institution in every well managed theatre. The managers once made a concerted effort to dispense with it, but the audiences failed so utterly to supply its place that the actors themselves petitioned for its restoration, asserting that they could not go through their parts without the applause to which they were accustomed, and which stimulated them to fresh efforts. The *claque* is under the direction of a leader or *chef*, who sits usually in the centre of his band, and gives the signal for their movements. Each one watches the leader's hands, and regulates the measure of his claps by them. The *chef* receives a regular salary from the management of the theatre, and is required to provide his assistants. These are rarely paid for their services. When a piece is very successful and there is a great demand for tickets, the *chef* requires the members of the *claque* to pay a small sum for their seats; but, when the season is very dull, and there is great need of applause, the assistants receive each a small sum in addition to their admittance. As a general rule, however, the *claque* has merely a free admission.

The *claque* is all powerful, and is courted and feared by artists and authors, inasmuch as the success of a play or an actor depends upon its good will. The *chef* is paid liberally in most instances by authors of new pieces, and by actors desiring to make "hits" in certain characters. He has his regular scale of prices, and if his highest terms are acceded to, he warrants a complete success. A partial success also has its price, and from this the scale descends to an amount

of applause sufficient to prevent a failure. Should the actor or author refuse to submit to this blackmailing process the *chef* merely accords the least amount of applause consistent with the retention of his place in the establishment.

The *claque*, however, is not always master of the situation. The audience at every theatre regards it as a nuisance, and frequently receives its demonstrations with hisses and cries of "*A bas le claque*," ("Down with the claque.") The struggle between the *claquers* and the spectators is then amusing indeed, and it sometimes requires the interference of the police to put an end to the noise of both parties.

The prices of admission are high. They range from two and a half francs to twelve francs at the ticket offices. Reserved seats are much higher, ranging from three to fourteen francs. An ample police force is always on hand to preserve order, and purchasers of tickets are required to approach the window of the office in single file, and through a narrow passage-way where two could not possibly walk abreast. There is no crowding, no confusion. Each one must have his money in readiness before reaching the window, and must have decided upon the character of the ticket he wishes to purchase. Delays here are not allowed.

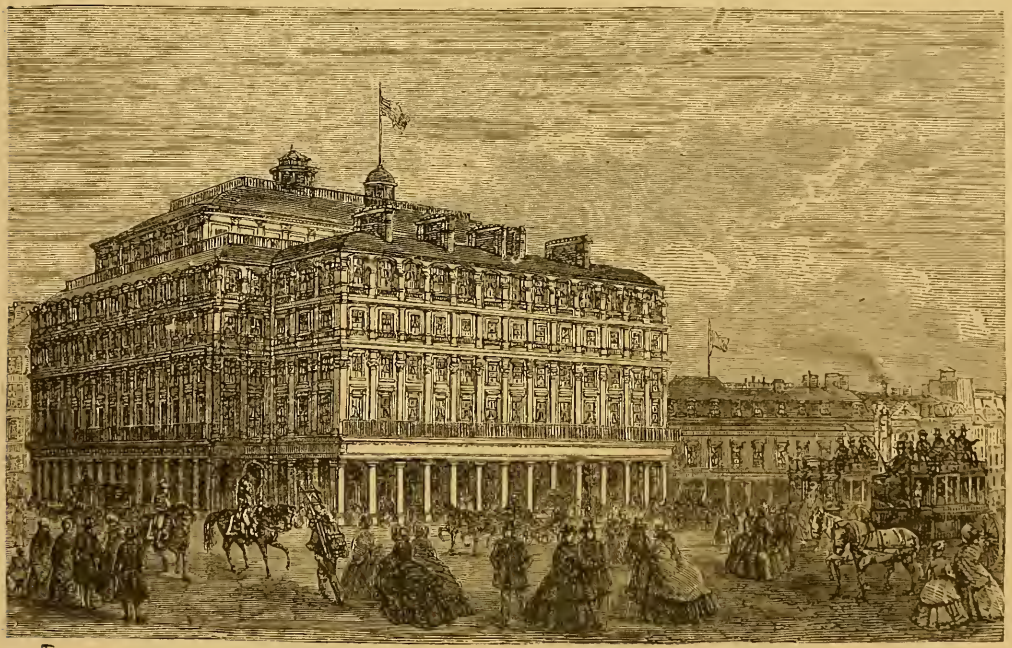
One accustomed to the calm and rather cold-blooded audiences of our own country, will find the lively and emotional audiences of Parisian theatres an interesting study. Exclamations of delight, or mutterings of disapproval arise all around you, popular actors are greeted with impulsive shouts, the merriment is of the heartiest and most uproarious character, and the emotion produced by some harrowing tragedy is equally unrestrained. Your Parisian likes nothing undecided. He must have either a terrible tragedy or a screaming farce Spectacles are his delight, and nowhere are they produced in such magnificent style as here. The scenery is gorgeous, the effects marvellous, the ballet superb, and the dresses of the dancers as slight as the law, which is by no means prudish, will permit.

All the theatres of France are under the direction of the

Minister of State, and before a play can be produced it must be submitted to a rigid inspection by that dignitary, and receive his approval. This censorship is extremely rigid in political matters, and nothing calculated to set a Frenchman to thinking of his liberty is allowed to be spoken. Authors especially objectionable to the Government are entirely banished from the stage. No matter how harmless their plays are considered, the Government still visits the sins of the authors upon the dramas. As regards immorality, the utmost license is allowed. Situations, scenes, passages, and even whole plays that would be hissed from an American or English stage, are received here with shouts of delight. The broader the allusion, the more suggestive the scene or situation, the louder the applause. The *claque* may be dispensed with upon these occasions, for these brilliant displays of immodesty arouse the Parisian from his indolence, and throw him into transports of delight and applause. Women share this delight in such plays, and you may hunt through a whole audience without finding one blush of outraged modesty. If the play is an artistic success, be it never so gross, the husband will carry his wife, and the parent his son or daughter, to hear and see that which is not calculated to improve their morality.

The expenses of the theatres are heavy. The Grand Opéra pays annually as wages to a staff of 250 persons, the sum of 1,635,000 francs. Ten per cent. of the gross-receipts are paid to the hospital fund, and large sums are annually paid to the authors of successful plays. Dramatic authors are better paid in France than in any country in the world, and besides this hold the position in society to which their talents entitle them.

Popular artists receive very high salaries. The sums paid to the "stars" of the *Grand Opéra*, and the *Italien* seem almost fabulous, but the average salaries are low. The majority are so small that their recipients can scarcely live upon them. Those who stand high in their profession and are worthy of the honor, have an assured social position, and are not re-



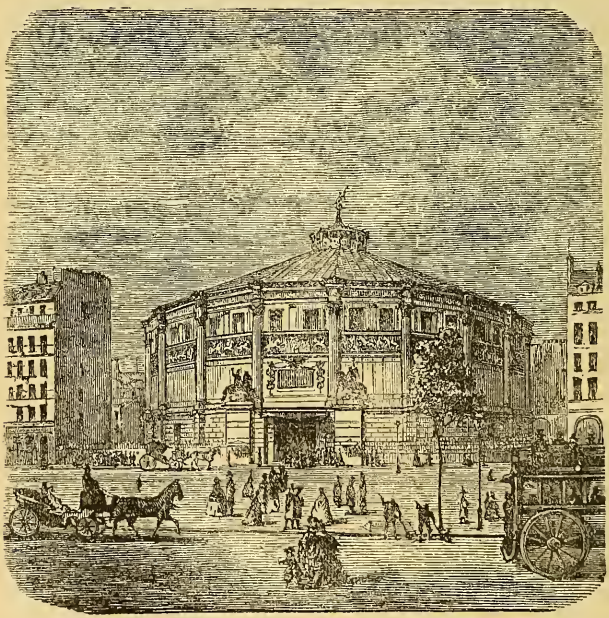
Théâtre Français

garded as outcasts from society as is the case in the United States. The French appreciate and encourage genius of every kind more heartily than any other nation, and in their treatment of their dramatic and lyric artists set us an example worthy of imitation. Like all members of the profession, French artists are very kind to each other, and I think they are less envious of one another's success than most actors. Some of them save their money, and a few of the best paid have laid by comfortable fortunes, but the majority are fast livers, and squander their money as rapidly as it comes in. The women are the objects of the most determined gallantry on the part of the wealthy and titled gentry of Paris, and you will hear some sad stories of the brightest names which have adorned the French stage. The whole city is full of scandal concerning many of the beautiful and talented women who nightly contribute to the amusement of the gossipers. Much that you hear, you may safely set down as exaggeration, but a great deal, is undoubtedly true. You will see the heroines of the stories that are told you, living in a style utterly beyond the salaries which they receive for their professional services, and you will not be slow in forming your conclusions as to the manner in which the difference is made up. The gossips can tell you every lover an actress has had, and you will be startled by the loftiness of some of the names. Even the Emperor himself, figures as the hero of some of the most outrageous stories that are told. Counts, Dukes, Princes, as well as the untitled multitude are given similar notoriety. It has always been so, from the days that a woman first trod the French boards, and doubtless will continue so as long as women love luxury, and men are found to lead them into sin. But do not blame the stage, alone. The taint is everywhere, in all grades of French society, from the gorgeous palace to the humble attic; from the duchess to the grisette.

III.

MINOR AMUSEMENTS.

You will find every description of amusement in Paris. Next to the Theatres and Opera, the Circus is the most popular. There are four of these establishments in the city,



Circus.

occupying permanent buildings, arranged very much like the circus on Fourteenth street, in New York, but in much handsomer style. The *Circus of the Empress*, in the Champs

Elysées, the *Napoleon Circus*, in the Boulevard des Filles-du-Calvaire, and the *Circus of the Prince Imperial* are all handsome and conveniently arranged. The first will seat 6,000 people, and the latter, the oldest of all, was formerly Franconi's old theatre, and has always been one of the most popular places of resort. The *Hippodrome*, in the Avenue d'Eylau, near the Bois de Boulogne, is a vast unroofed enclosure. The seats are made comfortable by being covered over head, but the centre of the enclosure is entirely open. Performances are given here in the summer season on every afternoon, in the presence of large audiences. The price of admission to all these establishments varies from half a franc to two and a half francs.

The displays are unsurpassed by any in the world. The horses are perfectly trained, the actors are equally proficient, the feats of strength and agility are amazing, and the toilettes of the female performers are very scant. The clowns are the very perfection of humor, and keep the audience in a roar of laughter. There is more freedom amongst the spectators here than at the theatres, and the audiences generally consist of a class less amenable to the laws of etiquette.

Frequent exhibitions of wild beasts are held at the *Hippodrome*. The Parisians are very fond of such displays, and patronize them very liberally. The monkeys are especial favorites with them, and you may have many a hearty laugh if you will watch the crowd around the monkey cage. Next to the monkeys, I think the lions attract the most attention, and this recalls to my mind a story told in Paris, a few years ago, in connection with the stay of one of these exhibitions at the *Hippodrome*. I give it as related in one of the newspapers:

"Dr. Lemoine is one of the most courtly and affable of Paris physicians. A few days ago he was called upon by an athletic, ruddy personage, who certainly seemed in no individual need of the distinguished doctor's advice; the latter, too, in kind effort to reassure his embarrassed visitor, addressed him with his usual politeness and condescension.

"'Monsieur, I am the proprietor of a menagerie,' said the square shouldered man, 'and one of my children is sick—'

"'Exactly, my friend. Of what nature is the disease?'

"'He ran a splinter into his thigh; it is very ugly, Monsieur, but I am rich enough to pay well.'

"'Very well, my man,' replied the doctor, unable to suppress a smile at the simplicity of his visitor, 'we will talk of that after awhile. Tell me explicitly what is the matter with your child.'

"'Monsieur, the splinter has festered in his thigh, and he will let no one touch it; he is headstrong—for all he is very gentle. It will be necessary, I know, to perform a slight operation; but he is so violent and headstrong about it.'

"'Leave his violence to me. How old is he?'

"'Four years only. But I am afraid he will bite or scratch you if you attempt to touch it. You must administer chloroform.'

"'Not at all, my good man. Your child cannot be very dangerous in the exercise of his temper if he is only four years old.'

"'But he is large for his age——'

"'No, no; I will go with you to see your boy. It were folly to administer chloroform in such a case.'

"'But, Monsieur, you do not know him so well as I,' continued the man importunately. 'I pray, I beseech you, to take the chloroform all the same, in case you should need it.'

"To dispel the anxieties of the nervous athlete, Dr. Lemoine carried with him the required anæsthetic, and after a short course in a *voiture*, arrived at the house of the beast-tamer. Entering a room adjoining the exhibition arena, which was half kitchen and half stable, the doctor looked around for the suffering patient.

"'I have put him up stairs, doctor, where the poor fellow would be undisturbed by the performances. Ascend with me, please.

"They mounted a half-ladder, half-staircase, to a kind of loft. The doctor having entered, the showman followed,

and, closing the door behind him, quickly locked it. The former, turning in some surprise at this strange proceeding to his conductor, was saluted with a low growl from the extreme corner of the room. He then fixed his attention upon the source of this unkindly greeting, and descried a full-grown lion slowly approaching them, with an unquestionably wicked and menacing snarl upon his countenance. The *dompteur* (beast-tamer) grew pale; and when he addressed some soothing brute-language to the animal, his voice trembled. The doctor was not only ghastly pale, but was covered with a cold sweat.

"'For God's sake, doctor, be quick!' whispered the beast-tamer, hoarsely. 'He is ugly to-day!'

"Still showing his white teeth, the lion slowly crouched in that attitude which the physician had so often observed the same species assume, preparatory to a spring, in the menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes. He had need then of self-possession, and, collecting all his energies, he dashed the chloroform which he held in the animal's face. The latter recoiled, and in a second after began to droop under the effects of the drug. This enabled a still further administration of it, till he was finally stretched powerless before them; the operation required was then made upon the wound, and the proper restoratives applied.

"Neither doctor nor showman spoke a word until they had descended the steps, and stood safely in the room below.

"'Monsieur,' said the *dompteur*, 'you have saved, by your wonderful presence of mind, a life whose value is incalculable to me. Permit me to give you your fee.' And he handed the other a hundred-franc note.

"'Thank you, Monsieur Dompteur,' replied the physician, receiving the satisfactory fee; 'and when you again have need of my services for a similar case, I pray you——'

"'I will certainly call you in.'

"'No, no—to summon some other member of the profession.'"

The other amusements comprise exhibitions of ventrilo-

quism, mechanical and physical feats, legerdemain, chemical and philosophical experiments, magic-lanterns, panoramas, dolls, and Chinese shadows. Some of them are very fine. Robert Houdin's old theatre in the Boulevard des Italiens, has fallen into the skilful hands of M. Cleverman, and is a great resort for children and young people, who come with their parents and nurses.

In the Boulevard de Strasbourg there is a Marionnette theatre, at which two performances are given every evening —one at seven o'clock, and the other at nine. It is well to give each of these places a visit in its turn, as they afford excellent opportunities of studying the various phases of French nature, which a wit has declared to be very different from human nature.

IV.

THE SOCIAL PLAGUE SPOT.

The feature of French life which strikes a stranger with perhaps the greatest surprise, is the rigidness with which young women are guarded and kept in a state of semi-seclusion, and the extraordinary license granted to married women. A mother never permits her daughter, who has arrived at a marriageable age, to pass half an hour that she (the mother) cannot account for. A single walk alone with a young man is sufficient to cast such a degree of suspicion upon the maiden as to ruin her prospects of marriage. Your true Frenchman insists that his wife, if she be a maid, shall come to him innocent and unsophisticated in every respect, and he watches her closely before marriage, to see that she is simple and artless. The natural and frank manners of an American girl would forever blast the reputation of a French demoiselle. The consequence is that they are taught by their mothers a prudish and demure manner, which is purely artificial, but which is supposed to indicate modesty. They are taught to keep their eyes down, to answer merely in monosyllables, and then in a cold, embarrassed tone, and are made to feel in every way that their girlhood must be a period of restraint and insignificance, from which they can only emerge through the gates of marriage. Marriage, they are taught, is the only thing that can give them a respectable and assured position in society, and they are led to look forward to it with pleasure, as the only release from their bondage. Once married, the mother's watchfulness over them ceases. Young and inexperienced as they are, society throws down every barrier it

had raised before them while maidens. They are subject to no restraint, and are fairly dazzled by the freedom which lies before them. That freedom, however, brings with it many temptations, from which their girlhood shielded them. Tempters of all kinds surround them; systematic efforts are made to engage them in intrigues. As much as Frenchmen desire virtue in a bride, they seem with one consent to regard all married women as lacking in that quality, and ready to fall into their arms. Well informed persons assert that, among the better classes, the woman who goes through life without a single intrigue is a rarity. This assertion seems to me so sweeping that I hesitate to repeat it; but those who are familiar with the manner in which women are here prepared for the marriage relation, and the life that lies before them after entering it, will agree that it is not far from the truth.

Marriage in France is not the "holy estate" that it is in England or America. Affection rarely enters into the bargain here, but the whole affair is merely a matter of convenience. "The first official ceremony is the signing of the contract, which generally takes place after one or two interviews have been allowed between the couple—of course before witnesses. The disgusting minuteness of the details discussed on the occasion are, according to all female writers, the first blow struck at conjugal happiness. Every possible case is foreseen—widowhood, legal separation, second marriage, birth or death of children—every poetical illusion or hope that might remain is pitilessly dispelled. Both bridegroom and bride are forced to notice that they are entering into a kind of partnership, with family convenience for its principal object, the possibility of two or three children clearly laid down, the probability of domestic unhappiness distinctly pointed out; and if one or both choose to add to all this a romantic attachment, a real marriage, that is quite another affair, carefully kept out of sight.

"The interval that elapses between the signing of the contract and the celebration of the final ceremony—say a week or two—is supposed to be spent by the young people in

becoming acquainted one with the other. They are then allowed a little more liberty of intercourse, but rarely see each other except in the presence of at least one witness. They sit at opposite sides of the room, and talk of the weather, or try to exhibit their intellectual acquirements. Any expansion of sentiment is as impossible as it would be ridiculous. The contracting parties have been brought together by convenience—by prudence—by reason—not at all by affection. Neither they nor their friends pretend that. Sometimes, of course, love springs up; but this must be after the marriage, for the tendency of a formal interview, in which every word is watched and weighed, and which cannot degenerate into familiarity, because, according to public opinion, neither the young man nor the young woman is to be trusted, is inevitably to destroy everything that has the remotest relation to romance. It is a common thing to say that romance is neither respectable nor desirable—a superfluous ingredient in marriage."*

I do not desire either to make or to repeat sweeping assertions, and am willing to admit that there are many exceptions to the picture I have presented, but that I have faithfully stated the general condition of society in this respect, I think there can be no doubt.

Marriage, arranged upon this plan, must of necessity have its attendant evils. The feeling of indifference which at first exists between husband and wife, too often deepens into utter neglect or positive dislike. Monsieur has his mistresses, Madame her lovers. There is no common interest, and each seeks pleasure regardless of the other. Both indulge in extravagance of the most reckless character. Suits for divorce are becoming more numerous than formerly, and they reveal a condition of society sufficiently bad to make even the most careless tremble. A recent Paris letter gives the following view the matter. The reader can draw his own conclusions from it:

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* *Purple Tints of Paris.* By Bayle St. John.

"Whither will all the love of expense and of finery now prevailing in Paris lead? It has already led to most deplorable consequences. There is scarcely a week but some fine lady is arrested stealing in the shops. Fashionable jewelers are constantly the victims of this fraud. A woman of rank orders valuable jewels, to be paid for at some future time. She no sooner receives them than she sends them to the pawnbroker. Before the bill for them is due, she goes to another jeweler and buys valuable jewels on the same terms. She redeems the first pledge with the second, carries it back to the first jeweler, and gets him to take it back at a discount. Many women of rank carry on a business as commission merchants. They introduce their friends to tradesmen and get a commission on the orders. Nothing is more common among women of rank than to act as patrons of wealthy foreigners or natives of low extraction who have made great estates. They introduce them into society. This is said to be a most lucrative business. A still more lucrative business, which is said to be becoming daily more common, is—but here I venture on such very delicate ground you must let me shield myself behind a French authority. A weekly publication, called *Le Diable a Quatre*, has taken up this subject of extravagance, and treated it so opportunely and vigorously that four editions of the periodical were sold in one day. Here are a few of its remarks: 'Luxury no longer finding a sufficient supply in direct and honest sources for its insane requirements, has resorted to adultery. As the husband's purse no longer suffices, the wife has drawn on other men's purses, selling herself (her last resource after all others have been exhausted) to get the means of remaining brilliant in society, where few women now live without some stain upon them. Luxury by adultery; adultery by luxury! Leaning each on the other, they have grown up, mining with all their strength everything which was respectable and respected; disintegrating families, by introducing into them bickerings, with straits and with straitened circumstances, and hatred of home. It has not

been a very long time since mathematical philosophy noted the disorders fomented by luxury, and demonstrated the imminence of the progress of the plague. Mathematical philosophy framed the budget of young married people who set up house with an income of $4,000 or $6,000 a year, and it instanced the wives of office-holders as victims of the passion of making a splendid show.

"'The woman who sells herself was something absolutely unknown in the highest social circles, where husband and wife belonged to the most opulent families of France. Now this plague-spot is everywhere, because straitened circumstances are the rule everywhere. Straitened circumstances reign in every family, from that of the pretty woman so greatly admired at one of the recent official balls, and who, to buy a head dress of flowers, pledged at the pawnbroker's her little daughter's ear-rings, to that duchess whose husband tried two month's ago to borrow $160,000 on the bridal diamonds of his wife. Straitened circumstances have penetrated every household, opening every door to vice; the devouring ulcer has absorbed everything—everything to this extent, that when we see a princess playing with her dolls, we may affirm that one of these days (if nothing counteracts the plague now general) she will prostitute herself for a few yards of lace. Nobody will deny that in all the higher classes of society adultery has become a social principle; and in the more brilliant circles marriage—that union which should include only two members—has become so transformed that some of these unions, formed to dress the wife in order to have afterwards the right to undress her, have become so numerous they might elect a board of directors.'

"The author then goes on to show the young wife getting into debt in order to keep up her show of luxury, and soon falling gradually into the procuress's hands. The procuress is a woman of rank, who keeps up her social position with the money given her for her offices by licentious men. The author shows the titled procuress plying her infamous trade. The procuress then says to her: 'Why don't you ask M.——

to help you; he is kind-hearted, and he would do anything for you.' But the instinctive aversion of the young wife is irritated by these insulting offers, which wound her to the bottom of her heart. To reach that depth of shame she must trample under foot everything she has held sacred from self-respect to the old prejudices of her caste. She is of noble birth, and the man to whom she must deliver herself, the man vile enough to propose this bargain, can be none other than one of those coarse parvenues admitted into drawing-rooms by the excessive facility with which all houses now-a-days are thrown open. The procuress renews the attack, saying: 'I have, despite you, spoken to M. ——. He knows $10,000 would save you. They are ready. You have but to go to his house to get them.' $10,000! They are enough to pay all her creditors, and to give her peace instead of the unintermittent fever and uneasiness. When she is alone she says to herself: '$10,000! I will pay all my debts with them, then I will fly to the country far from that man. I will see him no more. My husband shall know nothing of that which I fear. This last fault shall efface all others—I will go for the money.' But this resolution, so easily taken at night, in darkness, is broken by broad daylight. Yet there is necessity, imperious irremediable, irremissible necessity, staring her in the face. The unhappy wife once more begs for more time, and only bruises herself against inexorable exigencies. She is on the brink of the abyss. Fall she must. A last insolent quarrel, which took place in her house by a creditor, her husband (that husband which she must betray in order to retain his love) knows nothing of, drives her crazy. She puts on her best clothes. She makes herself as beautiful as possible, for women will, in the most painful circumstances, sacrifice to their charms. During the Reign of Terror women were seen admiring themselves in the glass as they were led to execution. Besides, at this hour it is her interest to be beautiful—is it not her beauty she is going to sell? Her resolution wavers as she is about to leave. She must be bold. As she goes through the dining-room she

snatches up a decanter of liqueurs, drinks out of the bottle, and, half drunk, leaps into the first hack that goes by. A hack! The hearse of aristocratic ladies' virtue. The hack doesn't seem to go fast enough for her. The dread of failing to keep her resolution still haunts her, for, now she would, she must go to the end. At last she reaches her destination. She is beside herself, drunk, exhausted, but the forced smile is on her lips. She enters. The silence of the apartment chills her like some cold shroud thrown over her delirium. Her heart shrinks, her throat contracts. She is a ruined woman. Then begins for the wretched creature a new life, from which peace is forever banished. The resolution she formed to fly far from the place which witnessed her dishonor fled away with her purity. Many a woman, feeling her troubles ended by the thousand franc notes with which her hands are full, determines to shine more brilliantly than ever. Luxury is a mantle which they wish more dazzling than ever to hide their slips. Nevertheless the fallen woman slips from thraldom to thraldom; for a cloud of birds of prey have settled on her. The procuress is not the least insatiable of them; and next her is the chambermaid, who necessarily becomes the confidant, and then the accomplice of her wishes, who helps her to deceive her husband.

"At last he knows all. I open at once a parenthesis to say I wish to consider only brave, honorable men. I discard those vile creatures, be they plebeian or noble, who accept this position or turn their incident to account, making their wife's family give them an annuity, that they may continue to live with a portion of that fortune whose inadequacy to their station of life proved the ruin of their household. There is no help for it! These noble ignoramuses, who know nothing but laziness and the art of borrowing fifty Napoleons, which their wife repays—these people have $4,000 or $5,000 a year, and they imprudently live as if they had $20,000 a year. These people bear everything with cynicism. They will not fight. They are in the majority; for we live in days when it may be said that the progressive libertinage of wives

is surpassed only by the immeasurable resignation of husbands. There is not a day but one hears some wife, moving in good society, has been detected in adultery by her husband. If with these reasons (to which little attention is begun to be paid) one is informed of a duel fought, it is merely a quarrel between men about cheating at the card-table. Most men now-a-days run away from a drawn sword. If to-morrow every betrayed husband was obliged to kill the lovers of their wives, it would be necessary next year to hasten the anniversary of St. Bartholomew at least six months. Brave, honorable men bear all in silence, because when they know all it is too late. The wrong done is so irreparable, vengeance itself is no longer possible. When they discover the truth they know, love, joy, peace, quiet, family, have long been discarded to sacrifice to the vice of the day—luxury. In old times when a brave and honorable man discovered his wife had deceived him, he found her accomplice and killed him in duel or assassinated him with a sword or a poignard. This satisfaction is no longer possible now-a-days, for the woman who is entangled in adultery is soon no longer able to reckon her lovers with the five fingers of her husband's hand, which has become too small to slap all of them. To which one should the unfortunate husband, who has discovered the truth direct his vengeance? To the first lover? Who knows what has become of him? The others would reply as a husband recently heard a man who had dishonored him say: 'I took your wife from Monsieur such-a-one, who took her after Monsieur such-another. I did not even know you were in existence, so don't come bothering me.'

"I should not have ventured to paint society here in such dark colors, but I believe the picture true. Thirst for money, and incapacity for making it by trade, with absolute lack of moral sense, has gangrened society here. Life in Paris has become such a fever, few people can bear it long. The number of young wives who die giving birth to their first child, and the number of young wives who die from other causes are alarming in Paris. Terrible crimes are

becoming of every-day occurrence. The town is now ringing with a mysterious drama which has just taken place at the barracks in the Rue Tournon. Two pistol shots were heard in Commandant Thevét's room. Persons went there, to find him dead, and Marquise S. in her night gown with him. They both, I believe, were married. Was the crime a suicide or a murder?"*

* *New York World.*

V.

CONCERTS.

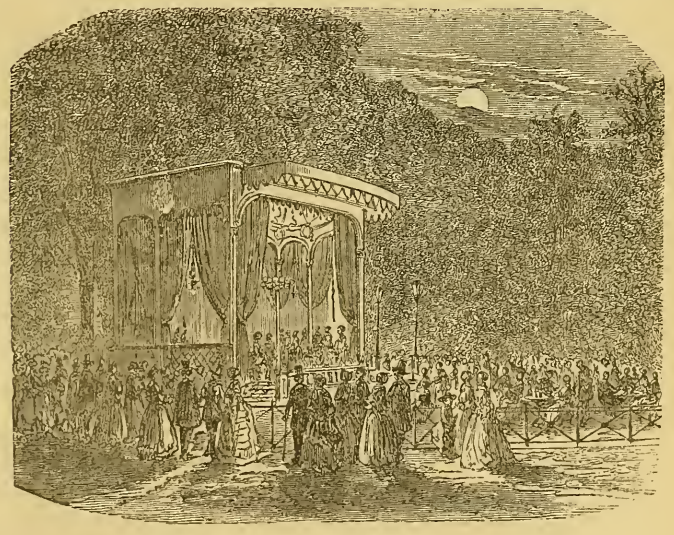
THERE are two classes of concerts to be found in this city. I. The Concerts of the first rank in a professional point of view. II. The *Cafés Concerts*, at which the music is but an accessory, and which are more frequented by lovers of dissipation than by lovers of music.

Champs Elysées Concert.

Of the Concerts of the first class, the entertainments of the *Conservatory of Music*, in the Rue du Faubourg-Poissonnière, are the best. The best seats are difficult to be had by strangers, as they are let by subscription, but places may always be procured in the pit if one is in time to secure a ticket. The music is of the highest order, and the perform-

ance is the best in France. The concerts are usually given on Sunday, and attract cultivated and fashionable audiences.

The *Champs Elysées Concerts,* given in the rear of the Palace of Industry, are held only during the summer months, and are very popular. The orchestra is one of the best in Europe, and the music is excellent. The music-stand is erected in the midst of a pretty grove, which is thronged with a most appreciative audience every night. These concerts are the best open-air entertainments in the city, and are



Café Concert.

the only ones at which a show of decency is preserved. Women unaccompanied by male escorts cannot enter the enclosure.

A very popular species of entertainment, which has sprung up within the past few years, is the *Café Chantant*, or *Café Concert.* In the summer these amusements are held in the open air, and to the concert are added dancing and theatrical representations. The best of these establishments are in the Champs Elysées.

Imagine a vast garden, enclosed with a high wall of shrubbery, and having for a roof the glittering vault of heaven. At the end by which you enter is a large building used as a café, restaurant, etc. The upper windows are provided with numerous balconies, which are occupied by the most aristocratic part of the audience. At the other end of the grounds is a light building fitted up as a stage, with dressing-rooms, etc., behind. In front of the footlights is the orchestra pen, and the rest of the garden is filled with little tables and chairs for the use of the audience. There is a profusion of lamps throughout the grounds, and a flood of light streams over the spectators from the stage. Performances are given here every night to immense audiences. There is no charge for admission to the grounds, but persons are expected to order refreshments, which are served at twice the ordinary rates. In rainy weather these establishments are closed, but on fair evenings they are liberally patronized, the principal night being Sunday.

You enter and seat yourself at one of the little tables. A huge board, fastened to one of the trees, contains a list of the refreshments sold and the prices. Almost as soon as you have taken your seat a waiter is at your elbow to receive your order. You have not long to wait, but soon have the desired articles on your little table. The waiter receives the money on the spot, and does not forget to wither you with his scornful glance if you omit his *pour-boire*, but, his demands satisfied, he leaves you in peace to sip your claret and enjoy the performance.

The curtain rising reveals a prettily arranged stage, around which are seated a dozen or more young women, some dressed for the ballet, but all extremely bare about the neck and shoulders. Their toilettes are exquisite, and some of the women are pretty, but the majority are barely passably good-looking. They are the performers of the evening, and as they are needed during the progress of the entertainment, retire through a door at the rear before presenting themselves at the footlights. The object of the manager seems to be to

keep as many of them as possible constantly before the gaze of the audience, and as soon as a performer is through with her part she returns to her seat on the stage. The male performers are kept out of sight, except when playing the parts assigned them. They offer no attraction to the audience, inasmuch as they have no personal charms to display. The *Alcazar* boasts decidedly the prettiest women, and is, perhaps, the best of these singing gardens. You notice that all of the women have bouquets. The establishment does not provide these—they are the gifts of the admirers of the artistes. A person wishing to make the acquaintance of one of these fair demoiselles, sends a bouquet with his card to her. If she appears with it on the stage she thereby signifies her willingness to accept Monsieur's attentions. They tell you here that there is little danger of your failing to see your bouquet on the stage, provided it is handsome.

The performance consists of ballads, comic songs, burlesques, ballets, feats of strength, and legerdemain—the singers are, in some cases, very good artists, but below the average as a rule. The wit is broad, the ballet would be called indecent anywhere but in Paris, and the subjects of the burlesque are not always the most fitting for places so largely attended by ladies.

The female performers being the chief attraction, I shall speak of them alone. Some of them, as I have said, are pretty; but could you pass the footlights and obtain a nearer view, you would find the paint and enamel, thick, on every face. A very few would be handsomer without these accessories, but a vast majority would be pale and haggard even with the aid of the footlights, did not they summon these cosmetics to their assistance. As a rule they lead lives which soon rob them of their beauty, and as they continue to fade, they become less useful to the establishment unless they be persons of extraordinary musical talent.

The ages of the performers vary from fifteen to thirty-five years. For a woman of the latter age to retain her place, she must be possessed of either remarkable beauty or remark-

able skill. The principal favorites are between nineteen and twenty-five, and are generally given the most prominent seats on the stage. You will see them slyly recognizing and nodding to their friends in the audience, though such recognitions are forbidden by the director. The wages are small, except in very rare instances, and they rely upon the generosity of their lovers to make up the deficiency. It is well understood in the city that women who appear at these places do so as much to attract lovers to their feet as for the purpose of earning a support; and for a woman to appear on the stage of one of these establishments is sufficient to blast her reputation forever. Doubtless many come here pure and innocent and entirely to earn their bread; but Monsieur, the director, selects them for their personal attractions and not according to their necessities, and could tell them, were he so inclined, that neither purity nor innocence will remain with them long if they continue here. It occasionally happens that a mother will come here to watch over her daughter, who may be one of the principal favorites. The dame will seat herself behind the scenes, and never suffer her daughter to leave her side except when she is needed on the stage. She watches over her with dragon-like vigilance, and is a capital hand at intercepting notes and bouquets. The former she destroys, but the latter she retains, inasmuch as they can be sold over again the next day. But watchful though the mother may be, the fair artiste is still exposed to the dangers of the place, and she soon finds a way of eluding the vigilance of the mother, and then begins for her the career whose glories are soon quenched in the gloom of the fatal Register. Or, it may be, for the very atmosphere of the place is demoralizing, the mother herself is won by the bribes and promises of her daughter's admirers, relaxes her vigilance, and offers no opposition to the entrance of the young girl upon her downward career. There have been such cases, but let us thank Heaven they are few.

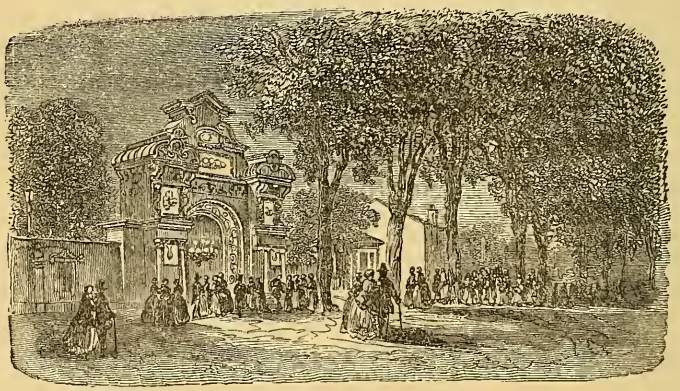
The performance is intolerably long, arranged so, no doubt, for the purpose of forcing you to consume a considerable

quantity of refreshments, and you grow tired of the whole affair long before its close. You think you can do better than sit here listening to an indifferent orchestra and second-rate singers; but if you weary of the stage, you can find ample amusement in the audience. Even during the performance the spectators are laughing and chatting, and the air is heavy with the odor of tobacco. People are coming and going all the time, for but few find themselves equal to the undertaking of sitting through the whole evening. The Parisian seems to think it a part of his duty to devote one evening of each week to making the round of the gardens in the Champs Elysées. He hears all the new songs here, and thus lays in his stock of music for the week. The rest of his leisure time he gives to entertainments of a better kind.

VI.

MABILLE.

Stroll through the Champs Elysées to the *Rond Point*, and you will see a bright glare of light streaming from the Avenue Montaigne. Turn to the left and continue your walk in the direction of the light, and a few minutes will bring you to the entrance to the famous *Jardin Mabille*. The gateway is in the form of a handsome arch, and is a mass of many colored lamps.



Entrance to Mabille.

I had heard so much of the splendors of *Mabille* that I availed myself of an early opportunity to become acquainted with them. I had not the remotest idea of the location of the place, and afterwards found that I had passed it several times without noticing it. I had just come out of one of the brilliant concert gardens and was more than half bewildered

as to my exact locality, so calling a *voiture* I bade the driver take me to Mabille. The fellow looked at me in amazement. "To Mabille, Monsieur," he asked, with a puzzled expression on his face. "Certainly. To Mabille," I replied. He glanced at me searchingly as if to satisfy himself of my sobriety, and then drove off, but before I had settled myself comfortably in the carriage we were at the entrance to the garden. The fellow's astonishment was now plain to me. Mabille was but a few hundred yards from the place at which I had entered the cab, and coachy could not understand why a sensible man should wish to pay full fare for so short a drive.

The gateway was a blaze of light. Carriages of every description were constantly arriving with visitors. A large number of the occupants of these vehicles were women, and the most of them came alone. Those who came in the more elegant vehicles were magnificently dressed, and some were very handsome women. Others came in the omnibuses, and others on foot. All were dressed in their best, and seemed to care little for anything but to pass within the enclosure. It was a fête night, and the crowd was unusually large. The ordinary price of admission is two francs, but upon this occasion it was raised to five francs, as there was to be an increased orchestra, besides a display of fireworks. I paused but a short time to watch the arrivals, and procuring my ticket at the little *bureau*, strolled down the pretty green alley which led to the centre of the garden.

Mabille is the most famous of all the public balls of Paris, and is also the most noted place of rendezvous for the Lorettes of the city. All who can procure a respectable outfit, whether handsome or plain, or accomplish the feat of raising the price of a ticket, come to Mabille at least once a week, and on fête nights the garden is crowded.

It was about half past nine when I entered the grounds, and the crowd was almost at its greatest. I heard the passionate throbbing of a waltz from the orchestra, and the whirl of the dancers on the sanded floor, and the next

moment a sharp turn of the alley brought me suddenly into the midst of the brilliant scene.

Imagine an immense circular space, surrounded by huge trees through whose arching branches the stars glitter like myriads of spangles on a ceiling of blue-and-green. The floor is of earth, beaten and rolled down hard and smooth, and covered with fine white sand. In the centre is a large pagoda, from which, high above the dancers, the orchestra discourses its magic strains. Hundreds of lamps in spherical and pear-shaped globes, are arranged upon the roof and sides of the pagoda and around the dancers' circle, while festoons and semi-circles of piping, pierced with gas jets not an inch apart, extend overhead in every direction. Around the circle and in various parts of the garden are light iron chairs and settees, usually filled during the intervals for promenades, but vacant when the dancing is going on. Numerous long, shady alleys, ornamented with statues, fountains, and flowers, lead from the centre to the more remote parts of the garden. Lamps of every shape and hue, Chinese lanters, rows of gas jets, glitter and sparkle through the trees, and the effect of the whole is very much heightened by some tolerable pieces of scenery placed in the alleys to represent grottoes and cascades. The light in these portions is so artistically arranged that it is some time before you discover the deception.

At the back of the music-stand is a large building used as a café and restaurant, and adjoining it an immense hall to which the dancers repair in case of rain, but which is usually filled with groups seated around little tables, sipping refreshments. Pistol galleries are close by, and form one of the most popular features of the entertainment. It would astonish you to see the proficiency of the women who frequent the galleries. They are far more skilful than the men who accompany them, and as you watch them you can't help thinking that some day the skill of these reckless creatures may be exercised on something more sensitive than the wooden target at the end of the gallery.

It is the dancers' circle that is the principal attraction,

however. It is thronged with promenaders, and is the noisiest and merriest place in the garden. You see the *chef d' Orchestre*, place a small board in a slide at the side of the music-stand. It is painted with the word "Waltz," "Polka," or "Quadrille," and is the signal for persons wishing to dance, to take their places, and the announcement of the character of the dance. Immediately there is a rush to the sanded floor. Little circles are formed by the spectators, as many as half a dozen at the same time. The open space in each is amply sufficient for the dancers, and the spectators crowd around it in rows, three deep. Etiquette is thrown aside, every one struggling to obtain a place in the inside row. If a man tramps on your toes, he apologizes hastily, but does not cease his efforts to push by you to the front. It is amazing to see how quickly these groups are formed, and how suddenly they disperse at the close of the dance.

The Quadrille is the most popular dance at all the public balls of Paris, inasmuch as it affords greater freedom for the antics of the dancer than either the Waltz or Polka. The groups were forming for one of these as I entered the garden, and I was fortunate enough to secure a place in the inner row of the circle nearest the entrance. Four couples had taken their places, and the orchestra was pouring forth the most delicious strains. The four women in the circle before me were all young. The oldest could not have been more than twenty-five and the youngest seemed under twenty. They were all ugly and terribly faded. They were thin and pale, and even the cosmetics which they had used so skilfully could not conceal the ravages dissipation had made in their features.

The music which had until now been soft and subdued, suddenly burst into loud and thrilling strains, and the dance began. For awhile the regular figures were adhered to, but at length the dancers launched into their own and almost indescribable extravagances. A young man, apparently not more than twenty-five, with a handsome but wicked face, suddenly abandoned his companion and darted into the centre

of the circle. By a powerful effort he sprang into the air, and came down cracking his heels together in time to the music. He had scarcely touched the ground before, giving himself a whirl he spun around and around with such great rapidity that it made my brain dizzy to watch him. Then pausing as suddenly as he had begun, he staggered back to his place amidst the applause of the spectators. A young girl, brown eyed and with long masses of chestnut hair, then bounded to the centre of the circle, and commenced to throw herself into the wildest and most indecent positions, in which exhibition she was soon joined by another of the group, older and darker than herself. Each fresh *pose* was more pronounced than those which had preceded it, and called down lively applause from the spectators. One of the women suddenly sprang into the air and then came down on the ground with both legs at right angles to her body. A shout of laughter hailed this exploit, and a dozen hands were held out to help her from the ground; but disdaining all such aid, she sprang lightly to her feet, and both she and her companion took their places for their final effort. Deliberately gathering up their long skirts they threw them over their shoulders and thus left themselves unencumbered and exposed to the public view from their waists to their feet. In this condition they executed all manner of capers, with the utmost ease and coolness. One of the spectators venturing to thrust his face too close, the younger girl suddenly threw up her leg and with her foot sent his hat rolling into the circle amidst the yells and laughter of the lookers on, and without pausing a moment went hopping around the circle with her foot higher than her head. The other, seizing her left foot in her left hand, raised it to a level with her head, and holding it there executed a remarkable dance with her other leg, never lowering her foot until she had regained her place. Then the men attempted in the most grotesque and ridiculous manner to imitate the antics of the women, and failing in every instance drew down shouts of laughter.

Suddenly there is a pause in the music, and the dancers take

Ball at Mabille.

their places again, and then bursts forth the rich, voluptuous cadences of the *Can-can*, against which French nature is powerless. The dancers seem inspired with new life, and plunge into the passionate dance with a fury that fairly astonishes you. Such dancing, such embracings and coquetry, such utter abandonment of everything like individuality, such entire surrender to the sensuous influence of the music, can be seen nowhere but in this garden. The applause grows more enthusiastic, and what little modesty is left to the dancers is thrown aside, and they tread the thrilling measures with a zest only to be seen in Parisian women of their class. The brown haired girl has closed her eyes, and has gathered her drapery under her arms. She sees nothing of the scene around her, but hears only the music and the applause. She is pale and panting, but she keeps on and on in the wild dance, until her strength is utterly exhausted. Her partner is tottering, fairly broken down, but is ashamed to be surpassed in strength by a girl, and he has merely energy enough to catch her in his arms as she falls heavily towards the ground, with a purple flush suffusing all her face. I think she has fainted, but I hear her murmur, gaspingly, "*Assez*," as she is supported to a seat, and I see her partner hurrying off to the *café* to revive his strength with a glass of brandy. In a few minutes the brown-haired girl has recovered herself, and is the centre of a group of admirers who compliment her on her skill.

And so the scene is continued until long after midnight, and until you are sick of, and disgusted with, the place and the performance.

The dancers are all professionals, regularly engaged by the establishment, and in receipt of small but stated salaries. Their proficiency could not be equalled by amateurs, for many of their antics require long and persistent practice. The men are dressed in shabby black suits, as a rule, and the women are singularly devoid of taste in their appearance. Their jewelry is flashy, and they are altogether ugly and unattractive. I have yet to see a pretty face amongst the dancers at Mabille. The women are excessively vulgar, and

in this respect as well as in their lack of taste, differ very greatly from the rest of the Demi-Monde. They are famous only for their indecency and their skill in dancing. Yet while they are allowed a vast amount of license in their displays, they must not pass the limits that have been set. Occasionally you will see some sallow-looking individual, dressed in black, force his way to the front rank of spectators and shake his head warningly at the dancers, when they venture to throw off all restraint. He is one of the "Administration," and it is his duty to watch over the morals of the place.

As a rule, the dancing is done entirely by the professionals, but sometimes the women will succeed in enticing some of the male spectators to join them in the dance, and occasionally, when the merriment is at its height, some woman from the audience will join in the sport, and these amateurs generally surpass the professionals in their extravagancies. The Parisian women of all classes seem to be attacked by periodical and irresistible fits of frenzied dissipation, and some of them come here to allay the thirst for excitement which is consuming them.

One night last Spring, there was an illustration of this at Mabille. A young woman, very handsome and well dressed, was dancing with a recklessness which made her the principal object of attraction. She was a stranger to the place, and no one knew her history. Intoxicated with the applause which was showered upon her, she gathered her draperies about her and throwing her foot high into the air, began a series of movements which made the whole place ring with plaudits. Suddenly she paused, and staggered back, with her face as white as the grave. Her eyes were wild and full of fear, and she exclaimed in a voice of horror, "My husband!" The next instant she had disappeared in the crowd. The spectators burst into a roar of laughter at this unexpected *denouement*, and turning in the direction indicated by her gaze, saw a young man, about thirty years old, standing with folded arms. His pale face and determined air silenced the laughing crowd. "Yes, gentlemen," said he, huskily,

"this new star whom you have been applauding, is my wife —the mother of my children. I came here to murder her. Yes! whenever I meet her again, I will shoot her down." The garden police now came up, and politely requested the stranger to leave the grounds, assuring him that his wife had left in a carriage. As soon as convinced of this, he withdrew, and the merriment, which had been so strangely interrupted, was resumed.

The garden is the most popular resort of the Lorettes of Paris, and you will find all the better members of this class collected here. Many of them come with the hope of ensnaring admirers into their toils, and others for the purpose of black-mailing visitors. A stranger, after a slight conversation with one of these women, will be told by her in a confidential way that her pocket-book has been stolen, and that she has no money to pay her carriage fare from the garden to her home. She does not wish to interrupt the gayety by complaining to the Administration, and asks his advice as to the course she shall pursue. The gallant stranger asks how much money the lost pocket-book contained, and upon being told, "only a mere trifle—ten francs," generously slips that amount in her hand and tells her not to mind her loss. He is rewarded with a sweet smile and a profusion of thanks, and—the beauty soon finds an excuse to get rid of him, and plays the same trick on half a dozen others before the evening is over.

As a rule, these women do not dance unless they find themselves unable to attract attention in any other way. To dance in this place is always a last resort, and the Lorette looks down with contempt upon the professionals engaged here. They come to Mabille as spectators, to meet their friends, and to form new acquaintances. You find hundreds of them scattered through the audience. Men approach and converse with them, and even promenade with them in the face of the audience, without the slightest hesitation. Nobody seems ashamed of such companionship at Mabille, but, on the contrary, each one seeks notoriety.

If you go into the *café* you are worried to death by the vendors of bouquets and toys. Those who have ladies with them are especially annoyed by these pests. As soon as these vampires espy one of the habitués of the place in company with a gentleman, they approach the pair and offer their wares. If the woman does not urge her companion to buy, the flower merchant is sure to accuse her to the Administration of some outrageous offence against the rules, and thus secure her expulsion from the garden. In consequence of this, these vendors do a smart business, and some are said to have made comfortable fortunes in this way.

The audience represents every class in the city, for everybody who can raise the price of a ticket, and command a decent suit of clothes, goes to Mabille. Men come here with their wives and daughters, and afterwards wonder that the morals of French women should be loose. You will see the wearers of proud titles here, mingling promiscuously with the clerks and salesmen of the shops. Everybody is on an equality, and social distinctions and observances are entirely forgotten. Strangers, Americans and English in particular, are liberal patrons of Mabille. Our countrymen seem to find it very attractive, for you will see a liberal sprinkling of them in the audience upon any night. You may see men who, at home, are terribly scandalized at the fondness of our German citizens for their beer gardens and Sunday pastimes, prolonging their stay here on fête nights beyond the hour of twelve, and into Sunday morning. They bring their wives and children here, and all parties seem to enjoy the affair with great gusto, until you stumble across them and recognize them. Then, how they blush and stammer, and try to apologize for their presence here. You laugh at them good-naturedly, and pass on, wondering what they will say of the place when they go back home.

Towards midnight there was a rapid movement of the crowd from the café and dancing space, into the gardens. I followed, curious to see the cause of the sudden commotion, which was soon explained by the popping and fizzing of some indifferent

fire-works, which were scarcely worth seeing, and which filled the garden with a sulphurous vapor, to the great discomfort of the entire audience. Then the dancing was resumed and continued until half past twelve.

As a distant clock chimed the half hour, the musicians left their stands, and the servants began to extinguish the lights. A general rush was now made for the gates. I followed with the crowd, and in a few minutes found myself standing in the Avenue Montaigne. The night was clear and beautiful, and the Champs Elysées were so quiet that I turned a deaf ear to the importunities of the coachmen, and set out for my hotel on foot. Down the broad avenue and through the Place de la Concorde I passed at a lively pace, never seeing a soul save a solitary Sergent de Ville, and two or three poor wretches snatching a few moments of sleep on the benches under the trees, from which they were soon to be aroused by the rough hand of the policeman. The city was so quiet that I could scarcely believe it the same bustling, lively Paris of the past twenty-four hours. As I turned out of the Rue Royale into the Boulevard, an old, withered dame, in one of the newspaper kiosks, looked up from her knitting, to ask me the hour, and when I told her, sleepily remarked that she might as well go home, as she would sell no more papers that night.

As I walked along the silent streets, I wondered that people should find Mabille so fascinating, for I had come away completely disenchanted. The dancers were ugly and vulgar, the spectators were but little better, and the women were mercenary sharpers. The garden was pretty enough, and the music was good, but on the whole I found Mabille a very tedious place, and one that I cared but little to see again. In everything but indecency it seemed to me a very ordinary affair, but in that quality I confess it deserves especial mention.

VII.

THE CASINO.

THE *Casino* is the *Mabille* of the winter months. It is situated in the Rue Cadet, a narrow, dirty street of the Faubourg Montmartre. You may leave the Boulevard Montmartre by the Passages Jouffroy and Verdeau, the latter of which ends opposite the Rue Cadet. There is a ball at the Casino every evening, commencing at eight o'clock; but the most interesting are the masked balls held here during the carnival. They begin at midnight and close at dawn.

At the entrance you see two cherubs holding blazing torches aloft, and three angels gazing down at the doorway, in pity, perhaps, for those who enter beneath them; a line of gas jets stretching across the entire front of the building, and the word "Casino" in fiery letters above the door. You purchase your ticket, and are required to deposit your overcoat with and receive a check for it from an old woman near the door, for which you pay a few sous, and then pass in.

The hall is immense, and is surrounded with high galleries, filled with persons sitting around little tables, drinking and smoking, and watching the scene below. At one end is the orchestra, in a lofty box, and the floor is filled with dancers and promenaders. Seats are arranged around the hall in which the dancing is going on, and beyond this is a second hall filled with promenaders.

The scene at Mabille is repeated here, with many additions. During the carnival, greater license is allowed, and the guests are all masked. The costumes are fantastic, and often amusing, and the manners of the revellers of the freest character. Whatever you may see at Mabille, you will hardly find

Scene at the Casino.

respectable women here, unless they come under the cover of their masks, and you may safely assume that there is not a lady in the entire assembly. In the galleries you find many women masked, sitting or promenading alone. They are here in search of adventures, and you may be sure that all will not go away unsuccessful. The crowd is merry, and the halls resound with laughter. The women smoke as well as the men, and drink harder. The faces are hidden, but you see some dainty hands poising a cigarette or raising a glass. In the promenaders' saloon, and in various retired corners, you see men and women in masks, carrying on earnest conversations in low tones. Evidently they are old friends.

On the floor, the dancing attracts large crowds, which throng around the dancers as at Mabille. The costumes of the dancers are not so modest as at Mabille, and the performance is of the same character. Some of the dancing is very good, and cannot be censured in the least degree; but much of it is simply outrageous. This is especially the case when the ball is at its height, and the sport grows wild and reckless. Often when some dancer, more brazen than her companions, "brings down the house" with her extravagant *poses*, she is seized by her admirers and borne on their shoulders around the hall, amidst the shouts of the spectators.

All the night long, and until the gray streaks appear in the east, this mad revel is kept up. In carnival time, no one seems to sleep in Paris. Go on the streets when you will, they are full of revellers returning from these balls, of which there are many in the city. The *Casino* and *Mabille* are the most select in their respective seasons of winter and summer, and therefore I have called the reader's attention to them. With one exception, the others will be passed by without notice, for those described are types of the entire class. The suburbs are all provided with ball rooms and gardens of a similar character, and draw large crowds from the city. But having seen one of these amusements, it is useless to expect to find anything different at the others. They are all conducted upon much the same plan, and are foul blots upon this great city, which has done so much for civilization.

VIII.

THE CLOSERIE DES LILAS.

On the left hand side of the Boulevard Sébastopol or Saint Michel, just oppposite the gardens of the Luxembourg Palace, is the greatest curiosity of the Latin Quarter. It is called the *Closerie des Lilas*, or *Jardin Bullier*, (Bullier being its proprietor) in the summer, and the *Prado* in the winter. It is, in

Closerie des Lilas.

short, the place where the students' balls are held. I said in the last chapter that any of the gardens would serve as a specimen of the rest, but I must except this one. There is nothing like it in Paris.

The *Jardin Bullier* is entirely roofed over and closed in, in the winter, forming an immense saloon capable of containing

several thousand visitors; but in the summer a portion is thrown open and converted into a pretty garden, ornamented with statues, fountains, and flowers.

This garden is essentially a family affair. Monsieur Bullier is proprietor; his wife acts as cashier; the directors are his nephews and cousins; the dressing rooms are in charge of a nephew; the refreshment department is presided over by a cousin; the tobacco and cigar stand is kept by an old aunt; the shooting gallery is in charge of his brother-in-law; and the inspectors of the ball, and many of the waiters in the café are distant relatives of the proprietor.

On the ball nights the Boulevard is filled with streams of people hastening to the garden. You do not see the fine dresses, and gorgeous jewels that shine at Mabille. The crowd is plainer and less aristocratic, but merrier and noisier; yet to the throng of blouses and poverty-stricken women around the entrance, these people seem very princes. The poor wretches of the quarter flock about the entrance at night, and gaze enviously at the merry creatures who pass in and out of the bright gates.

You buy your ticket at the entrance which is guarded by a statue-like soldier with a huge sabre and a big brass helmet, and turning sharp to the left pass down a flight of stairs into an immense hall. In the summer the lower end and right hand side of this hall open upon a pretty garden, but in the winter the entire space is roofed over. In the centre of the hall is an immense and gaudily painted music-stand, occupied by the orchestra. The place is ornamented and arranged in the style of an "Oriental Garden" say the guide books, but it is as little like one, as an establishment so thoroughly French can be. At all events it is very pretty, and is all ablaze with light. Rows of seats and tables are arranged along the side of the hall next the gardens and scattered through the grounds.

Rows of noisy students line each side of the steps and extend into the hall below. Every woman who enters is the object of witty remarks or jokes from these youngsters. The

hall is filled with a noisy, excited crowd, and your ears are deafened with the yells and peals of laughter which salute you as you enter. Everybody is smoking, and the air is misty with clouds of tobacco smoke. At the tables are groups of men and women smoking and drinking, some of the women being seated on the laps of their escorts, with one hand resting on the shoulder of the man, and the other holding a glass of beer or wine.

At Mabille the dancers are few, and are provided for the amusement of the visitors; here everybody dances, and does so from love of the sport. The men are principally students, with a few of the "small gentleman" class thrown in, and the women are the mistresses of the students, shop girls, and what is left of the grisette class. The haughty dames of Mabille rarely patronize the *Closerie*, but sometimes they come here in force, and enjoy a dance with the students right heartily. They would not for the world be found dancing at Mabille, but here—the case is different.

The *Closerie* was formerly the place above all others where the grisette could be seen in all her glory. A few of this class still linger about the garden, but the age is "demoralizing" this place, too, its old frequenters tell you, and the grisette is almost entirely changed into the Lorette. The simple, pretty dresses and caps of the female habitués of old times, are rarely seen here now, but in their places are gaudy toilettes and flashy jewelry. Yet the audience, as I have said, is very different from that at Mabille.

The students are in their glory. You find hundreds of them here, in their shabby dresses and queer hats, and with their short pipes stuck in their mouths. They are wild, picturesque fellows, if I may use the latter term, and set at defiance everything like formality. They are a noisy set, too, and the place resounds with their yells. At first you think them intoxicated, but you soon discover that they are drunk only with excitement.

You find no foreign fashions, and hear no foreign airs at the *Closerie*. The music, like everything else, is thoroughly

Scene at the Closerie des Lilas.

French, and the dancing is more animated than at Mabille, and quite as indecent. These students and their partners are no triflers when engaged in the dance. They go at it in downright earnest, and pause only when thoroughly exhausted. As soon as the music begins, the dancers take their places, and the crowd must stand aside. The women wear short skirts and are frequently without bonnets or wrappings, all of which gives them greater freedom of motion. Then commences a performance similar to that I have described in the preceding chapter, but it is wilder and more frantic here than elsewhere, and is engaged in more extensively. The *Can-can*, which has been described as "the perfection of indecent pantomime," is in its glory here. "It has but little regularity about it, and to the spectator who sees it for the first time, it has apparently none. It has, however, its small amount of system, but the principal merit of the dancer is within two given points, the beginning and the end of a strain to commit as many extravagancies as possible, and to throw his body into as many unnatural and *bizarres* positions as the structure of the human frame will permit of. A very fine accomplishment, for instance, is to be able to throw a back summersault in the face of your fair partner, while she elevates her leg in the air until the tip of her toe and the crown of her head are upon the same horizontal line. It is not at all inartistic to be able to double yourself up into a knot and roll upon the floor, while the beauteous daughters of Terpsichore dance around in a circle, after the manner of the savages in the Sandwich Islands. It is a good thing, also to be able to agitate your legs, arms, and head with such rapidity as to present the appearance of a misty shadow. This accomplishment, however, I am told, is but rarely met with. In short, the more horrible or impossible the positions the more artistic the dances. The province of the fair sex lies principally in the legs, though a few unnatural and comic contortions of the body are considered no mean dition to the talent of 'elevation.' The fair one who lifts her legs highest and with the most rapidity and fre-

quency, is considered the most artistic, and a favorite and charming amusement of *beau sex* is to send some open-mouthed greenhorn's hat flying with the tip of her toes. During all this time the most infernal yelling must be kept up—the true spiciness of this exquisite dance consists in that harmonious adjunct. The most celebrated dancer in the Latin Quarter is a young man, or rather a pair of long legs surmounted by enough body to keep them together and receive their sustenance, who rejoices in the pleasant *soubriquet* of Sardine, although in no respect does he resemble that 'brief' aquatic animal. Sardine leaps higher than any one else, and dances around among the women, who pass between his legs with perfect facility, with all the air of the great artist he is generally esteemed to be. He is the envy of all the students and the despair of all the women. Now he throws one leg ten feet in the air—now he leaps clear over the head of some astonished woman, and throwing a graceful summersault, twists himself like a corkscrew back to his partner, whom he salutes by gently waving his leg over her head."

Those who come here to dance, throw aside all restraint, and plunge wildly into the vortex of dissipation. They give themselves up entirely to enjoyment. The French student is nowhere so extravagant as here, but he is too much in earnest to seem ridiculous. The women forget sex, modesty, everything, and plunge into the thrilling dance with an *abandon* which adds fresh fuel to the excitement of the students. Look down the hall at the line of dancers, and you will see a dozen or more women, with their draperies almost over their heads and their feet thrown high into the air. Others, clasped in their partners' arms, are whirled around in this condition until they fall fainting on some student's breast for support. At times the furious excitement of the youths is carried beyond all bounds by a scene like this, and the panting grisette is seized and held aloft by a dozen madcaps, who carry her around the hall with yells, such as can issue only from the lungs of French students. The excitement is contagious, and it spreads amongst the

spectators who add their applause to the general din, in the midst of which the music of the orchestra sounds faint and far away.

Those who do not dance are expected to patronize the *Café* more liberally than those who do. There is no admission fee demanded of women. Any member of the fair sex who is respectably dressed can enter here unquestioned, the proprietor shrewdly reckoning that at least two men will follow each woman to the place. Young girls come here in great numbers. Some of them have not yet fallen into sin, but in a little while they will date their sad careers from the *Jardin Bullier*, for no woman can come here often and remain pure. The temptation which the place offers is increased by the free admittance. If a girl can provide herself with a neat, though plain, dress, and can slip away from home without being discovered, she is very apt to find her way to the *Closerie*, and from there to a worse place, so that it may be said with truth that this garden has done as much to destroy morality amongst the women of the Latin Quarter as has been accomplished by the loose ideas and looser habits of the students. To charge a single franc admission, would keep many a woman away, so Monsieur Bullier opens his doors to the fair sex, and offers a free entrance to the road to ruin to all who will seek it in his garden.

IX.

THE DEMI-MONDE.

You cannot go into any public place in Paris without meeting one or more women that you will recognize at a glance as belonging to the class known in French society and fiction as the *Demi-Monde*. You find them at the theatres, in the concert halls, in the Cafés, on the Boulevards, in the Champs Elysées, and at Longchamp they have almost driven respectable women from the ground. Before you have been in the city a week, you will be convinced that these women are very numerous, but you will hardly be prepared for the official statement which estimates their number at thirty-five thousand.

Prostitution being legalized by the French Code, women who resort to it as a means of support are required to report themselves to the police, in order to have their names inscribed upon a Register kept for that purpose, and receive a card, which they are obliged to show when required by the police. The number of women so inscribed is five thousand, of which eighteen hundred live in licensed houses of prostitution, and the rest in their own apartments. Besides these are some thirty thousand women, known to the police as "street walkers," who have no cards, being not yet registered. They constitute the majority of the women who throng the Boulevards and Cafés. If detected in plying their trade clandestinely, they are arrested and conveyed to the police headquarters for registration, but considering the openness with which they conduct themselves in public, one cannot resist the conviction that the police are very remiss in their duty

in this respect. All registered women are required to submit to medical inspection once a week, on pain of fine and imprisonment. Those found in need of treatment and those as to whose condition the physician is in doubt, are sent to the hospitals and are not discharged until restored to health. Stringent regulations are also in force in regard to licensed houses. The proprietor is required to furnish the police with the name and age of every woman residing in the house, and must, at any hour of the day or night, afford free access for the police to her premises. The occupants are not allowed to parade the streets in search of company, or to appear at the windows of the house, which must be always covered with blinds outside and heavy curtains inside.

Women rarely seek the Register except as a last resort, or when they are detected and forced to do so by the police; but it occasionally happens that a young girl will come forward voluntarily, and ask to be inscribed, and for no other reason than that such a life suits her fancy better than an honest one.

"We happened to be one day," says the editor of a Paris newspaper, "in one of the bureaus of the Prefecture of Police, when a young girl presented herself, and without any hesitation, asked to be inscribed on the Register of abandoned women.

"The Inspector, regarding her with compassion, said:

"'My poor child, you are very young to take to such an infamous life. Have you reflected on the consequences?'

"'Yes, Monsieur, I have; but I must have a *position*.'

"'Position! why not work?'

"'I've never been taught anything. I've run away from home because my father beat me, and now I'm on the *pavé*!'

"'You look strong. Couldn't you go to service?'

"She drew herself up suddenly as if she had been stung.

"'Service!' she said. 'None of my family have ever come to that, and I'm sure I never will!'

"She was immovable, and the Inspector was forced to enroll her amongst the lost."

"This inscription of women who would devote themselves to the regular exercise of debauchery," says Alfred Delvau—"this inscription in the mysterious Register that no profane eye has ever peeped into—once done, is irrevocable. Even when she has amended her ways, the mark of infamy always remains in the implacable Register.

"With this Register, none except the chief officers of justice can have communication. The administration is inflexible in this respect. Often, on the eve of a marriage, tormented by a horrible doubt, resulting from an anonymous letter, the future husband goes to the Bureau of public morality, demanding, in the name of honor, the truth relative to his future bride; in the name of honor they refuse to enlighten him. But, as they do not wish that an honest man should be deceived, they send for the girl privately, and endeavor to persuade her to break off the intended union."

These women are scattered all over the city, but a sufficient number of them occupy the Quartier Breda to give it a not very enviable notoriety. The parish church of this quarter is that of *Notre Dame de Lorette.* Some years ago, this led a facetious novelist to apply the term "Lorette" to the women of the town, and the term has clung to them ever since, but at present bids fair to be superseded by that of *Cocotte.*

Of the causes of the immense spread of immorality of this kind, I am unable to speak; but it seems to me that almost every feature of French society is favorable to its increase. A large majority of the Lorettes come from the poorer classes. They begin as the mistresses of students, clerks, or workmen, and some gradually "rise," as they term it, in their infamous profession. The police authorities tell you that a number of them deliberately adopt this mode of life in order to gratify their taste for luxury and display. Many enter upon it because of bad treatment at home, and many are led astray by scoundrels. Yet, when one considers the absolute absence of moral principle amongst a large portion of the people of Paris, the wonder is that the number of lost women is not greater. Young girls of the poorer classes find that marriage

is not popular amongst their acquaintance, and perhaps see their own parents living in open adultery, and they not unnaturally learn to set a low price upon their virtue. Another cause given by the police, is the huddling of families together in a single room. We have experienced some of the bad effects of this evil in the tenement houses of our own city of New York, and can readily imagine the extent of the bad effects of the system in a city like Paris. Indeed, one accustomed to the ideas and habits of our own country, will be astonished at the utter absence of decency amongst the working classes of Paris. You will hear conversations between husband and wife, in the presence of their daughters, that are only fit for a brothel. This being the condition of the society in which the poor girl is brought up, is it strange that she enters upon that most dangerous portion of her life, without the means of resisting the temptations which lie in her pathway? She finds her own lot very hard, and is told that she can procure an amelioration of it by what she has been raised to regard as a very slight sacrifice, which must be made some day. She desires ease and finery rather than labor and poverty, and she lends a willing ear to the tale of the destroyer.

Women of this class formerly furnished the material from which the grisettes were drawn, but the grisette is no longer one of the "institutions" of Paris. She was a creature of simple habits, who was satisfied with one lover at a time She devoted herself to him more heartily than most French wives do to their husbands, and lived but for him and in his society. She worked hard to provide herself with funds to contribute to their little store, and the bond that united them was, for the time, at all events, an earnest attachment to each other. The feeling was usually temporary on the part of the student, but often permanent on the part of the poor grisette, who, when abandoned by her lover, too often, in the old times, broke her heart or jumped into the Seine. Now the case is different. The women have learned a taste for luxury, and have found that it is more profitable in a pecuniary point of view to have a dozen lovers than a single one. The day

of broken hearts is over with them; when deserted by a lover they seek another, and give the preference to him who has the longest purse. Even the students have changed. "Many have been driven, by the ridicule that attaches to vulgar mistresses who cannot spell, who speak bad grammar and have rough hands, not into the society of virtuous women or women of the world, but into that of the Lorettes, who are really the most corrupted of their old friends, more dashingly dressed, and therefore more greedy of money and presents, which were not thought of before, and altogether a less agreeable and more demoralizing society."

Suicides are still frequent amongst this class of the Demi-Monde, but they are not for love. Most women when discarded by their protectors go to the streets with a recklessness which bodes them no good, but others, after having enjoyed a little luxury and happiness prefer the Seine to the chances of picking up a living in this way. But, as a general rule, the frail creatures have but little difficulty in changing from the grisette into the Lorette. A writer referring to this says: "When the grisette was popular, no young man would consent to be without his Mimie or his Rigolette; and now that the Lorette has come into favor, there is an increasing demand for that sort of thing, of all qualities and prices. On this rock the work-girls split; and this is the cause why they are less pure, if I may be allowed to use that word, than formerly. A real Lorette is a gulf that swallows up fortunes. The students, therefore, have, in many cases, tried to train their humble companions, whom they loved of yore, with their red hands, rosy faces, plain caps, and simple gowns, to imitate the Aspasias of the Rue de Breda. They begin to think it vulgar to listen to vows of constancy uttered in bad French, and to receive *billets doux* which only love can decipher. Genteel immorality has become the fashion. This is the reason why, to a certain extent, the grisette, under her simple aspect, has disappeared. All free girls are forced to try and emulate the fine lady, under pain, if they do not succeed, of losing their admirers. It is not difficult to persuade

them to this; for one of the essential qualities of the Lorette, the *c—— comme il faut*— is to be dazzlingly, voluptuously, miraculously dressed; and many poor things fancy they are quite naughty enough to be amiable, if they can only emulate the toilettes that have driven nearly all nominally modest women from Longchamp."*

I have used the term "lost" in speaking of these women, but in Paris I should be laughed at for it, for the French do not regard a woman as "lost" until she has sunk into the gutter. A woman who commits a fault in society is simply "imprudent," or, at the most, "unfortunate." People shrug their shoulders and laugh; such things will happen, and will probably happen again before the woman is many years older. As for the Lorettes, they are not only tolerated, but are absolutely popular. That many of them are handsome and graceful, and that the most of them are more refined and modest in their deportment than the same class of any other nation, cannot be denied; they are lively and brilliant, also, and occasionally are generous. As a rule, however, they are calculating and mercenary; they are merciless in their extortions, and ask no better sport than to ruin the men who are foolish enough to become entangled in their snares. The ideal Lorette of the *Dame aux Camelias* type does not exist. The real Lorette is very different from the charming heroine M. Dumas has depicted.

Of the thirty-five thousand abandoned women of Paris, but a few are raised above the chances of want. Do not be deceived by the splendid toilettes and the profusion of jewelry. They may be hired for the occasion. Not long since a magnificently dressed creature was thrown from her carriage in the Champs Elysées and terribly injured. The by-standers at once ran to her assistance, a cab was called, and the unfortunate woman placed in it. A gentleman who had been prominent in rendering assistance, lifted his hat politely, and asked,

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* *Purple Tints of Paris.* By Bayle St. John.

"To what place will Madame direct the driver?"

A cloud of sorrow swept over her face, and she replied bitterly:

"To the hospital. I have no home."

Poor creature! she had scarcely enough to pay her carriage fare.

A few of these women, however, live in magnificent style. You will see them at the races and other public places in their gorgeous equipages, and often in company with the proudest gentlemen in the land. They are gorgeously arrayed, and are the merriest and most brilliant women present. Some of them are possessed of considerable wealth, and while plying their infamous trade as steadily as the commonest street-walker, utterly repudiate the title of Lorette. Of this class is Madame P——, who occupies a magnificent house in the Avenue des Champs Elysées, and who is famous for her good dinners. A letter from Paris thus describes a recent entertainment at her house. "Including herself there were eight persons at table. The dining-room was lighted with eight hundred rose wax candles. Dinner was served by sixteen servants in livery. No house in the Avenue des Champs Elysées cost as much as hers. The steps of the stairs are of malachite, and the doors and chimney pieces of her drawing-room are made of the same costly material. The meanest window of the house has curtains which cost one hundred dollars. All her fruit, vegetables, milk, butter, come from her estate, Château de Pontchartrain, which she purchased, paying three hundred thousand dollars cash for it. There she has orangeries, pineries, grape-houses, and forcing-houses, which supply her with fruit and forced vegetables. Her dairy, garden, and stables are managed by English servants; her linen by Dutch servants; she has in her kitchen a German for her confectionery, an Italian for her ices. Every day she is in Paris a van drawn by four horses brings from the farm what she desires for the kitchen, and flowers for the house. She refuses to allow Lorettes to visit her. Mlle. Rachel and Mme. Roger de Beauvoir were her friends; you

know their reputation. Of course, no respectable woman sets foot in her house; but there are men for whom a good dinner has irresistible charms, and who are inquisitive about her in all her phases, who go to see her, and accept her invitations to dinner. She gives a dinner weekly from November 15th, to the 15th of May."

It has become the fashion for men of position to spend much of their time and substance upon these women, who as a rule are cold and heartless creatures, but capable of a good action now and then. Men leave their wives and children at home, and appear in public with these women. Go to Longchamp, and you will see a Duke leave his seat by the side of one of these modern Phrynes, and with the utmost coolness approach and salute a lady of his acquaintance and rank. His conversation with her ended, he saunters back to the side of his frail companion, and society laughs at his impudence, but does not resent it. Women see their husbands thus drawn away from them, and wonder what can be the nature of this subtle influence against which they are so powerless.

"It has often been remarked, that when some celebrated Lorette announces the sale of her furniture—an event that may signify either a rise or fall in position—a great number of women of the world always hasten to 'view the premises,' under pretence of a desire to purchase, but really in order to penetrate once, at least, into what their imaginations have represented to them as something mysterious, marvellous, and dangerous. To a large class of French married women the routine of ordinary life, the round of daily duties unsanctified by affection, and scarcely inspired by duty, becomes early distasteful; and the very fact that men who can mix in the most amiable and brilliant circles, and who have beautiful wives of their own, often seek the society of the Phrynes of the Quartier Breda, suggests the opinion—not unfounded—that these beings have some secret power of fascination irrespective of personal charms. Ladies would give the world to possess it. This accounts for the curiosity which all women

who dare to speak the truth express to know the details of Lorette life. Some, more venturesome than others, though rather virtuous than the contrary, allowing themselves only one lover at a time, have sought for interviews with the most famous of their rivals, imagining that they could learn the art of seduction from them as from professors. Vain hope! They will always be defeated if they fight with borrowed weapons. But in every country, if women would devote a little more of their time to developing their companionable qualities, and, forgetting those which they have been forced to acquire in order to lure us, foolish youths, into matrimony —if they would read more and play less, speak better, sing no German or Italian, leave anti-macassars to manufacturers, who can make them as well and cheaper; and, if they must work, occupy themselves in household duties—if they would do all this, in as far as it suited their husbands' tastes, they would not need to enter into vain competition with Lorettes or Opera-dancers. However, after all, the men are, perhaps, as much to blame as they."*

The true Lorette takes care to retain her influence over her victims as long as possible. She drains money from them in the most reckless manner, and sends many a man to ruin. She has no heart, and when she can no longer make use of a lover, she turns him into the street, and is careless as to whether he blows out his brains or not. As long as he has money she is all smiles and tenderness; but when his purse is exhausted she cuts his acquaintance without compunction, and will not give him so much as the price of a cup of coffee. A few Lorettes save their money, and have provided themselves with snug fortunes, but the majority squander their wealth as fast as it flows in.

The public attentions which these women receive from the gentlemen of Paris, embolden them to all sorts of impudent tricks. They will decorate their carriages with the arms of the proudest families in France, and when one is asked how

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* *Purple Tints of Paris.*

she dares do so, she will reply with an impudent laugh, that Monsieur the Count of P——, or Monsieur the Duke of X——, as the case may be, is more devoted to her, and more attentive to her before all the world, than to his lawful wife, and that therefore she claims his arms as her own, as well as his heart. At a recent ball, one of the most notorious Lorettes present wore a gold necklace composed of medallions, each one of which represented a different coat of arms, none belonging to any noble of lower rank than marquis. Another upon a recent occasion made a bet with a wild young Duke that she would secure a recognition from the Empress Eugénie. A day or two after this, while the Empress was riding in the Bois, this woman, splendidly dressed, placed herself on the route of the Imperial carriage, and bowed most respectfully as the Empress passed by. Her Majesty looked at her for a moment, and then supposing her to be a strange lady of rank, returned the salutation very graciously. Of course the woman won her bet, but the joke was too good to keep. The Duke with whom the wager was laid, was a relative of the Empress, by marriage, and relished the affair too keenly to keep it quiet. Accordingly it came to the ears of her Majesty, and the "fair stranger" received a polite note from the Prefect of Police, ordering her to quit Paris within twenty-four hours.

A stranger is astonished to see how regularly many of these women conform to the outward forms of religion. They attend mass quite regularly, though the confessional is not so popular with them. Père Hyacinthe was quite a favorite with them, in spite of his denunciations of them, and they went in considerable numbers to hear him at Notre Dame. The first intimation the great preacher had of this was one day at Notre Dame, during a course of sermons against the follies and dissipations of the age. He had scarcely begun preaching, when to his horror and the disgust of the good women who composed his audience, Cora Pearl, the most notorious of all the Lorettes of Paris, entered the Cathedral, gorgeously dressed, and sailing up the nave, seated herself

in one of the most conspicuous chairs, and right under Père Hyacinthe's nose. For the first time in his life, the great orator was scarcely able to find words for his thoughts. The impudence of the gay creature took him entirely by surprise, and for awhile bewildered him. That evening all Paris was laughing at the affair.

I find in the correspondence of a New York journal, the following pen and ink sketch of Cora Pearl, which the reader may take for what it is worth:

"An hour after I had found Blivins, and before nine o'clock of that evening we were both dashing through the asphalt streets in a voiture de remise to find Cora Pearl. After some swift riding we found ourselves before the doorway of a handsome building in the Rue du Chasuse d'Antin. At the portal a light was burning, and as we descended and knocked, a porter, in a puce velvet coat, admitted us into a a wide hall-way, on both sides of which statues of Greek divinities stood.

"There was a warm sensuousness in the hall-way, and a brilliant stream of light flooded the back part of the building, which Blivins and I could see from where we stood awaiting the pleasure of the gayest woman in Paris. After waiting a few minutes, another flunky descended, whose coat was a marvel of red velvet and golden embroidery. He had flesh-colored tights, such as I believe his mistress once wore when performing as an actress, or ritualistic ballet-girl, in the 'Folies Dramatique.'

"'I have given your cartes, gentlemen, to "The Mademoiselle," and she will reward you with an audience as soon as she has concluded her interview with the Comte de P——.' In a moment the Comte passed out—a handsome, gentlemanly fellow, wearing one of those frightfully high tiles which are affected by the wild young men of Paris. Up the stairs we went following the flunky with the burlesque legs. We waited in an ante-room for a few minutes while the crimson individual went in to announce us, stating before he went in, 'that it was customary for Mademoiselle to dress

very often during the day, and that she was now engaged in finishing her sixth toilette.' The anté-room was a large one, and well furnished. Pictures hung around and above us, and the ceiling was frescoed with an allegorical picture representing Jupiter and Leda. The servant admitted us to the boudoir and we were received by the lady of the mansion, who did not rise, but sat reclining, with her head against an ottoman, on a splendid tiger-skin which was edged round with gold fringe. She motioned Blivins to a seat, greeting him warmly and with what I thought was an over-studied courtesy. She conversed a few moments with my friend, in French, and while she talked I had time to look about me.

"The *salon* was about sixty feet long by thirty wide, and the ceiling was probably fifteen feet from the velvet carpet. Velvet decorated the walls, hanging in crimson folds somewhat like the arras hangings that I had seen in some of the mildewed *chateaux* of the French nobles. There was in the front of the *salon* an immense mirror framed in gold, and inside of the golden frame was a sub-frame of crimson velvet. The lounges, chairs, ottomans, and buffets were trimmed with velvet of the same warm color. The carpet on the floor was a Gobelin, in which was worked a pictured design of the port of Marseilles, at a cost of ten thousand francs. There were richly carved statues of Parian, bronzes, antique and richly-painted vases, shells standing on golden tripods, caricatures of dogs' heads, tigers' heads, and the bodies of serpents, with their glistening eyes—all of which articles had more or less of the precious metals in their composition. Pictures of Diana of Poictiers, Margaret de Valois, Theroigne de Mericourt, Charlotte Corday, Lady Jane Grey, Anna Boleyn, Louise de Valliere, the Maid of Saragossa standing by the cannon's mouth in the breach of a Spanish walled-town, and a supposed mistress of John Wilkes Booth, of whom I had never before heard. These were all done in oil, well painted, and magnificently framed. The place of honor, however, was reserved for Ninon de Lenclos, the mistress of one of the Bourbon kings. This picture was a beautiful work of art,

and represented the beauty of the old French Court, reclining opposite a mirror. There was a small figure piece by Meissonier, and a statue of Minerva of pure marble, from whose spear head depended a small but richly chased gas-chandelier of six burners that spread a flood of light all over the *salon*. A quarter of a million of francs would not have purchased the furniture, carpets, statues, paintings, and ornaments in this gorgeous *salon*, to say nothing of the diamonds which covered the neck and arms of the beautiful but frail mistress of the mansion.

"And now for Cora herself. This distinguished personage, as she lounged on the tiger-skin, looked to me a little above the medium height of women; her hair, of a rich, silky brown, full and lustrous, was looped in coils at the top of the back of her head, *a la Grecque*, and was trimmed with small red flowers. From her ears were pendant long, oval, diamond ear-rings, and on her snowy neck was hung a necklace of pearl shells interwoven with diamonds, worth a monarch's ransom. Her arms were bare and rounded, and her shoulders *decollette*. She was attired in a loosely flowing robe of pink velvet—the only thing pink I saw in the apartment—and at her waist was a plain thin *cienture* of gold. She wore her dress without hoops, which allowed the folds of her costly robe to fall over her shapely limbs in studied yet artistic confusion. On the different fingers of both hands were rings of topaz, sapphire, ruby, emerald, amethyst, and opal, fastened by gold keepers. She had crimson slippers, embroidered in gold, and in her right hand she waved to and fro, lazily, a fan of costly feathers. The woman herself was a magnificent animal to look at, with a spice of the tiger shining out of her clear, lustrous eyes. The neck was well poised and finely cut, as were the face and shoulders. The mouth was large and full of good, white, regular teeth, which she displayed often during the conversation to advantage. The nose was irregular, pert, and snubbish, and the chin like the cone of a ripe peach. Something there was brazen in this woman's face, despite the magnificence reigning in the apartment.

Her voice was loud, sharp, and her gestures unladylike, though she endeavored to atone for these defects by a studied ease which occasionally lapsed into a masculine freedom. She was continually showing her rings, her fan, and her slippers impatiently, and careless of the little prudential details that go to make up the manner of a virtuous woman.

"'Allow me,' said Blivins, 'to introduce to you, Mademoiselle Cora Pearl, the correspondent of the New York *World*, who wishes to have the distinguished honor of a few moments' conversation with you.'

"This was said in a chaffy, free sort of a way, which the Princess of the Demi-Monde seemed rather to like.

"'And you are from America,' said she, in English, with a slight mixture of Putney and the Faubourgs. 'I love Americans. They are so generous, so noble, and so *spirituel*. Their natures are not gross, and they always have plenty of money. I have met many Americans. I have here a piece of your noble star-spangled-banner, which I revere as a relic given me by a gallant American *gentilhomme*.'

"The conversation continued for some minutes, Blivins occasionally joining in, and venturing remarks about unpleasant bodies, clavicles, thoraxes, and like cheerful subjects.

"'Blivins,' said she, 'please do get rid of the shop when you bring a friend to visit me. I can't a-bear your slang talk.'

"'Are you fond of poetry, Mr. Correspondent?' said Cora to the writer.

"'I am,' said I.

"'I do adore poetry,' said she. 'I am so precious fond of Mr. Swinburne.'

"'Yes, she was always fond of Algy,' said the reckless sawbones, plunging in.

"'*Do* stop your slang, Blivins,' said the Cockney *Lorette*. 'I have read all of Swinburne's poems, and I do think he is delightful. Oh, I do think his "Laws Veneris" *are* beautiful. He uses sich chice langwidge. But he will drink such a

precious lot. However, there is no harm in him. I'm very fond of Byron, too. What a horrid nasty beast of a woman that Harriet Beecher Stowe is; and poor Byron was such a duck of a man, such a love of a creature. I think it was a shame for her to write that nasty thing of him after he was dead. I have a copy of his poetry which was presented to me by the Prince of Wales. The Prince of Wales never comes to see me any more. He is a nice fellow, is the Prince if he would only pay his debts; but he won't do that.'

"Here this fascinating young lady walked across the carpet to a small gilt table stand, supported by a tripod, and from it took a handsome volume, bound in ivory and gold, with richly bevelled edges, and going to the tiger-skin again, threw herself upon its surface. After having modestly disposed her skirts, she read as follows:

'Thrones, worlds, et cetra, are so oft upset
By commonest ambition, that, when passion
O'erthrows the same, we readily forget,
Or at the least forgive, the loving rash one.
If Anthony be well remembered yet,
'Tis not his conquests keep his name in fashion;
But Actium, lost for Cleopatra's eyes,
Outbalances all Cæsar's victories.

'He died at fifty, for a queen of forty—
I wish their years had been fifteen and twenty;
For them wealth, kingdoms, worlds are but a sport—I
Remember when, though I had no great plenty
Of worlds to lose, yet still, to pay my court, I
Gave what I had—a heart; as the world went, I
Gave what was worth a world; for worlds could never
Restore me those pure feelings, gone forever.'

"'How sweet that is! His description of love is exquisite, isn't it, Blivins?' said Cora to the sawbones.

"'Oh, it's heavenly, I think,' said Blivins.

"'And how well he finishes,' said Cora, reading.

'"Twas the boy's "mite," and, like the "widows," may
Perhaps be weigh'd hereafter, if not now;
But whether such things do or do not weigh,
All who have loved, or love, will still allow
Life has nought like it. God is love, they say,
And Love's a god, or was before the brow
Of earth was wrinkled by the sins and tears
Of—but Chronology best knows the years.'

"Cora threw the book aside and lay wrapt for a few minutes. Her reverie was broken by Blivins, who, having no poetical afflatus, said abruptly:

"'Might I ask you, Mademoiselle, to favor us with a small drink?'

"'Certainly,' said Cora, 'call my Nubian, Bourbaki.'

"Blivins rang a bell, and as if by magic a huge African, in blue baggy trousers and blue turban, entered the room. He was a magnificent fellow, over six feet high, but seemed docile as a child. Cora gave her orders to him in French; he salaamed and disappeared for a moment, and when he reappeared he bore a richly chased silver salver, with two long-necked bottles covered with dust, and the slender-necked Venetian glasses.

"'You have there, gentlemen,' said the mistress of the house, 'Hungarian Tokay and our own dear Cliquot, of which I am very fond.' She helped herself to a glass of Cliquot, and the Nubian passed the Tokay flask to Blivins, who drained the long-necked glass to the bottom. I did not drink. After enjoying the frail lady's hospitality for a few minutes further, we rose to go, but before allowing us to depart, she said:

"'Gentlemen, I don't know whether you are fond of music or not, but if you will permit me I will play you something. Many of my friends are not musical, but whenever Prince Poniatowski comes here, he compels me to play. All his friends are musical. I never allow low people to visit me. I hate them. My friends are the Colloredos, Esterhazys, Brunswicks, Metternichs, Hamiltons, Colomas, and Montmorencis.

They couldn't a-bear low people, and neither could I. I will give you a waltz that I love.'

"Saying this, she sat down and rattled off a lively waltz, after which she rose from the melodeon and, standing at her full height, made a stately courtesy to us, throwing her skirt all over the carpet; and, taking our leave, that was the last I saw of Cora Pearl. Her wild escapades and mad frolics, her extravagance, love of diamonds and horses, and the treachery and hard-heartedness for which she is famous in Paris, need not be detailed here by me, and, in fact, I would not have mentioned her at all but for the fact that she is an English girl born and bred, a Cockney of the purest kind, and a demon at heart, despite all her seeming gayety and recklessness. The man in the red velvet coat and flesh-colored stockings opened the door for us, and we passed out." *

* Correspondence of the New York *World*.

X.

THE CHIFFONNIERS.

THE French Government, finding that it cannot prevent misery, undertakes to regulate it, and for this reason has made the business of picking up rags and rubbish in the streets a regular profession. Persons who follow it are called *Chiffonniers.* It is said that there are several thousand chiffonniers in Paris, including persons of both sexes, from children ten or twelve years old to men and women of seventy or eighty. Some of these have been persons of refinement and education, who have been brought so low by folly and dissipation, others are broken down Lorettes, and others still are the children of chiffonniers. They constitute a distinct class, and live chiefly in a miserable section of the city near the old *Barrière des Deux Moulins.* They are subject to stringent police regulations, but amongst themselves are governed by their own laws, and are ruled over by a king of their own choice. Not long since the "King of the Rag-Pickers" died, and was honored by his subjects with a public funeral. An English journal thus describes the deceased monarch:

"A great man has just died in Paris—Père l'Epingle. In Paris, far more than in London, there are private persons who by force of character become in a manner public. They are known to everybody; anecdotes about them are current; and there are constant references to them in the public prints. Père l'Epingle was one of these—the king of the rag-pickers, who has just died, in orthodox phrase, much regetted. The rag-pickers are a band of individuals peculiar to the French metropolis who appear at dusk with baskets on their backs,

hook, stick, and lantern in hand, to see what paper, rags, bones, and unconsidered trifles may be picked up in the streets. They are a large body, strictly under the supervision of the police, for even in this humble trade a license is necessary. On the breast of each rag-picker may be observed a brass number, by which the public recognize that the wearer has been duly authorized. The rag and bone trade has always been known as profitable, and some rag-pickers rise to considerable wealth. When their king expired, therefore, this important section of Parisian society was able to make an adequate demonstration of honor to his memory. No less than twelve hundred of them turned out to follow the hearse of Père l'Epingle. Whence the monarch came, however, and who he was, no one seems to know. Perhaps Marshal Canrobert, to whom he was secretary many years ago in Africa, may be able to tell. At least, Père l'Epingle, when hard pressed, has been heard to give this clue to his antecedents. Under his bed was found a packet of papers with this inscription—'To be burnt after my death.' Round his neck was a medallion enclosing a miniature portrait of Rachel. Often, when any of the inhabitants of his quarter, called the Isle of Monkeys, was in trouble, Père l'Epingle would disappear for several hours, sometimes days, but he never came back without money wherewith to relieve the afflicted. This much for Père l'Epingle's private life. His political life was exemplary. He was really king over his territory, and his subjects adored their monarch. He signed their treaties, settled their quarrels, and judged their delinquencies. He congregated his people around him, and lodging in the same neighborhood they afforded each other mutual protection. All thieves were immediately forced to leave—banished for life from the vicinity. Woe to them if they attempted to return. But the kingdom of Père l'Epingle was far too honest for the frequent incursion of thieves. Besides being monarch, Père l'Epingle was also doctor. He manufactured his own medicines, which he gave to his people gratis. He also undertook the duties of Minister of Instruction. He kept a

library, lent his books, taught children to read and write, all gratuitously. Finally, like a wise ruler, Père l'Epingle, dying, chose a successor, whose name is Philipe le Rebouteur —Philip the Bonesetter."

In entering upon the duties of his profession, the chiffonnier is required by the municipal law to procure a license, for which a small sum is demanded. He is also furnished with a brass medal engraved with his number. Persons who have been convicted of crimes cannot obtain a license, and it is said that the chiffonniers as a rule are exceedingly honest, and give very little trouble to the authorities.

The outfit of a chiffonnier consists of a wicker basket, holding about a couple of bushels, which is strapped to his back, a lantern attached to a piece of wire long enough to enable him to carry it close to the ground, and a stick about a yard long, with a hook on the end of it. Thus equipped, the rag-picker starts out on his rounds.

The residents of the city have no dust bins attached to their houses, but are required to empty their rubbish and kitchen offal in heaps, in the street before their doors, between dark and daylight. This is generally done before nine o'clock, and at ten o'clock the chiffonniers sally out for their first round. Holding the lantern in the left hand and the stick in the right, they pass rapidly and silently along the streets, darting here and there, pausing at each dust heap to overturn and ransack it. This search is made with the stick, and as fast as an article is discovered, it is jerked up with the hook, and slung over the shoulder into the basket. If you accost them they will not pause from their work, but will continue their search while conversing with you, with their eyes bent on the ground, and their bodies in a half-stooping position. Long practice has made them perfect, and you may be sure that nothing on the street will escape their searching gaze. Lost articles almost invariably find their way to them. They are required by the law to convey everything of a definite value to the nearest Commissary of Police. If the chiffonnier fails to do so, he is liable to be punished for

theft. The Commissary gives him a receipt for the article, and registers his name and address. The article is then sent to the Prefecture of Police, where it is held for identification by the owner for a year and a day. Every week a list of the articles thus found is published in the official journal. The owner upon recovering his property may reward the finder if he sees fit, but if an article is unclaimed at the expiration of the time stated above, it is returned to the finder upon presentation of his receipt.

Could you examine the contents of the chiffonnier's *panier* or basket, you would find a queer collection of rubbish—old rags, bottles, pieces of metal, bones, sometimes with a little meat clinging to them, old shoes, bits of leather, broken glass, pieces of paper, the backs of books, cigar stumps, lumps of tobacco which have been thrown away by some "chewer" of the weed—perhaps an American—decayed vegetables and fruits, in short, rubbish of all kinds upon which you would find it hard to set a value, but for which the rag-picker will find a market before morning. Both women and men smoke. They provide tobacco for their pipes from the cigar stumps they pick up in the streets, and what they do not need of this article for their own use, they sell to tobacconists who make it into cigarettes.

They are ragged and filthy as a rule, bloated and bleareyed, and the women are simply hideous. Yet, although so squalid and wretched looking, they are satisfied with their lot. They manage to pick up a living, and do not regard their mode of life as "work." They go out when they please, and spend as much time in idleness as they like. They are thoroughly independent, too, and if you offer one a piece of money, he will probably draw himself up with all the haughtiness he can command, and tell you he is not a beggar. Make friends of one of them, and induce him to introduce you to his quarter, and you will see a settlement in the heart of this great city, which will make the splendors of the Boulevards seem odd to you when you come back to them.

About an hour after midnight the chiffonniers, having

finished their first round, usually repair to some of the wretched wine shops in the vicinity of the *Halles Centrales*, where they pass the remainder of the night in imbibing a fearful beverage to which they have given the name of *Casse poitrine*. Towards daylight they start out on another round, unless too drunk to leave the wine shop, and upon finishing this, carry their wares to the shops of the *chiffonniers en gros*, who are simply the wholesale rag merchants of the Rag-Pickers' Quarter. These shops are sometimes very large establishments, and resemble our junk shops very much. They are fearfully dirty, and the atmosphere is so foul that one unaccustomed to it cannot breathe it. A large force of workers, men and women too old to do anything else, called Trilleurs, is employed here in separating and assorting the rubbish brought in.

The majority of the chiffonniers are between the ages of seventeen and thirty-five years, and sometimes whole families are engaged in this avocation. They live in dark, dirty cellars where the pure sunlight and fresh air are unknown, and where the very atmosphere is poisoned with the filth of the streets that clings to them. They are huddled together in the closest quarters, without regard to age or sex, and as a consequence are not the most moral portion of the population of Paris. They pay three sous for a lodging, and five sous for a meal in the cook-shops of their quarter. It is a wretched mode of life, and one that you may well thank Heaven is not yours; but wretched as it is, these people seem to like it. Indeed, there is an irresistible fascination for the Parisian in vagrancy of any kind. Your chiffonnier would not change places with the most fortunate workman in the city. He takes pleasure in the thought that neither he not any of his family have ever been forced to *work* for a living. True, his lot is hard, and without any chance of being better; but he is a philosopher—and—anything is preferable to regular systematic work.

Besides the chiffonnier there is a night wanderer, whom I may call the Interloper, who occupies a grade below the

regular chiffonnier. He has no license, and is unknown to the police. He steals out cautiously into the street with a bag on his back, and keeping close in the shadow of the walls, follows in the track of the chiffonnier, and picks up what that worthy does not consider of sufficient value to entitle it to a place in his basket, and it is the pieces of bread and decayed food thus procured, which furnish him with many of his meals. The regular chiffonniers regard these people with great jealousy and distrust, and rarely miss an opportunity to denounce them to the police.

The lowest of all in the social scale is the *Ravageur*. This poor wretch spends his time, when the river is low, in hunting along the shore for nails, and bits of iron and other metals, finding often spoons, knives and forks in this way. You will see him digging up the river mud in pans, and carefully washing it in the hope of finding something which he can sell for a sou or two. There are so many miserable ones, so many without hope in the beautiful city!

Street Scene during the Carnival.

XI.

THE CARNIVAL.

In all Roman Catholic countries, the season of Lent is observed with great rigidness, and as a preparation for it, the people set aside the week immediately preceding it, and devote it to all kinds of dissipation and excess. This season is called the Carnival, and is marked by a number of sports peculiar to it, the principal of which are the masked balls which take place in various parts of the city, the most important being the masked balls of the Grand Opéra, which are given on each Saturday night of the Carnival season. They commence about the middle of December, and continue until *Mardi Gras*, the day before Ash Wednesday. Tickets may be procured either at the box-office of the Opéra, or at the place where you hire your costume. The balls begin at midnight and close at five o'clock, A. M. They are the choicest pleasures known to the Parisian. In whatever dissipation he may engage during the rest of the year, he always remembers the *Bal de l'Opéra*, and takes care to save as much of his energies as possible for the most vigorous enjoyment of these revels.

I shrink from attempting to describe the Opéra ball. No language can do it justice, and those who once witness it never forget it. The immense auditorium is handsomely decorated, and is a blaze of light. The pit is floored over on a level with the stage, which is arranged so as to afford the most ample accommodations to the dancers. At the back of the stage an elevated gallery contains the wonderful orchestra of Johann Straus.

The streets leading to the Opéra are thronged with those who will never see the inside of the building, watching the maskers as they arrive. Everybody is alive with merriment, and the night air is jubilant with laughter and happy voices. As soon as the doors are opened the crowd pours in, and by the time the music for the first dance begins, the hall is thronged. All is gayety here, and the noise and shouts of the maskers almost drown the music of the orchestra. The floor is filled with a confused crowd, dressed in every conceivable costume, and representing almost every personage known to history or romance. It is not necessary to be "in costume" to obtain admittance to the floor. An evening dress and a simple mask will accomplish this; but persons without masks are required to remain in the galleries, which are also open to the maskers.

Everybody goes to the ball, but the better classes take care to preserve their incognito if they appear on the floor. They readily appear in the galleries with or without masks, but to be seen on the floor dancing in such a promiscuous crowd, would subject them to the most unpleasant scandal. Yet they do go there, and they do dance under the impenetrable cover of their masks and disguises. Could you remove all those dominos, and have each separate individual pointed out to you, you would find the prince and the barber hand in hand, and a duchess on the arm of a shop-keeper. More than this—there would be some very unpleasant disclosures of a social character. Monsieur would discover that Madame whom he supposed safe at home and removed from all this dissipation, was the lady who had whispered to him so mysteriously, to follow her; and Madame herself would not be a little terrified to find that the stranger with whom she had passed the last half hour was none other than her own husband. It is no place for respectable women, but they flock to it in disguise, and drain its wicked pleasures to the lees.

"An incident occurred a year or two ago at one of these balls that might have furnished matter for a farce, except for the catastrophe. A married man announced to his wife

that he was suddenly called away into the country—an old worn out trick—and went to the ball with some friend, probably a lady. The wife immediately suspecting what was planning, said nothing; bade him, indeed, an affectionate farewell; and as soon as his back was turned hastened to a dealer in costumes, hired a rose colored domino, and at a due hour went to the Opéra. After some wanderings about and a few flirtations, the disguised lady came upon her husband, who was very warm in his attentions to a companion. However, he does not appear to have been overmuch fascinated; for, seeing an elegant domino following him, with the vanity of his sex he imagined he had made a conquest entirely by his personal attractions, contrived to lose his partner, and eagerly offered his arm to his wife. Possibly she had not accustomed him to the gentle key in which she now spoke. At any rate he did not recognize her, and the courtship went so far that he offered, and she accepted, an invitation to an early breakfast at the Café Foy. No sooner had they reached the little saloon than, with many blandishments, he begged her to unmask; which she imprudently did, before he had touched the elegant meal laid out. Instead of laughing, as in a play, and pretending that he had known her all the while, which certainly she deserved for her ingenuity and her cleverness, the disappointed brute began instantly to abuse her; upon which she reproached him with his extravagance in taking her to so expensive a place, under the supposition that she was 'no better than she should be,'—he who used to grumble at giving her a two-franc dinner on Sundays! The dispute lasted half an hour, after which the unreconciled couple ate the breakfast, 'that it might not be wasted,' and went sulkily home, she with bitter hatred that her joyous freak had ended in so humiliating a manner, and he vowing in his own mind never to forgive her because she had spoiled his pleasure. Animal! He was surprised afterwards when his wife perceived that Monsieur——, the grocer, had amiable qualities!"

Stand in one of the galleries at the side of the house, and

the whole scene is before you. The hall is filled in every part with persons in costume and in evening dress, with masks and without them. In the galleries you see couples standing in retired corners, or sitting far back in the boxes and conversing in low, earnest tones. On the floor a mad throng is whirling around and capering with the most frantic energy. Laughter and loud voices fill the air, the floor trembles beneath the rush of the dancers, and high over all, you hear that magic music of Johann Straus, throbbing and thrilling with a passionate sweetness and overpowering sensuousness which more than explain the intoxication of the revellers. All night long it goes on. The dreamy-eyed master stands in the midst of his band with a far away expression on his face. He sees not the wild throng around him, hears nothing of the clamor which seeks to drown his music, his soul is revelling in the exquisite melodies that follow each wave of his baton.

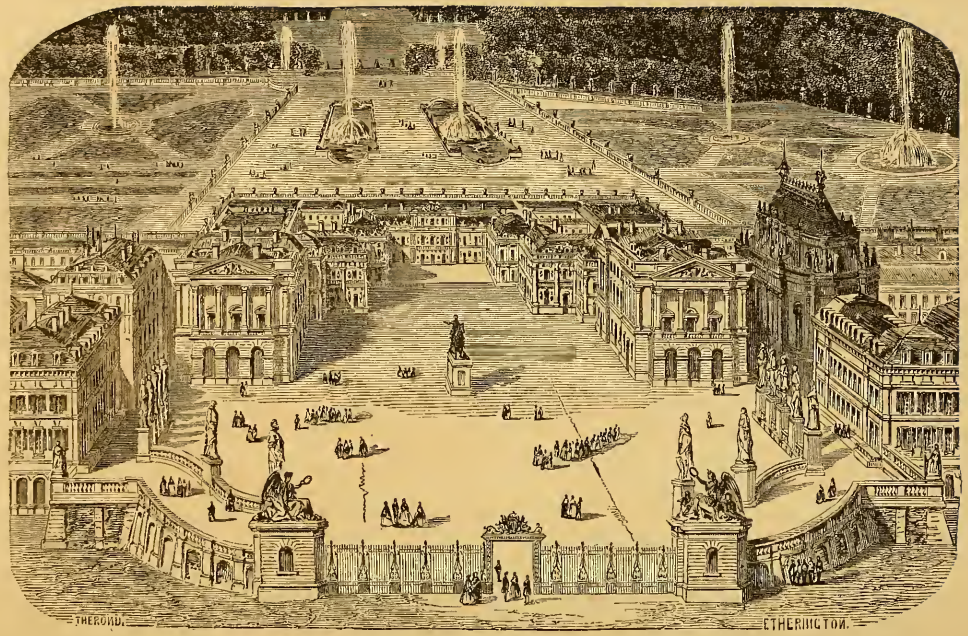
Mingle with the crowd, and listen to the snatches of conversation that greet you as you pass along. Assignations, intrigues begun and continued, are frequently the topics of the discourse you overhear, while on all sides of you the wit and repartee are more pointed than elegant, and oftentimes degenerate into downright ribaldry.

Towards morning the throng becomes thinner. The most aristocratic portion of the audience and the wealthier Lorettes take their departure about four o'clock, but the "crowd" stays behind for the last dance. As the hour for closing the ball arrives, the conductor gives the signal and the Orchestra bursts into the furious *Galop Infernal.* Instantly there is a rush for the floor. People seize each other with a frenzy that bewilders you, and then begins a mad whirl around the hall. Once started nothing can stop it. The dancers seem perfectly delirious with excitement. Many have been dozing in the boxes or galleries, utterly worn out with fatigue, but this devil's dance has put new life into them, and they go round and round in this furious whirl, which grows faster and more furious every moment. The exhausted band-master

presses his aching temples with one hand, while with the other he strives to urge his musicians to greater exertions. It is all in vain. No music, however infernal, could possibly keep pace with such a rout as this. Round and round whirl the frenzied maskers. If one loses his balance and falls, he is sure to be trampled on by those behind, unless he is active enough to regain his footing at once. There is no pause. The dance grows wilder, fiercer, and more infernal, and when at last the music ceases, there is a rush for the doors at the same mad speed, and the crowd pours out of the theatre into the street, and goes leaping, dancing and yelling into the Boulevards, where the keen, fresh air of the Sabbath morning striking icily upon the flushed faces of the revellers, sobers them for a moment, but only for a moment. There are cabs in abundance on the streets, but many of the revellers are still too much under the spell of the wild scene they have just left, to think of riding, and so they go on, on down the broad street towards their distant homes, singing, laughing, and yelling, undisturbed by even the gloomy Sergents de Ville.

PART III.

SIDE SHOWS.



Bird's-eye View of the Palace and Park of Versailles.

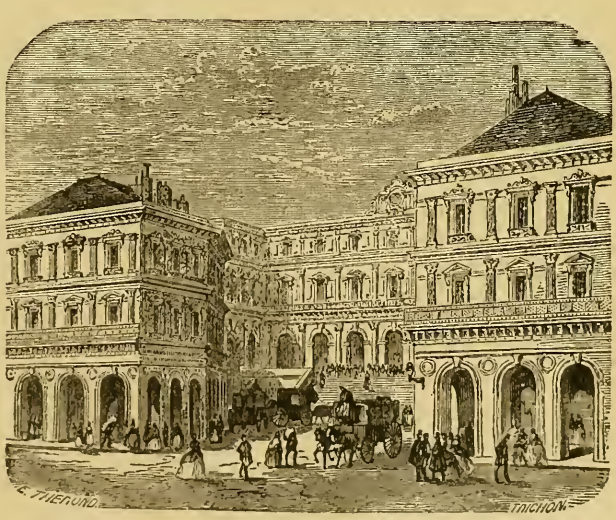
I.

VERSAILLES.

I.

THE PALACE.

EARLY one Sunday morning I found myself in the crowded ante-room of the Western Railway station, awaiting the starting of the train for Versailles. There were a number of



Depot of the Western Railway.

Americans in the throng, but they had bought tickets for the first-class carriages, while my *billet* entitled me merely to a seat amongst the crowd in the second-class coaches. Through

the barred doors opening on the platform, I had caught sight of long rows of carriages, each of which was provided with a number of seats on top. This second story was roofed over and closed at each end, but open at the sides. Long flights of steps at one end of each car, led to the "Imperial" as it is called, and the whole arrangement seemed to me the very perfection of comfort on this warm August day, so that I did not envy my countrymen their seats in their elegant but close compartments. My hopes of enjoyment were fully realized as we whirled out of the station and through the tunnel by which the road emerges from the city. My lofty seat enabled me to survey the whole country on either hand. Paris lay all around me, but we were soon out of it, and were crossing the Seine at Asnieres. The boatmen were getting their little craft ready as we whizzed by them, and the pretty town was thronged with visitors. A train from the west drew up as we reached the station. It was loaded within and without with troops, and to my intense astonishment the merry fellows were chanting the *Marseillaise*—that forbidden, but irresistible hymn—with all their lungs, and as we dashed off they were still engaged in it.

Our route now lay along the left bank of the Seine, and up the stream, through the pretty towns of Courbevoie, Puteaux, Suresnes, and St. Cloud, and along the outskirts of some other places, Sévres amongst the rest. The country was beautiful, and the view magnificent. The city lay in full view for almost the entire distance, with the huge Arch of Triumph seeming to act as the centre of the circle we were describing. An hour's ride brought us to Versailles, a dull, stupid place of about forty-five thousand inhabitants. As you rattle through the streets in the omnibus from the station, you notice that the town is well built, and that the streets are broad and handsome in spite of the sleepy air which pervades everything. The reason is that Versailles is a finished city. During the residence of the Court at the Palace, it attained its present proportions and magnificence, but since Royalty deserted the old Château, it has been neg-

lected. There are a few old houses in the place, famous as having been the residences of the courtiers of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., but apart from these there is little or nothing of interest in the town.

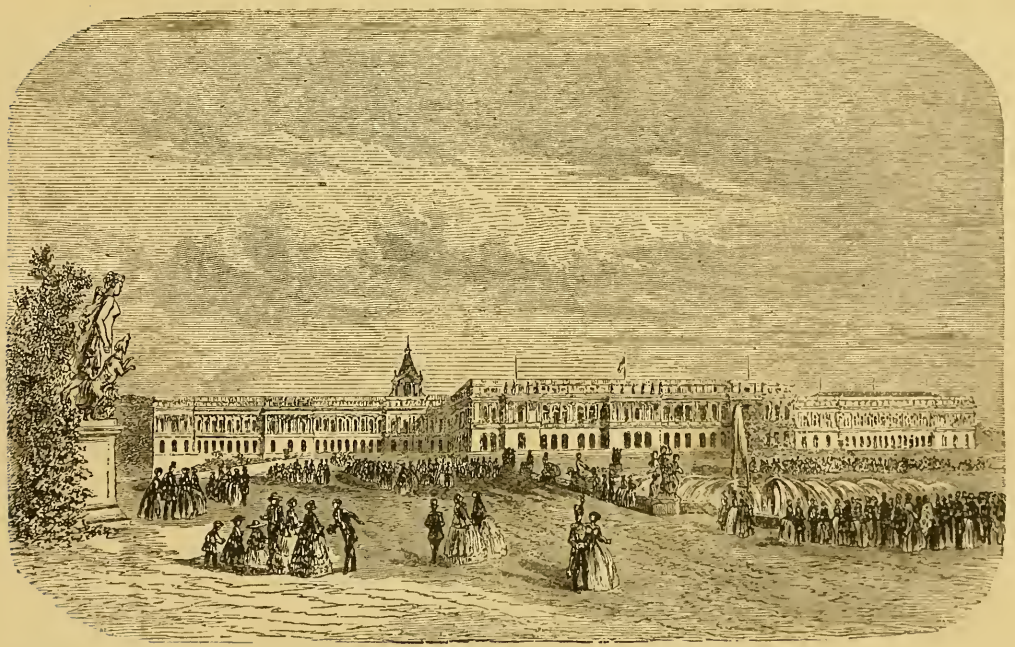
As you descend from the omnibus at the palace gates, the old pile is before you in all its beauty. An immense court-yard enclosed by an iron fence faces you. The gateway is ornamented with sculptures, and in the court-yard is a row of statues representing sixteen of the most famous heroes of France, and back of these is an equestrian statue of Louis XIV. The pavilions which flank this court on the right and left were built by Louis XIV., for his ministers. Just in front of them, without the gates, and across the *Place d'Armes*, are the old Royal stables, which once held a thousand horses, and now form an artillery barracks.

The Palace stands at the bottom of the "Court of Statues," and is an immense range of buildings of brick and light-colored stone. It consists of a central building (the oldest part of the palace) and two immense wings. The central edifice is built around three sides of a court paved with marble. The old palace erected by Louis XIII., is of red brick. When Louis XIV. enlarged the Château he ordered Mansard, the architect, to preserve the old building, and the latter made it the centre of the present pile, and ornamented the front with marble busts supported by brackets. This portion of the Château was always occupied by the Royal family, and the marble court was the scene of many historical events and interesting ceremonies. The three windows in the centre, on the first floor, belong to the bed-chamber of Louis XIV. In front is a pretty balcony, from which the death of the King was announced by the Master of the Household. This official appeared here, in the presence of the crowd assembled in the court below, and beaking his staff, proclaimed, "*Le Roi est mort.*" Then taking up a fresh staff, he added, "*Vive le Roi.*" The clock which ornaments the centre of the building was then set at the hour of the King's death, and the hands remained in this position until the death of his successor re-

quired them to be changed. The last time this ceremony was observed, was at the death of Louis XVIII., in 1824, since then a King has never died in France. On the ground floor just below the bed-chamber, is a window at which the valet of the *Grand Monarque* announced the hour at which the King intended to rise, and it was from the balcony above that Marie Antoinette, calm, brave, and almost atoning for her faults by that single act of heroism, faced the angry crowd below on that dread October day. Can you imagine it, as you stand here, in this old, peaceful spot?—that pale, white-haired woman exposing herself to the fierce, hungry crowd that filled this court and who ignorantly hated her as the cause of their misfortunes! Look down at the marble flags! They seem almost to have kept the prints of those furious footsteps, so worn and battered are they.

But immense as the building appears from the front, you can form no conception of its size until you pass around to the gardens, and view it from the splendid western terrace. There you begin to realize its immense proportions, and you do not wonder that it should be the object of such pride and admiration on the part of the French people, for, aside from its historical memories, it is beyond all question the grandest and most imposing of all the palaces of France, having a rival only in the united Louvre and Tuileries. The western façade is eighteen hundred feet in length, and the other parts of the building are admirably proportioned to this immense distance. I have been unable to ascertain the exact area covered by the palace, but the reader may form some idea of it from the fact that merely to walk at a leisurely pace through that portion open to the public, will consume over two hours and a half.

Of the splendors of this pile I cannot hope to present a proper description. It was not occupied after the removal of Louis XVI. to Paris until the reign of Louis Philippe. It was in great need of repairs, and the "Citizen King" restored it and converted it into a Museum of "all the glories of France." This required an outlay of four millions and a half



Palace of Versailles. View from the Terrace.

of dollars, but the result has amply repaid the nation for the expenditure.

The palace at present consists of a museum, and the old dwelling of the kings of France. The Royal and State apartments have been left undisturbed, or rather have been restored to their original condition, but the wings have been filled with over four thousand paintings and one thousand pieces of sculpture.

You enter by a side door in the *Cour Royale*, and find yourself in a large vestibule, opening on one side into a range of rooms lined with pictures of all sizes, illustrating the history of France from the reign of Clovis to that of Louis XVI. This is the ground floor of the north wing. A door on the opposite side of the vestibule opens into the chapel, but you are not allowed to enter it, and must pass on by the prescribed route through the picture gallery. The pictures illustrating the same reign are gathered, as far as practicable, in one room, which is also adorned with portraits of the King and Queen, and other distinguished personages of the time. The pictures are all by modern artists, and are very fine. They occupy the entire suite of rooms on this floor, many of the rooms of the centre building and a large part of the south wing. The remainder of the ground-floor rooms is devoted to statuary, of which a very large and interesting collection has been formed.

It would be impossible to attempt to describe the vast collection of paintings contained in the palace. The pictures occupy the apartments just named, and the principal rooms of the two upper floors, with the exception of the State apartments. I can only say there are miles of them, and that they represent every period of the history of France. The collections of the first and second Empires are very full and interesting, but it is hard to select from amongst so much excellence. You will not grow weary of any portion of the Museum, for there is scarcely a painting but illustrates some subject which thrills you with admiration, or rouses your tenderest feelings. If I were Emperor of France, before

sending my troops to battle, I would march them through these galleries, and I think I should thus make them invincible.

When the galleries were opened many of Napoleon's old soldiers were still living, and the veterans flocked here to see themselves and their deeds on canvass. "All the curious ones who had been invited to witness the inauguration were transported with joy and pride. * * They continued their course, marching from triumph to triumph, stopping before the celebrated engagements, admiring at their ease, the great Emperor, in his different fortunes, in his various characters; to-day crowned by the Pope, to-morrow marrying the granddaughter of the Cæsars, afterward conquered and a captive, but soon leaving his island, and returning like a conqueror to his kingdom of a Hundred Days, and again defeated and losing himself in the infinity of his misfortune and his glory. It must have been an interesting sight the day the Museum was opened, to watch the old veterans, the invalided marshals, wounded on every field of battle, walking slowly, silent, but not unmoved witnesses, crossing with a weary step this Museum, or rather this field of war, melted even to tears, at the sight of their ancient triumphs, seeking themselves in the fight, beneath the shadow of their eagles and their Emperor; so proud and so happy to find themselves, occupying their position of twenty years ago, in this unequalled assemblage of all royalties, all nations, and all principles! There were some, among these old heroes, who had not walked for ten years, but who stood erect again, at this smell of gunpowder. They returned to their happy days of encamping and privation. They again saw Toulon surrendering beneath the cannon directed by that short young man of pale complexion and fiery eye; they ascended the heights of Mont St. Bernard, dragging the artillery; they descended into Italy amidst the sweet perfume of the orange trees and the roses; they arrived in Egypt, and on those plains, laden with sand, at the foot of the pyramids, they contemplated

with a smile the three thousand years which returned their look with alarm."

The pictures themselves are not the only attractions. Many of the rooms were the aparments of persons famous in history, and are also models of architecture and ornamentation. The "gallery of battles" on the first floor of the south wing, is one of the most beautiful halls in the building.

After the Museums, the most interesting portions of the palace are the chapel, theatre, State apartments, and private apartments of the king and queen. The chapel was built by Louis XIV., and is Mansard's master-piece as well as his last work. It is one hundred and five feet long and seventy-nine feet high. You are permitted to inspect it from the gallery, which is the best point of view. It is a beautiful hall, and, as it fortunately escaped injury during the many revolutions through which it has passed, remains nearly as Mansard left it. The king's seat was in the north gallery, and he rarely went into the lower part of the church except to receive the sacrament.

Louis XIV. made it a point to assist regularly at the mass, and it is related that the ladies of the Court were always very punctual on such occasions. The following anecdote is related in connection with this circumstance:

"The major of the king's guards, Brissac, was of a peculiarly frank disposition, and detested hypocrisy. He had remarked, that even on the coldest winter days, the benches were filled by ladies every Thursday and Sunday, on which days the king was most punctual in his attendance at the Salut; and that if on the contrary, he was prevented from appearing, the attendance of ladies was remarkably small. Under the pretence of requiring lights to read their missals, these ladies had each a small taper lighted in front of their *prie Dieu*, by which, likewise, they were more easily recognized. One evening when the king was really expected, the benches were filled to overflowing, the guards were at their posts as usual, when suddenly Major Brissac appeared in front of the king's empty pew, and, raising his stick, shouted

to the guards to withdraw, his Majesty will not be present to-day. The order was scarcely obeyed when a murmur was heard among the ladies, the tapers were suddenly extinguished, and with the exception of a few who were sincerely pious, the whole congregation disappeared. When Brissac felt quite certain that they had really gone, he recalled the guards. The king almost immediately arrived, very much surprised to find so many empty benches, and inquired the reason of Brissac, who instantly related the trial to which he had put the piety of the fair dames of his Majesty's Court, at which the king and his attendants laughed heartily."

The chapel was the scene of many imposing ceremonies during the residence of the Court at the palace. Here were married, the Duke of Berri, the grandson of Louis XIV., and the beautiful but infamous daughter of the Regent; Madame, the eldest daughter of Louis XV., and Don Philip, Infant of Spain; and the Dauphin (Louis XVI.,) and Marie Antoinette, Archduchess of Austria.

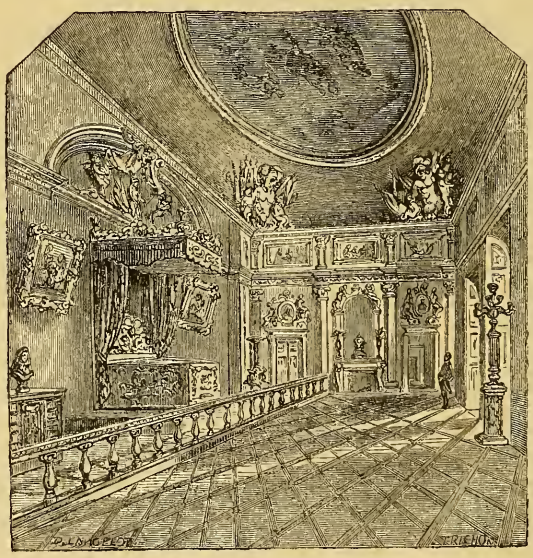
The *Théâtre*, at the opposite end of the north wing, is a handsome hall, capable of holding about fifteen hundred persons. It was begun in 1753, to please Madame de Pompadour, who was very fond of dramatic entertainments, but she died before its completion. It was inaugurated on the 16th of May, 1770, on the occasion of the marriage of the Dauphin (Louis XVI.) with the Archduchess of Austria. After this it was frequently used for operatic and theatrical performances. On the 1st of October, 1789, it was the scene of the memorable banquet which was the signal of the downfall of royalty. The real object of this banquet was to excite the loyalty of the regiment of Flanders which had just been added to the guard of the palace. An immense horse-shoe table was laid for three hundred guests on the stage. This was reserved for the officers. The privates were in the pit, the regimental band composed the orchestra, and the galleries were filled with spectators. At the height of the entertainment, the king and queen, accompanied by their children appeared in the royal box, and at the same moment the orches-

tra began the passionate air "*O Richard, O mon Roi, l'universe t'abandonne!*" The effect was electrical, the whole assemblage burst into shouts of loyalty and devotion to the king, and the enthusiasm spread rapidly throughout the palace and the neighboring streets. The crowd escorted the Royal family back to their apartments, the tri-colored cockade was torn off and trampled under foot, and the royal emblems put on with eagerness. The news of this affair was at once carried to Paris, and the "good patriots" rushed out to Versailles to bring the king to his capital, where they could watch over his Majesty's morals and make sure that they were not corrupted by any more such unpatriotic scenes.

From the upper vestibule of the chapel you pass into the magnificent State apartments of the old palace. They are very numerous and communicate with the private apartments of the king and queen. They are magnificently adorned, and are amongst the most gorgeous halls in the world. They date from the reign of Louis XIV., and are full of reminiscences of the great king. The "Grand Gallery of Louis XIV." is one of the most beautiful saloons in Europe. It is two hundred and thirty-nine feet long, thirty-three feet wide, and twenty-nine feet high, and is resplendent in gildings, carvings, and frescoes. It was the great ball-room of the palace, and when the old pile was inhabited by the brilliant court of the Bourbons, the scene here must have been magnificent indeed. The *Saloon of Mercury* opened into the king's bed-chamber, and after the death of Louis XIV. his body was laid in state here for eight days. Those who are familiar with the history of this king, will have no difficulty in calling to mind the scenes which transpired in these apartments, for they remain almost as he left them.

The first of the royal apartments is entered from the Grand Gallery. This is the *Council Chamber*, or, as it is often called, the *Cabinet of the King*. It was divided into two rooms during its occupancy by Louis XIV. One of these rooms was for the private use of the king, who retired into it frequently for the purpose of changing his wig. Here he

presided over the council of his ministers, the king sitting at the table covered with green velvet, which now stands in the centre of the room. Louis XV. often admitted his mistresses to these deliberations, and here, on one occasion, Madame Dubarry, sitting on the arm of his Majesty's chair, seized a packet of unopened letters from the table and threw them into the fire. It was in this room also, that Louis XVI. received M. de Brézé, who came to inform his Majesty that the Deputies of the States General, had sworn a solemn oath never to separate until the Constitution was firmly established.



Bed-Chamber of Louis XIV.

If you have been fortunate enough to procure a special order in Paris, you pass from the Council Room to the *Petits Apartements du Roi*. These were the apartments in which passed the everyday life of the king. One of these, used by Louis XIV. as a billiard-room, was afterwards the bed-chamber of Louis XV., who died here of malignant small-pox. Next to this was the ordinary sitting room of the king.

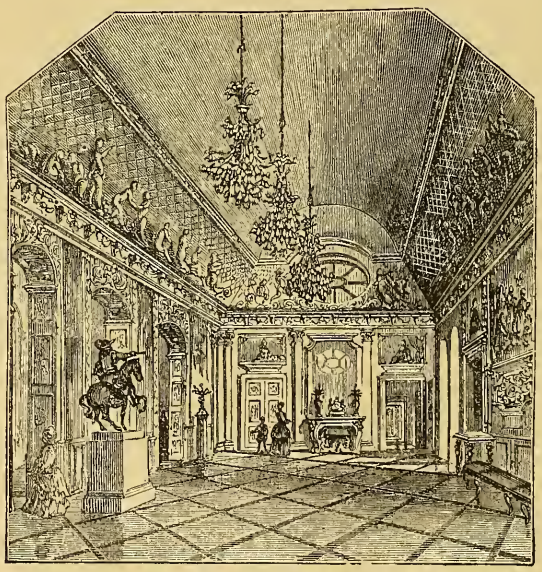
Another, in which you will notice a glass screen, was the Confessional, in which the king confessed. Behind this screen, with a drawn sword in his hand, stood the Captain of the Guard, whose duty was never to lose sight of the king. This screen was erected during the reign of Louis XVI. In this suite are the king's private cabinet and his library. The rooms are handsome, but simple and tasteful.

Returning to the Council Room, you pass from it into the bed-chamber of Louis XIV. Louis died here, on the bed that stands under the magnificent hangings you see against the wall. Here his Majesty used to go to bed every night and rise every morning, in state and in the presence of the whole Court. Frederick the Great was much amused by the accounts of these performances, and used to declare that it was the king's duty to go through the ceremonies by proxy. The room is beautifully frescoed, and is furnished with great richness. The bed is a curious and elegant piece of workmanship. Louis spent twelve years in designing the furniture of the room, and it was his greatest pride. In this chamber he held his levees and received the Papal Nuncio. After he had finished his toilette, he offered up his morning prayers, all these ceremonies taking place inside of the railing which crosses the room at the foot of his bed. After this he repaired to the Council Chamber. The windows of this apartment look out upon the Marble Court, and it was from the balcony on which they open that Marie Antoinette faced the mob, in October, 1789.

The bed-chamber opens into the *Salle de l'Œil-de-Bœuf*, so called from the oval or bull's-eye window at one end, and the oval mirror at the other. This was the famous ante-room in which the courtier's in attendance on Louis XIV. waited. It was the scene of many a scandalous intrigue, and of some of the most interesting events of that reign. It is a beautiful apartment, and opens upon the *Salle des Gardes du Corps*, (Hall of the Body-Guard,) formerly occupied by the body-guard of the king. The latter is a plain room, but much too handsome for a "guard room." Communicating with it is

the *Anti-chambre du Roi*, where Louis XIV. dined in state. On these occasions the guards were required to present arms to the king's food as it passed them on its way to the royal table.

A special order is necessary to view the *Petits Apartements* of Marie Antoinette, which communicate with the anti-chamber of the king, and which are also connected with the *Salle de l'Œil-de-Bœuf* by a private corridor. They are very pretty, and remain as near as possible as the unfortunate queen left them. They are two in number, and the windows look out



Salle de l'Œil-de-Bœuf.

into a small court. They were occupied first by Marie Thérèse, and afterwards by the Duchess of Burgundy, Marie Leczinska, and Marie Antoinette. The other rooms generally included in the *Petits Apartements* were occupied by Madame de Maintenon, and it was here, in her society, that Louis XIV. passed the greater part of the close of his life. He always wound up his day as follows: At a certain hour

Madame de Maintenon had her supper, after which she was undressed and put to bed in the presence of the king and his ministers. Louis then retired and sought his own supper.

The State apartments of the queen are shown to the public. The first is the *Queen's bed-room*, which adjoins the splendid *Salle de Paix*. It is a handsome apartment, and contains many souvenirs of its last queen. Marie Thérèse and Marie Leczinska died in this room, and Philip V. of Spain and Louis XV. of France were born in it. It was in this chamber that Marie Antoinette was sleeping when the mob attacked the palace before daybreak, on the sixth of October, 1789. She sprang from her bed in alarm, and fled by a private corridor into the *Salle de l'Œil-de-Bœuf*, from which she passed into the Council Chamber and joined the king.

The next room is the *Queen's Saloon*, where her Majesty held her receptions on State occasions. It was the scene of many a brilliant gathering in the old days of the palace. It opens into the *Queen's Ante-Chamber*, a handsome hall in which the Royal family dined on extraordinary occasions. At these times any well-dressed person was admitted to view the scene. "This Exhibition," says Madame Campan, "a fatiguing one for the princes, was the delight of the country people. At dinner time one could see these people, who after having watched the Dauphin eat his soup, went to see the princes drink their broth, and then hurried to see the princesses finish their desert."

The next room is the *Salle des Gardes*, and was occupied by the queen's body-guard. When the crowd broke into the palace, on the morning of the sixth of October, 1789, they made their first attack here. They thronged into the hall, armed with guns, sabres, and pikes, shouting, "death to the queen." They forced their way to the door of the queen's bed-room. *Varicour*, one of the guards, defended the door with his musket, but was wounded and disarmed, and dragged to the *Place d'Armes* and beheaded. *Durepaire*, the other guard, shared the same fate. *Miomandre de Sainte-Marie* had

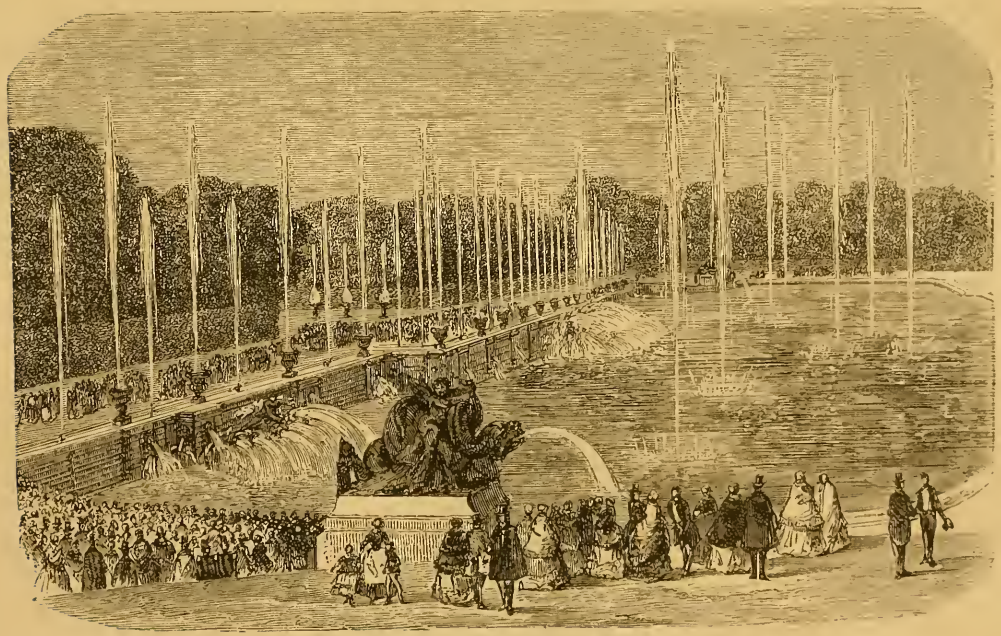
the presence of mind to call out to the ladies in waiting to save the queen. Then planting himself before the door, he defended it with his musket long enough to give the queen time to escape into the king's apartments. The mob then made a furious attack upon the *Salle de l'Œil-de-Bœuf*, and had almost battered down the doors when a detachment of the National Guard arrived and drove them from the palace. This is the last of the State apartments, and from it you pass into the picture galleries and halls of the south wing.

In the attic is a large collection of portraits of historical personages. It is not confined to Frenchmen, and you will find here a full set of the Presidents of the United States, from Washington to Andrew Johnson; and your American pride will be more than gratified to find that they show well in this host of the great men of all lands. Several of the rooms are devoted to portraits of the Napoleon dynasty, and are especially interesting.

II.

THE GARDENS.

THE gardens of the palace form an important adjunct to the splendid château, and you can scarcely appreciate either without seeing the other. The site occupied by them was originally a sandy waste, and the present gardens are entirely due to the genius of Le Nôtre. A magnificent terrace, several hundred feet wide, extends immediately in front of the building, and is adorned with statues and fountains. At the southern end of the terrace a majestic marble stairway leads to the *Orangérie*, a beautiful garden of twelve hundred orange trees, below the level of the terrace, and surrounded with green houses for the safe-keeping of the trees in winter, and beyond the gates of this garden a fine lake and a beautiful lawn stretch away to the edge of the grounds. On the north, the stairs lead to a gradual slope which conducts you to the *Basin of the Dragon* and the *Basin of Neptune*. The



Basin of Neptune — Versailles.

latter is the finest display of waters in the world. Twenty-two vases are arranged around the border of the basin, and against the side are three immense groups, representing Neptune, Amphitrite, Proteus and Ocean, and on each side of these groups is a colossal dragon bearing a Cupid on his back. These figures all pour out immense streams of water, while lofty jets are thrown from the vases on the border and from pipes placed at certain points in the basin. Numerous other fountains are scattered through the grounds, and many of them are ornamented with rich and beautiful groups of sculpture. On certain days the waters are let into these fountains, and the display, which is very beautiful, attracts large crowds from the city.

At the west end of the terrace a flight of stone stairs leads down to the *Tapis Vert* and the principal part of the grounds. They are beautifully laid off, the shrubbery is rich and carefully kept, and the trees, arching overhead, form long, cool alleys in which you may wander for hours on the hottest summer day without once seeing the sun. The sides of many of these alleys are formed of high walls of box or some other rich growth. Just below the terrace is a magnificent lawn surrounded by one of these green walls and overarched with the interwoven tree tops. It forms a complete hall, and is called the *Ball Room,* as it was the custom of the court to dance here on summer evenings. On each side of the Tapis Vert are the *Bosquets* or groves, planted with trees "and laid out with perfect symmetry, the paths and avenues being arranged in straight lines, and skilfully contrived, so as to afford vistas, points of view, etc." It is impossible to describe them, but you may wander through them for hours, admiring the numerous fountains and statues with which they are adorned, and still you can find something new and worthy of admiration. Seen when the fountains are in full play and sending their sparkling jets high above the shrubbery, and the tree tops, the effect is indeed beautiful.

III.

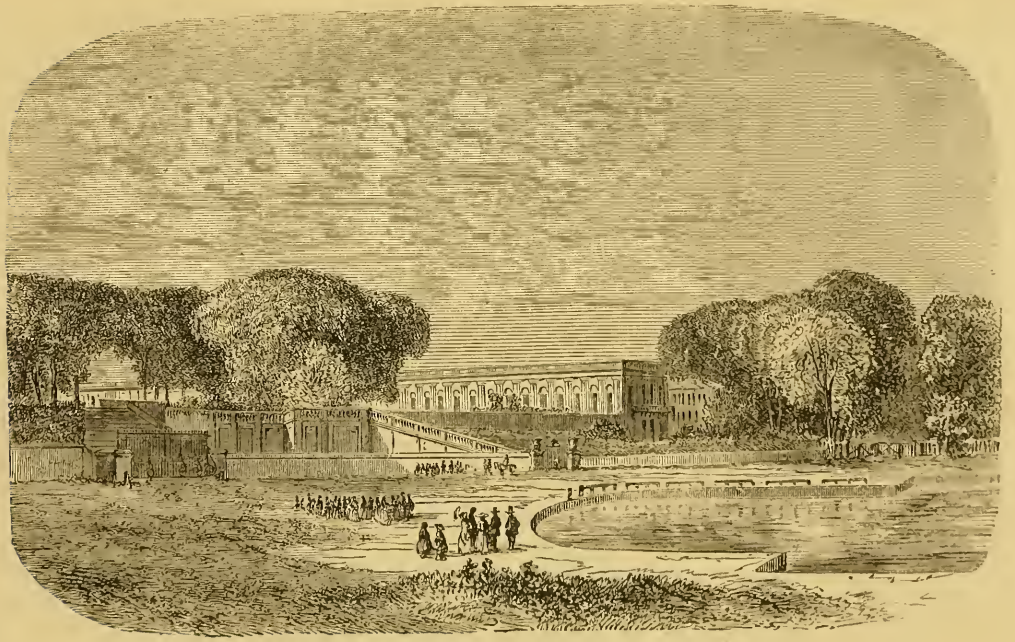
THE TRIANONS.

From the western side of the *Basin of Neptune*, a broad avenue, lined with stately trees, leads to the Palace of the *Grand Trianon*, which stands near the extremity of the grounds.

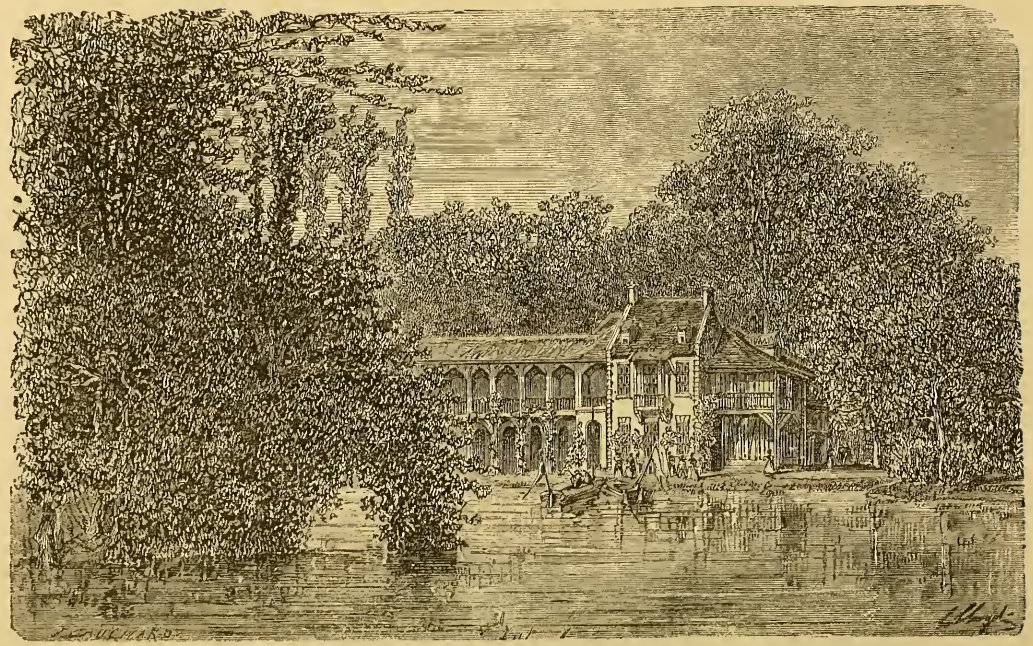
Louis XIV. was not altogether satisfied with Versailles, and soon grew weary of its pomps and splendors, and the vast number of courtiers, with which he had surrounded himself, tired him so much that he determined to build him a smaller palace close by, where he could sometimes go and be at rest. Accordingly, he bought a piece of ground from the parish of Trianon, and in 1688 built what is now the palace of the Grand Trianon. It grew in size so rapidly, however, that the king found his object defeated, and built him a gorgeous hermitage at Marly. Madame de Maintenon was very fond of Trianon, which was also a favorite residence of the successors of Louis XIV., and of Napoleon I., and Louis Philippe. The last king put it in thorough repair and built the chapel.

It is Italian in design, and is built entirely on one floor, with neither basement nor attic. It is arranged in suites of handsome apartments, and is very interesting in consequence of its historical associations. Some of the State apartments would seem more beautiful if one had not come to them from the magnificent halls of Versailles. The gardens are extensive, and are regularly laid out and adorned with statues and fountains.

To the left of this château, is the pretty palace of the *Petit Trianon*, a handsome edifice of yellow stone, quite small and more like a gentleman's country residence than a Royal palace. Louis XV. built it to please Madame Dubarry. Louis XVI. gave it to Marie Antoinette, and it became her favorite residence. Much of her wedded life was passed here



Grand Trianon.



Marie Antoinette's Boudoir Little Trianon.

where she and the lords and ladies of her court played at shepherds and shepherdesses. In the pretty grounds attached to the palace, she built a miniature Swiss village, and here she frequently came with her ladies to enjoy the mock rustic life which pleased her so much. The little village was called the *Hameau*, and is still standing on the banks of the little lake which lies to the left of the palace. It is decidedly one of the most charming features of the grounds. The buildings are in an excellent state of preservation, and you can almost imagine that the long and eventful years which have elapsed since the fair queen tripped over the lawn with her jaunty hat and dainty crook, have rolled back, and that the tiny buildings are once more alive with noble rustics, all striving, half-bored and half-amused, to humor the whim of their then happy mistress.

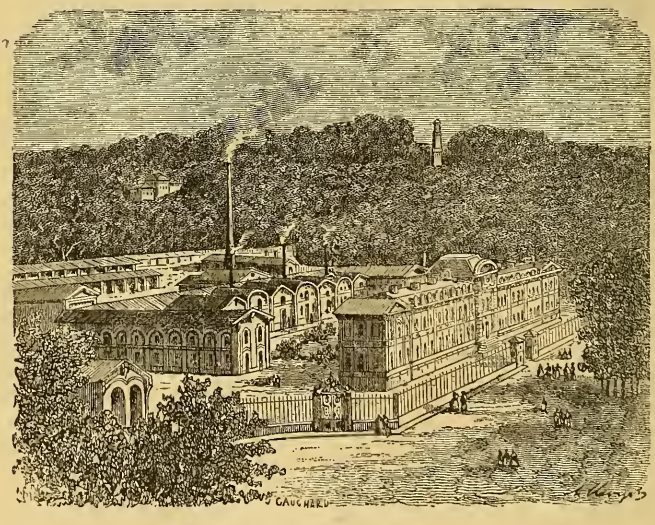
The water which supplies the fountains in the park and the town of Versailles, is raised from the Seine at Port Marly, a little village on the river shore, and at the foot of the town of Marly, eight miles distant from Paris, and about half that distance from Versailles. The water-works were built for this purpose by Louis XIV., and were regarded as a wonderful piece of mechanism at the time. They were put in complete repair by the Emperor Napoleon III., in 1857.

Port Marly is one of the prettiest places in the vicinity of Paris, and richly merits a visit for its beautiful scenery. Back of the hills on which the town of Marly is built, is the site, still marked by a few ruins, of the splendid "hermitage" which Louis XIV. built in his last years. Visitors rarely go there, but it is not only a beautiful site, but is full of interest to the student of history. The old fairy-like hermitage, where the great king made a mock of penitence in the arms of his two mistresses, has passed away, like his dynasty, and only a few broken columns mark the spot.

II.

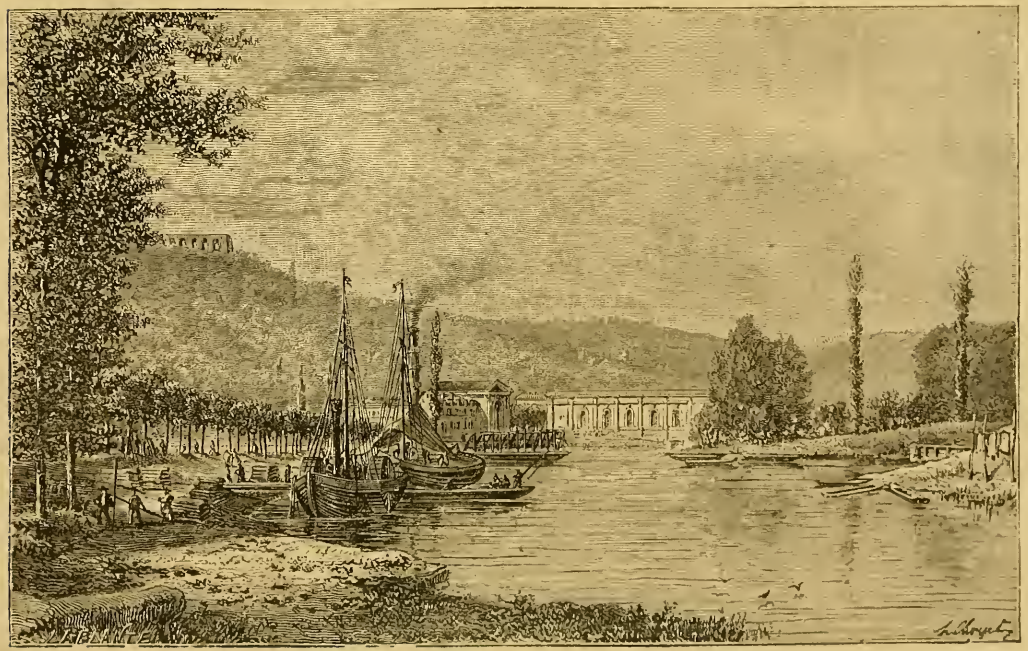
SÈVRES.

If you go to Saint Cloud early in the day, you may spend such time as you do not give to the palace and the park, in visiting the pretty but busy town of *Sèvres*, which lies just at the foot of the wooded heights of the Imperial grounds. It



Sèvres Porcelain Factory.

contains only about six or seven thousand inhabitants, but is extensively engaged in the manufacture of shawls, cordage, leather, and chemicals. It has very little of the sleepy appearance so characteristic of French towns, but is bustling and active. Every one seems hard at work here, and the



Port Marly.

huge chimneys that rise on every hand keep the air black with their heavy smoke.

The establishment which renders the place so attractive to strangers is the Porcelain Manufactory, which is carried on by the Government at considerable expense to the State. The works are very extensive, and the materials manufactured are of the finest and most costly description. They were established here by Louis XV., in 1755, having been located previous to that year at Vincennes. Up to the year 1770, the only material manufactured at this establishment had been translucid china, but in that year Kaolin was discovered in France, and this furnished the means of preparing opaque porcelain, or *pâte dure*, which has since engaged the principal attention of the officials of the Sèvres factory. The magnificent wares produced here are so well known to the majority of persons that a description of them is unnecessary, but it may be remarked that it is not only the quality of the material that renders them so valuable, but also, and in a very great measure, the exquisite paintings with which they are ornamented.

The establishment consists of a museum and a number of workshops. The former will be shown to visitors upon the production of their passports, but the latter can only be seen by means of a special order from the director in charge. The halls open to the public are divided into the *Magasins* or Show Rooms, which contain specimens of the best workmanship of the establishment—tea services, vases, plates, paintings on porcelain, and other articles; and the *Musée Céramique*, a splendid collection of porcelain and pottery of every age and country. It was arranged by M. Alexander Brongniart, "commencing in 1812, for the purpose of illustrating the progress of the ceramic art from the manufacture of the rudest ware to that of the finest porcelain, and also the geology and chronology of the art. The collection is eminently of a practical character, made up of illustrative specimens alone, not merely of the finished works, but of the materials used in the manufacture in all parts of the world.

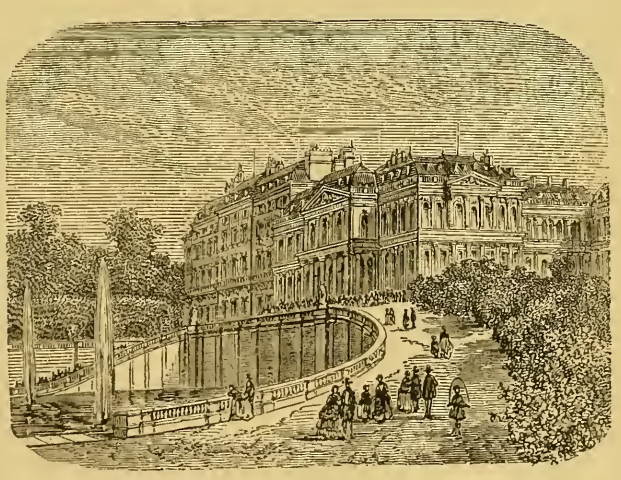
Each one of these, to entitle it to a place in the collection, must be provided with a label describing its character, locality, date, use, etc. This manufacture affords an eminent instance of the value imparted to worthless materials by skill and science. Single vases of Sèvres china, twelve to fifteen inches high, have repeatedly sold for five thousand dollars."

The process of manufacture, from the moulding of the rough clay to the completion of the beautiful vase, is extremely interesting. The officials of the establishment are polite and attentive, and take great pleasure in pointing out every detail to such visitors as are fortunate enough to procure admission to the workshops.

III.

SAINT CLOUD.

You may go to Saint Cloud by the Versailles railway, by the omnibus, or by the pretty steamers which start from the Pont Royal when the river is open. To my mind the steamers afford decidedly the pleasantest means of reaching



Palace of St. Cloud.

the place. They occupy about an hour in a delightful sail, which enables you to enjoy the beauties of the river and surrounding country, and they land you within a few hundred yards of the palace gates.

The town of Saint Cloud lies just at the gates of Paris,

occupying the heights on the opposite bank of the Seine, which overlook the *Bois de Boulogne.* The town itself, apart from its beautiful situation, possesses nothing of any interest, and your whole time may be given to the palace and park.

Saint Cloud derives its name from Clodoald, the grand-son of Clovis, who, escaping from his uncles Clotaire and Childebert, who had murdered his brothers, hid himself for a long time in the wood which covered the hill. A village soon sprang up here, and was called Nogent. Clodoald became the owner of the place and gave it to the Bishops of Paris, who made it their country seat and greatly increased its importance. They connected it with the Paris side of the river by a wooden bridge, and surrounded it with fortifications. It withstood an attack of the English in 1346, but after the battle of Poitiers was taken and sacked by them. In 1411 it was captured by the Armagnacs, and during the wars of the League was several times taken and burned. It survived all these disasters, however, and became, at length, a favorite residence of the Royal family. Francis I. frequently occupied the palace which the Bishops of Paris possessed at St. Cloud. Henry II. built himself an Italian Villa here, and replaced the wooden bridge with one of stone, and Catharine de Médicis, gave many entertainments in a mansion belonging to Gondi, the Italian banker. It was in this mansion that Henry III. was assassinated by Jacques Clement. Henry IV. resided here at the commencement of his reign, and in 1658, Gondi's mansion, which had passed into other hands, was purchased by Louis XIV., as a residence for his brother, the Duke of Orleans. Mansard and two of the principal architects of the time were set to work on the old mansion, and soon converted it into the splendid château of to-day. The gardens and park were laid out by Le Nôtre, who was greatly assisted in his magnificent design by the natural beauty of the scene. The château continued to be the residence of the Dukes of Orleans until 1785, when it became the property of the crown, being purchased from its

former owners by Marie Antoinette, for the sum of six millions of francs. The queen made many changes in it, and by no means improved it. At the Revolution it became the property of the nation, and it was in the *Orangerie* of the palace that the council of Five Hundred was in session when Napoleon drove out the members with the bayonets of his grenadiers. After his elevation to the throne, Saint Cloud became his favorite summer residence. He spent some happy years here with Josephine, and it was here also that his civil marriage with Marie Louise was celebrated. He made many changes and some improvements in the château. In 1814 the palace was occupied by the Prince Schwartzenburg and the Allies, and in 1815 the capitulation of Paris was signed here. Charles X. spent much of his time at St. Cloud, and here signed the celebrated Ordinances which were the signal of his downfall, so that by a singular coincidence the reign of the last of the Bourbons, closed where that of the founder of his dynasty had begun. Louis Philippe made the palace his favorite summer residence, and paused here for a moment's rest when flying from Paris, in 1848. At present it is the summer residence of the Emperor Napoleon III. and his family.

The palace is a large and handsome edifice of light colored stone, built after Mansard's designs, and is adorned with Corinthian pillars and bass-reliefs. The front faces the grand avenue of the park, and the rear, the town of Saint Cloud. On the right are the flower gardens and the private walks of the Imperial family, and on the left the Cascades and *jets d'eau.*

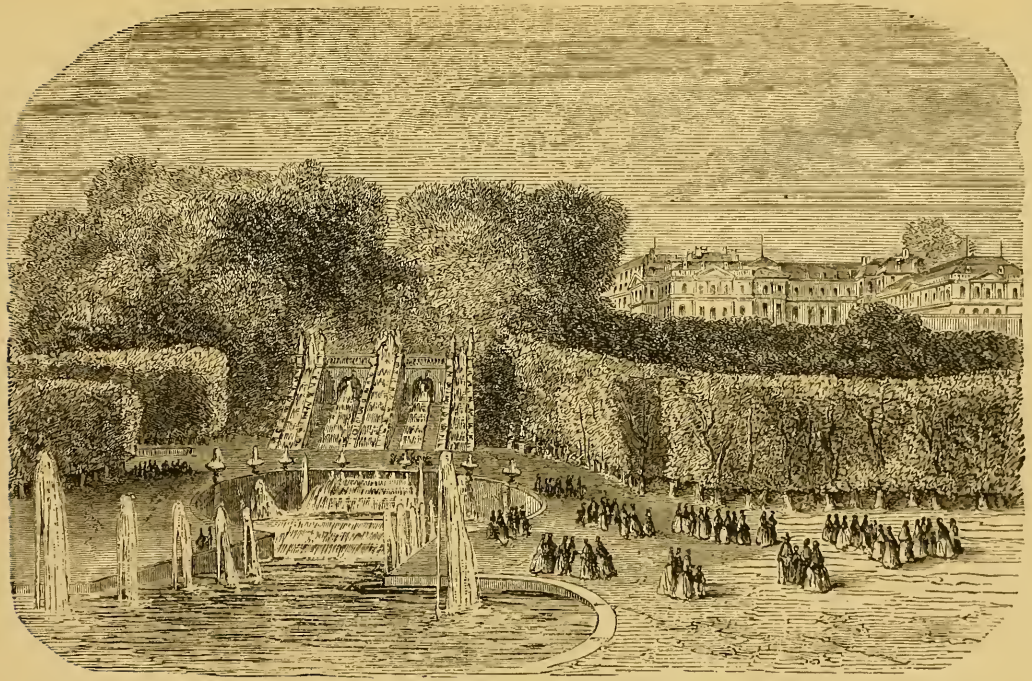
On the terrace you notice a marble vase and a stone seat, plain and simple both, but marking the spot where the great tribune of the people, Mirabeau, knelt at the feet of his conquered queen and vowed to save the throne of France from destruction. Royalty could not humble him, but this one, sad, sweet-faced woman, appealing to him in the hour of her need, vanquished him with her trembling, "*Save us!*" It was a loyal pledge, but a vain one. The mighty master had

conjured up spirits too powerful for his control, and he went down before that Revolution he had done so much to inaugurate.

You enter the palace by a fine vestibule, richly ornamented and containing a statue of Mars recumbent, and pass from this into the *Salon de Mars*, a beautiful hall, adorned with Ionic pillars and a number of fine paintings. It opens into a much handsomer apartment called the *Apollo Gallery*, the gem of the palace. It was in this hall that the eldest brother of the present Emperor of France was baptized by Pope Pius VII., in 1805, and here in 1810 the marriage contract of Napoleon I. and Marie Louise was signed. A statue of the Empress Josephine once stood at the end of this gallery, in the place now occupied by the statue of Queen Hortense, the mother of Napoleon III. The other State apartments are the Saloons of Diana, of Venus, of Mercury, and Aurora, and the *Salon de Jeu*. They are very elaborately ornamented with frescoes, carvings, gildings, and Gobelin tapestries. The chapel is a handsome hall, and is richly ornamented, and the library contains twelve thousand volumes.

The private apartments are occupied by the Emperor and his family, and are not open to the public at any time. They are very interesting in consequence of having been occupied so much by Napoleon. The present Emperor uses the rooms of the founder of his dynasty, which are plain and simple. The apartments of the Empress are much handsomer, and were formerly those of Marie Antoinette, Josephine, and Marie Louise.

The park is one of the finest in France. It covers an area of about one thousand acres. It is not so elaborately provided with fountains and statues as that of Versailles, but the waterworks form a very important portion of its beauties. The waters first issue from a series of jets, called the *Haute Cascade*, adorned with statues of the Seine and Marne. From this they descend to the second fall called the *Basse Cascade*, which throws them off in a vast sheet into the canal, around which twelve *jets d'eau* are arranged. The effect is very fine,



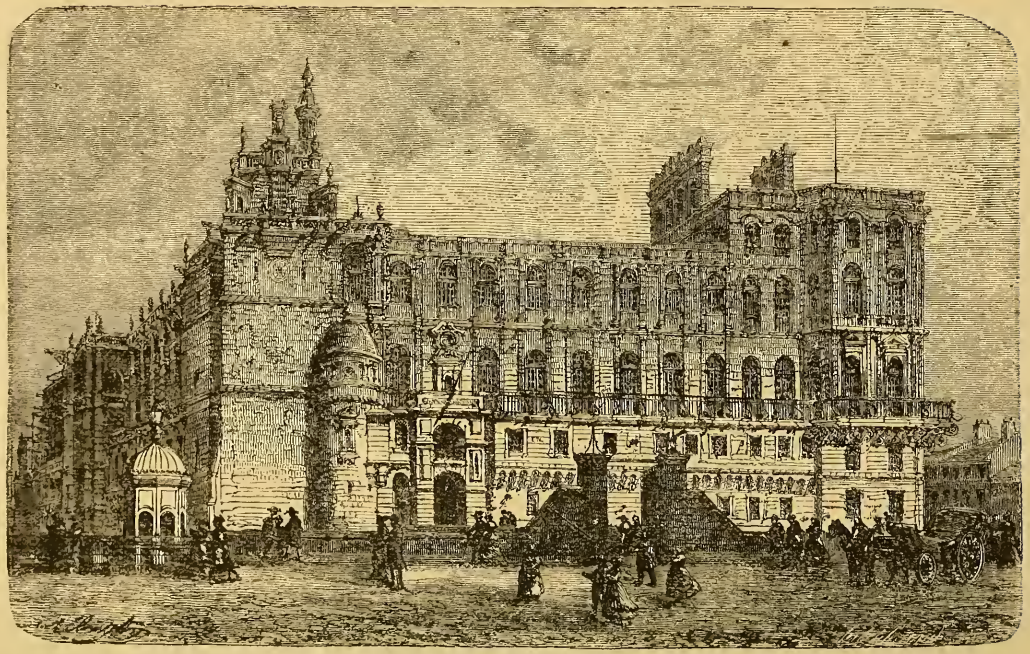
Park and Grand Cascade of Saint Cloud

and the display is next to the "Waters of Versailles" in point of beauty. A grand jet, some distance to the right of the cascade, throws its waters to the height of one hundred and thirty feet above the level of the basin. Being situated on high ground it may be seen at a long distance playing far above the tree-tops.

Winding around the heights from the cascade you come at length, after passing through a beautiful portion of the park, to the brow of the hill overlooking the river. A singular tower stands here, and is called "The Lantern of Diogenes." It was built by Napoleon I., and is a copy of the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates, at Athens. When the Council met at St. Cloud, during the First Empire, a light was kept burning in the lantern. Now it is ascended by persons wishing to enjoy the view from it.

At your left is the grand avenue of the park, leading down to the western front of the palace, which nestles cozily in its thick, green woods, and in front of you is a view of surpassing beauty. You do not need the telescopes which the old man in charge of the little pavilion offers you for a small sum. It is too fine a prospect to be marred in such a manner. Immediately at your feet flows the Seine, disappearing to your right in the great city, and narrowing to a silver thread to your left, under the bristling guns of Fort de la Briche. Immediately in front of you are the wood and town of Bou logne, and the race-course at Longchamp, and on every hand a score or more of little villages, all lying between the city and the hills which encircle the great basin. Paris lies in full view, glittering and sparkling in the sunlight. You can see the huge Arc de Triomphe looming up just beyond the Bois de Boulogne, and mark the green line of the Champs Elysées. The uneven course of the Boulevards, with the Madeleine and the Portes St. Denis and St. Martin for guides, is easily distinguished, and beyond you see the "winged victory" of the Bastille Column. The huge domes of the Pantheon and the Invalides, the gray towers of Notre Dame and the Palais de Justice, rise above the dense mass of houses,

and to the north of them you can make out the heavy outline of the Tuileries and the Louvre. Palaces, monuments, churches, and all the noted points of the city come into view one after another, as you watch them. The city is very beautiful as seen from these heights, and harmonizes well with the bright green of the woods, and the pretty towns which dot the silver line of the Seine.



Château de Saint Germain.

IV.

SAINT GERMAIN.

Fifteen miles to the west of Paris is the old town of Saint Germain-en-Laye. It has a population of about 15,000, and is, in most things, a dull and uninteresting place. It contains, however, an old château, once the dwelling of the kings of France, and is bordered by one of the finest forests in the vicinity of Paris. About the commencement of the Eleventh Century, King Robert erected, near the site of the present château, a monastery, which he dedicated to Saint Germain, and in the next century Louis le Gros erected a strong castle near the monastery, in which the kings of France, including Saint Louis, often dwelt, but both castle and monastery were partially burned by the Black Prince. Charles V., towards the year 1367, rebuilt the castle, which was considerably enlarged and improved by Francis I. As left by him, it had too much the appearance of a fortress to please his successor, Henry II., who made many changes in it, with the design of giving it a more modern appearance. Henry IV. also dwelt here, and built a new palace on the terrace overlooking the river, and of which nothing remains now but the pavilion which bears his name, but which is now used as a restaurant. While he dwelt here with his queen, Marie de Médicis, he had the old château of Francis I. repaired for the use of his beautiful mistress, Gabrielle d'Estrées. Louis XIII. made the château his favorite residence, and it was here that the great King Louis XIV. was born. The old castle was very brilliant during the reign of the weak king, but Louis XIV. deserted it as soon as the palace of Versailles was completed, because the

view from its windows included the church of Saint Denis, the burial place of his race. When James II. fled from England, Louis gave him the castle as a place of residence, and here the poor but stately court of the exiled king was held. Louis XV. and Louis XVI. never occupied the castle, but converted it into a cavalry school. During the Revolution it was the residence of private persons, and, under Napoleon I., became a barrack for cavalry. Under the Restoration it was converted into a military prison, and after the downfall of Louis Philippe remained deserted until 1862, when the present Emperor commenced its restoration for the purpose of converting it into a Museum for Gaulish and Romano-Gaulish antiquities. The collection is not yet completed, but bids fair to be one of the most interesting in the world. It is open to visitors on every day except Monday.

The château is a huge, irregular and gloomy building, but besides the usual State apartments, you are shown the bedchamber of James II. and that of Madame de la Vallière. In the ceiling of the latter room is a trap, which is said to have been made by order of Louis XIV., to enable him to pay secret visits to the fair occupant of the chamber.

The terrace commands a magnificent view of Paris and the valley of the Seine. This terrace is a walk or drive, a mile and a half long and one hundred and fifteen feet wide. It is supported on one side by a wall, and is shaded on the other by trees. Back of it is the forest, which covers an area of ten thousand acres, and is surrounded with a stone wall. It is well laid off with walks and drives. One may roam through it for days without meeting a soul, except on the borders nearest the terrace where, in fair weather, you will almost always find numbers of Parisians enjoying themselves.

The fêtes which take place here every Sunday, in the bright summer weather, are particularly attractive, and enable a stranger to witness many pretty customs peculiar to the country.

Malmaison.

V.

MALMAISON.

A LITTLE way from Rueil, in the midst of some pretty gardens and grounds, you will find the *Château of Malmaison*, once the favorite residence of the Empress Josephine. It was originally the property of the Monks of the Abbey of Saint Denis, and remained in their possession from the time of Charles the Bold until 1780, when it was purchased by a rich proprietor who built the present château. It was confiscated and sold during the Revolution, and a few years later was purchased by the beautiful Josephine. It was her favorite residence, and she spent large sums in improving and beautifying it. While Napoleon was Consul he passed much of his time here, and the château was the scene of those brilliant social gatherings which the French remember with wonder and regret. When the crown was placed upon her brows, its beautiful owner came here less frequently, but it retained the chief place in her affections to the last, and when the great conqueror who had raised her so high, cast her from him, it was to her beloved Malmaison that she came to hide her sorrows. Here she lived in strict seclusion until her death, in May, 1814. The people of the surrounding country loved her dearly, for many of them were the constant recipients of her bounty and goodness.

When Napoleon left Paris, after his return from Waterloo, a weary and hunted fugitive, deserted by the woman who should have shared his fate, he came to Malmaison where Hortense was waiting to receive him. Josephine was gone, but the whole place was full of memories of her; and they tell

you here that one night the Emperor went to the grave where she lay and passed several hours there alone and in silence. What were his meditations? Did he think of the folly he had committed in crushing that faithful heart, whose love would not have been wanting to cheer him in that dark hour of his fate? His visit to Malmaison was of short duration, however. The Prussians were advancing upon Paris, and he was forced to depart. His farewell to the devoted Hortense and the attendants who had remained faithful to him, was painful beyond expression, but mastering his own emotions he entered his carriage and set out for Rochefort, where he confided himself to the generosity of the British people, only, alas, to find them his jailors. Two days after his departure from Malmaison, the English and Prussian troops occupied it, and sacked the château and almost destroyed the gardens. For many years after this the place remained deserted, but was purchased in 1826, by a Swedish banker, who restored and occupied it until his death, in 1842, when it became the property of Queen Christina, of Spain, who sold it to the Emperor Napoleon III. It has been restored as far as possible to the condition in which Napoleon I. left it, but a large part of the grounds which belonged to it at that time, has been sold since then, and is now occupied by private dwellings.

In 1867, during the Great Exhibition, the Empress Eugénie had the Château refurnished in the style of the Consulate, and with many of the articles which had belonged to Napoleon and Josephine. A pleasant writer, who visited the place after the Empress had completed her task, thus describes it:

"Everything has been restored as nearly as possible as it used to be. The entrance hall is a pretty room, paved, like all the other rooms on the lower floor, in black and white marble diamonds. The first room is the dining-hall, where Barras used to gorge himself, and where, afterwards, Napoleon used to sit down, eating in a hurry to get back to the library. The next room is the most important one, and brings the greatest torrent of recollections. It is the Council-

room, so called because the Emperor always met his generals there. The furniture is now all newly decorated in red and gold, but is the same, with the exception of the covering. The writing-table, however, has been respected, and the old cloth, faded, and with Napoleon's ink scratches on it, is left. Over the mantel is a fine bust of the Emperor as he looked when First Consul, and the sphynxes, which do duty at the fire-board, recall the Egyptian campaign. The ceiling is panelled in wonderful blue and white, and the tables and seats are marvellously draped. One comes next to the library, which looks out upon the garden, and from one window of which a rustic bridge leads to the pleasant shaded walks. Great care has been taken in the reproduction of this library, and one may spend a pleasant hour here, seeing something new each moment. As in the Council room the desk has its old covering, with his scratches on it, probably when the Emperor's other hand was in his hair, digging for ideas. A globe of the two hemispheres swung in its frame near one window, and the names of prominent Roman, Greek and English historians are inscribed among the frescoes of the ceiling. A handsome bronze statuette of the Emperor tracing on the map of Europe with a pair of compasses, stands on the old writing-desk, and elegant models of well known Roman antiquities are placed here and there in glass cases. The library cases are all in walnut and green, and there is an immense array of maps and charts scattered everywhere. One peculiar feature is the great number of mirrors in the library. Why they were put there I cannot imagine. On the other side of the entrance-hall is the billiard-room, with its old-fashioned table and gigantic cues, and here are placed fine busts of Josephine and Napoleon.

"Then, passing through a small ante-chamber, one arrives at the parlor. This, too, is cheery, and opens on the lawn; the furniture is the least bit gaudy, all in yellow and gold. Near one of the windows stands an embroidery frame, with an elegant piece of rose-work upon it; and the last stitch ever taken on it by Josephine is marked by the needle, which

still sticks in the cloth. From this room one passes into the art-gallery, a long, elegant hall, filled with fine paintings. It is built precisely like the drawing-rooms in the old English mansions, and is furnished with exquisite taste. Near one of the windows stands the harp which Josephine used to play, with the music-book still open before it, and on the stand, near by, lies her mandoline. This was the favorite resort of Josephine, and here, without doubt, Napoleon told his first tale of love.

"Up stairs, and through an array of pretty bath and bed-rooms, and, tread softly, for you have arrived at the bed-chamber of the Empress. Over the couch fall the draperies of white satin, spangled with gold, and the tapestries are all of the richest and softest colors. The carpet sinks under one's feet, and the cushions, the chairs, the deep recesses of the windows are as luxurious as heart can wish. Crimson and gold is the furnishing of the whole room, in panels and ceiling. It is only a step from this room to the ante-chamber, where stands the old bureau which served Napoleon through all his campaigns, and where autograph letters of himself and Josephine are exposed in glass cases. Then we come to the room which is most interesting of all. Most zealously guarded is it by soldier attendants, and one must enter without noise. On a raised pedestal stands the simple cot-bed in which Napoleon died, at St. Helena; there, too, is the great white wrapper which he used to wear, even the coverlet which was last arranged over his corpse; and the other platform, near by, is mounted by his old camp-chair, which was with him in so many battle-fields, and the hundred souvenirs which one cannot find room to mention here. A little painting, which is stuck in an obscure corner, merits attention from its drollity and original conception. It is by Steuben, and represents to the casual or careless observer, the seven cocked hats which the Emperor especially delighted in. But, on looking closely at the back-ground of the picture, one discovers the following typical etchings: Paris; Austerlitz; then the olive branch, denoting peace; then Moscow in flames;

then Waterloo; then the island of St. Helena in the distance. The effect is very curious, and one doesn't know whether to laugh or be sad on seeing the hats and the souvenirs behind them. Then, in cases all around the room, one sees the personal arms of the Emperor, the little sword which is always represented in his pictures, his other swords and pistols, his epaulets, the watch of 'Josephine Beauharnais,' pictures of the 'little King of Rome, four months old,' the last slippers worn by Josephine, and hundreds of little souvenirs, which have been scattered far and wide for years, but have been collected, by Eugénie's care, from the Louvre, from private collections, from every possible source, to figure at Malmaison this once that it is to be open, and to awaken remembrances of Napoleon and Josephine. And you wish, as you go away, that it could be open every year."*

In the church at Rueil, you will see the tombs of Josephine and Hortense. The former is in the dull and gloomy nave of the edifice, and the latter in the crypt below.

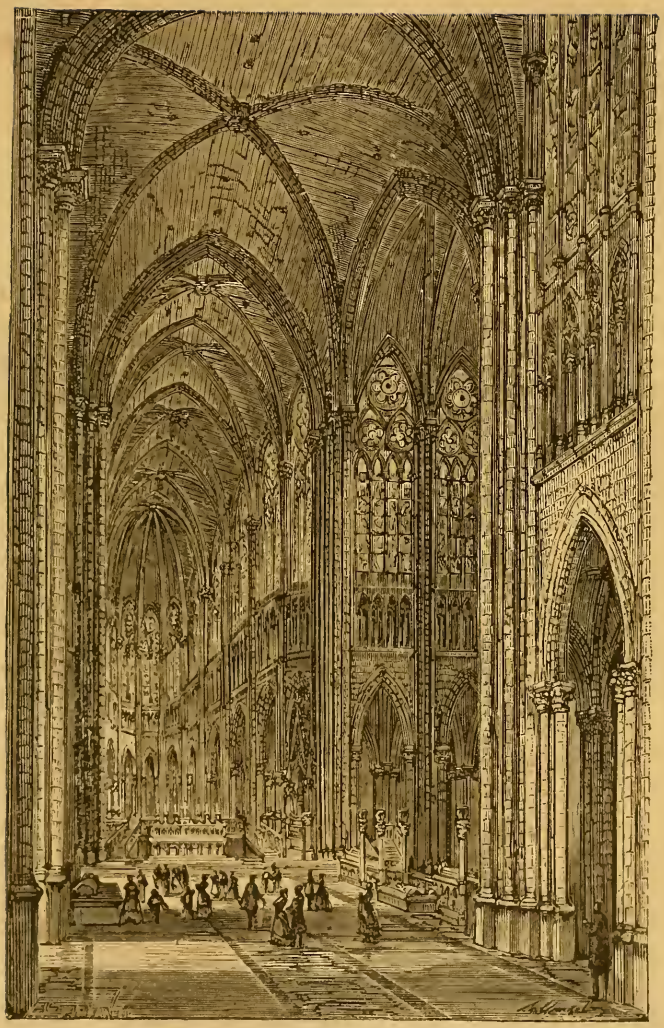
* *My Paris.* By Edward King.

VI.

SAINT DENIS.

The Northern Railway coaches convey you from Paris to the town of Saint Denis, six miles distant. Although containing a population of nearly twenty-seven thousand, it possesses nothing of interest but the old Abbey-church which was formerly the burial place of the kings of France.

An Abbey was founded here by King Dagobert, on the site which was regarded as the burial-place of St. Denis, and to which the Saint is said to have walked from Paris with his head under his arm. The church was rebuilt by the Abbot Suger, in 1144, but was partially destroyed by fire in 1219, after which it was restored to its present condition. The kings and queens of France were buried here frequently, prior to the reign of St. Louis, and regularly from his time until the outbreak of the Revolution. At the Restoration the remains of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were placed here, and at his death Louis XVIII. was buried here. The Royal coffins were of lead, and were laid side by side in the vaults below. In 1793, the convention decreed that the tombs of the kings should be opened and the lead of the coffins melted into bullets for the defence of the Republic. This sacrilegious decree was at once carried out; the tombs were broken open and the remains of the Sovereigns thrown into a common ditch dug outside the walls of the church. Henry II., and Catharine de Médicis were recognized by their robes, and Louis XIV. was also sufficiently well preserved for recognition, while the form of the good King Henry IV. was scarcely marred. They recognized the gallant soldier by his



Interior of the Church of St. Denis.

grey moustache and pointed beard, and, though they threw him into the ditch with his children, the red caps were doffed to him alone. They could not forgive him for being a Bourbon, but they remembered that he had loved the people of Paris.

The church is but a few minutes' walk from the station, and is in the form of a regular cross, consisting of a nave and two aisles. Much of the work is modern, and is intended to replace the portions worn away by time and destroyed during the Revolution. The interior is magnificent, and is one of the finest specimens of pure Gothic art in France. The side chapels are numerous, and are very beautiful as a rule, and all harmonize well with the main edifice. The choir is separated from the nave by a finely wrought railing, and the church is very rich in paintings. Many monuments and memorials of the Sovereigns and distinguished men and women of the old dynasty occupy the interior of the church, and add much to its beauty. One of the finest of these is the tomb of King Dagobert, erected by order of St. Louis. It is ornamented with a beautiful but curious bass-relief representing Saint Denis rescuing the soul of Dagobert from hell.

A vast crypt supported by heavy arches with short Norman columns, underlies the church. Here is the tomb of Saint Louis, and all around are scattered a number of monuments which will soon be removed to the upper church. The crypt is the most ancient part of the present edifice, and probably dates from the Twelfth Century. It contains the vault in which the remains of the Kings were originally placed, and to which they were restored in 1817. Between this vault and the high altar is the vault prepared by the present Emperor, as a burial place for the Napoleon dynasty.

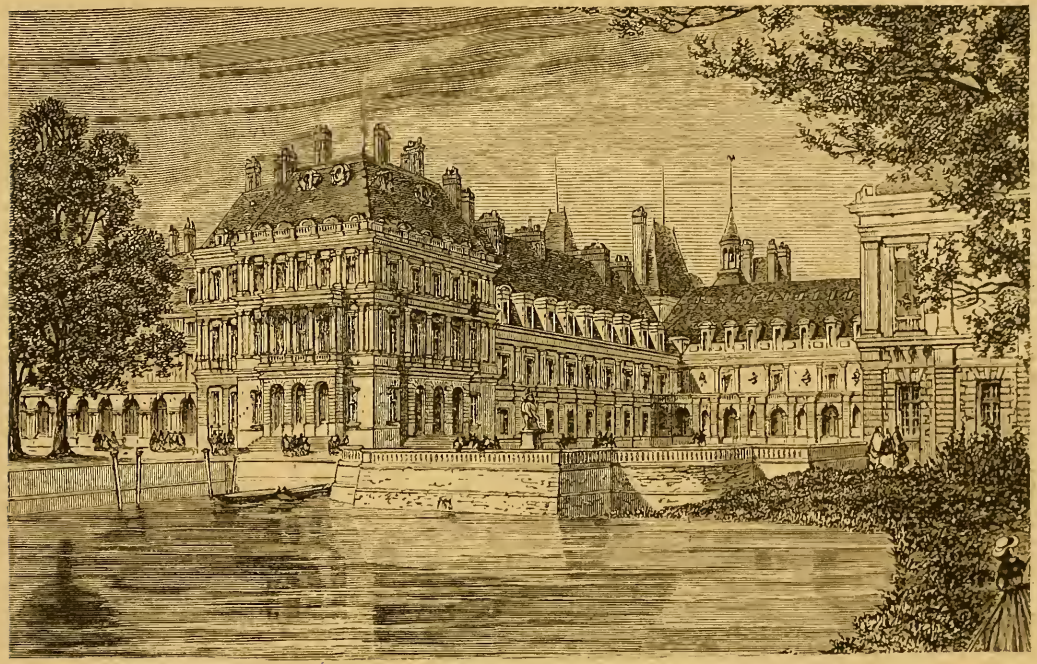
In the brief space allotted to this chapter, it is, of course, impossible to do more than indicate the leading objects of interest in this beautiful church, but a lover of antiquity will find ample enjoyment and food for meditation in every part of the sacred pile, while the beauties and historical memories of the place will not fail to impress even the most casual visitor.

VII.

FONTAINEBLEAU.

You go to Fontainebleau by the Lyons Railway. It is a pretty town, thirty-six miles distant from Paris, and attracts throngs of visitors by its fine palace and forest.

From the earliest times the French Kings had a hunting castle at Fontainebleau, but old the donjon had fallen into ruin by the time of Francis I. This King was so fond of the place that he determined to repair the castle, and include it in a vast range of buildings which should constitute one of the finest palaces of Europe. Since then it has been so often and so much enlarged, that it may be said that every king who has ever passed a single night in it, has sought to commemorate his visit by an addition to the old pile. Henry IV. spent over fifty millions of francs in adorning and enlarging it, and the three Louis who succeeded him made considerable additions to it, so that the edifice of to-day is a vast irregular pile, handsome in some portions, unattractive in others, and remarkable chiefly for its immense size. Exclusive of the dependencies and grounds, it covers with its courts an area of thirteen acres. "It is composed of five courts, the *Cour du Cheval Blanc*, the *Cour de la Fontaine*, the *Cour du Donjon*, the *Cour des Princes*, and the *Cour des Cuisines*, or *de Henri IV.*, besides several buildings in different styles. The principal entrance is by the *Cour du Cheval Blanc*, or *des Adieux*, which is three hundred feet long by one hundred feet in depth. On the right rises the wing of Louis XV., a long building four stories high; to the left extends the wing of Francis I., only one story in height, formerly appropriated by the



Fontainebleau The Fountain Court.

ministers of the Court. At the bottom is the grand façade. In the centre is the celebrated staircase, known as the *Escalier en fer à Cheval*, consisting of two flights of steps, and so called because it is in the form of a horse-shoe. It is also called the *Escalier d'Honneur*, and was built in the reign of Louis XIII. It was on these steps that the Emperor Napoleon stood when he bade adieu to his faithful soldiers, in 1814."

The *Cour de la Fontaine* (shown in our engraving) and the other courts, are surrounded by ranges of fine buildings, some of which are beautiful. At the end of the *Cour du Donjon* stands the massive tower built by Saint Louis, and in the basin in front of the Fountain Court you will see a number of carp, some of which are said to be over two hundred years old.

The château has a most interesting history, and has been the scene of some tragical events. In 1539 Francis I. entertained the Emperor Charles V., of Germany, here, during his visit to France, and the palace was resplendent with fêtes and rejoicings. In 1602 the Marshal Biron was arrested here and sent to the Bastille, where he paid for his many treasons with his head. Christine, Queen of Sweden, was assigned apartments here in the wing overlooking the *Cour des Princes*, and it was at the end of this long gallery that she caused her favorite, the Marquis of Monaldeschi, to be murdered almost in her very presence, in 1657. It was in this palace that Louis XIV. signed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685); and here, in 1686, the great Condé died The Dauphin, the only son of Louis XV., and father of three kings, (Louis XVI., Louis XVIII, and Charles X.,) also died here, and it was commonly believed that he was poisoned. In 1808, Napoleon I. shut up his royal prisoner, Charles IV., of Spain, for twenty-four days in this château, and in 1812 sent Pope Pius VII. to pass nearly two years of captivity here. In 1809 the divorce which parted Napoleon and Josephine was proclaimed here, and in 1810 the present Emperor of the French was baptized in the chapel of the palace.

Napoleon repaired here after his reverses in 1814, and on the 8th of April, of that year, after he had signed his abdication, took leave of the Guard in the *Cour du Cheval Blanc* or *des Adieux.*

To describe the palace accurately would require a volume. It is so immense, so full of historical memories, and abounds in so many magnificent halls and chambers, so many secret corridors and doors, that it is impossible to convey to the reader a fair idea of it in this brief chapter.

You enter by the *Horse-Shoe Stairway* from the *Cour des Adieux*, and pass through the suite of rooms occupied once by the great Napoleon. You pause in the old *Cabinet de Travail* to notice the old mahogany table, worn and gashed with the knife of the Emperor, and on which he signed his abdication. You pass on through the splendid apartments, which once formed the prison of the Sovereign Pontiff, and gaze into the chapel in which Louis XV. was married, and where Napoleon III. was baptized; and are shown the spot where the Great Emperor Charles V. slept, while the guest of Francis I. On every side of you are souvenirs of Francis I., of the infamous Catharine de Médicis, and of the beautiful Diana of Poitiers. You visit the pretty apartments of Madame de Maintenon, and stand on the spot where Louis recalled the peace-giving Edict of Nantes, and thus struck a terrible blow at French industry as well as at Protestantism, and where he opened the long "War of the Spanish Succession" by accepting the crown of Spain for his grand-son. You pause, shudderingly, on the spot once crimsoned with Monaldeschi's life-blood, and call up in your imagination all the scenes attending this fearful vengeance of that dissolute Queen of Sweden, who respected neither the laws of the land nor the court of the king, in her jealous wrath. You stand in the chamber of Henry IV., and peep into the chapel consecrated by the English martyr, Bishop Thomas à Becket, during his temporary exile in France.

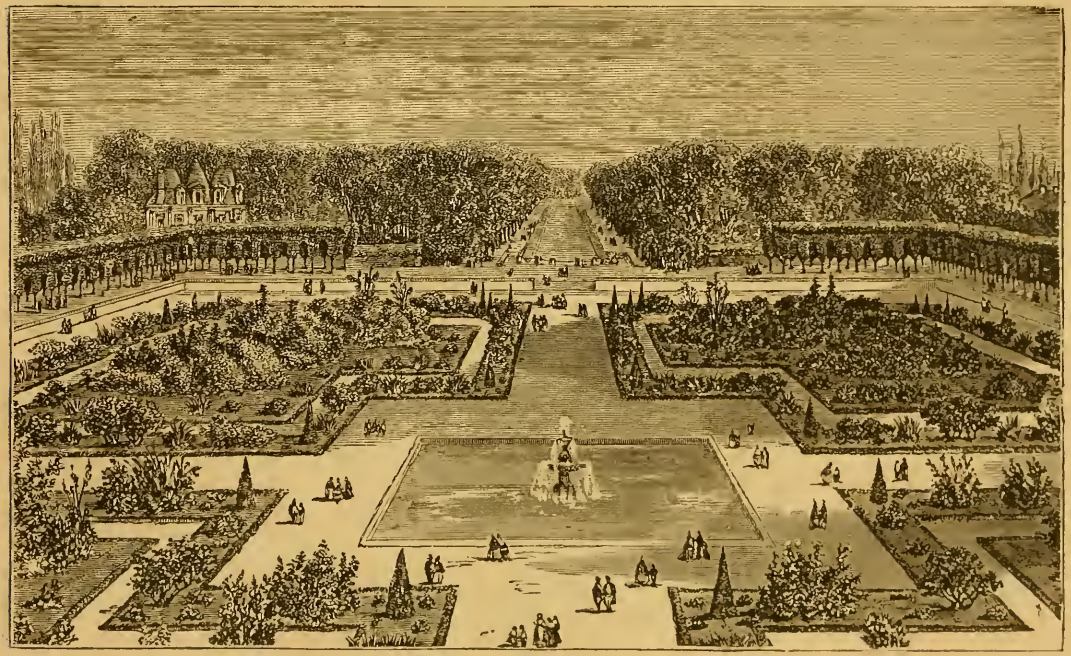
You wonder at the magnificence of the gorgeous State apartments, and may pass hours in roaming through them

and admiring their beauty. "Thanks to Louis Philippe, in Fontainebleau everything is revived; the tottering foundations are again settled, the staircases crushed by so many passing grandeurs are re-established upon their bases, the statues lying upon the ground again ascend their pedestals, the portraits return into their frames, the old plaster of the saloons is driven away like dust, and behind this ignoble coat reappear, in their new brilliancy, the *chefs d'œuvre* of three centuries. It is done, the restoration of the monument is complete." Just as the old halls appeared in the long years that have passed since the graceful Francis trod them, they exist to-day. Could the great monarchs that once reigned here, the proud gentlemen and beautiful women who once made the place so brilliant, come back again, they would have no difficulty in recognizing the localities to which they were accustomed. Sit down in the deep recess of one of these old windows, and recall them all. See the courtly Francis presiding at his brilliant fêtes, and playing host to the thoughtful Emperor Charles; see the infamous Catharine, dark and suspicious, chilling the hearts of the courtiers, who hated her in the midst of their sycophancy; see the good Henry IV., stroking his grizzled moustache, and smiling at Sully, who chides him for his extravagance; see the weak minded Louis XIII., striving to shake off the control of Richelieu, and then yielding more fully to it, convinced of his own incapacity to rule; see his greater son, coming here once a year, and sharing his time between his duties of State and his attentions to his mistresses; see his more dissolute and less fortunate successor Louis XV., a slave to his passions, and the weak tool of a Pompadour and a Dubarry; see the ill fated Louis XVI., who flitted through the palace for a brief moment on his way to his doom, leaving behind nothing to connect his name with the old pile but the locks which close the doors of Napoleon's cabinet; see the venerable Pontiff, waiting patiently in his splendid prison till such time as Heaven should be pleased to release him; and, last of all, see the conquered man of destiny, standing on the worn stairway to bid adieu to the men

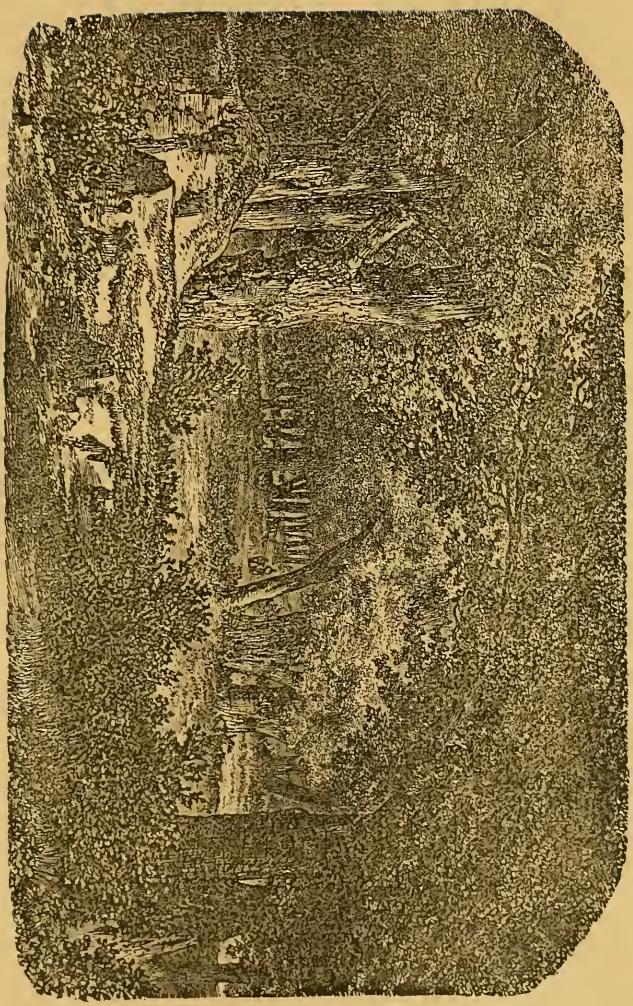
who had conquered the world for him, his voice broken and unsteady, and almost drowned in the sobs of these men whom no danger could appall nor trial daunt. Could you come here at midnight, that solemn hour of shadows, you might indeed see them all, and what a gathering it would be!

For many years after the downfall of Napoleon I., the palace was deserted, but since its restoration by Louis Philippe it has been one of the residences of the Sovereign. The habits of the Emperor and Empress when residing here, are thus described in a recent letter:

"The Emperor rises very early, as indeed is his habit everywhere. By eight o'clock he has got through a certain amount of Governmental business and settled more than one important affair. It is only after occupying himself with these State matters that he retires to inspect his flowers; he is extremely fond of his plants, and waters them himself. The Empress is not so matutinal; she seldom rises until half-past seven. It is well known that at Fontainebleau, her Majesty occupies Marie Antoinette's apartments, where she is surrounded by many of the belongings of that unfortunate queen. Her bed, which is gilded, at one time belonged to Madame Dubarry; afterwards the Dauphine had it, and she retained it after she became queen; and ultimately it was removed to Fontainebleau, where it remains stationary. At twelve o'clock the Emperor and Empress breakfast; when their Majesties are at the Tuileries they are usually tete-a-tete, but at Fontainebleau all the principal officers and ladies of the household join the Imperial breakfast table. When the repast is concluded, the Emperor takes a turn or two in the garden, and then retires to his study for hard work. The Council of Ministers, who assemble in Paris at one o'clock, do not meet at Fontainebleau until four. At seven o'clock dinner is announced; the household assembles at it, and generally some guests are invited from Paris. Dinner over, the company meet again in the Emperor's apartments after a stroll in the park. The Emperor retires early, between half-past nine and ten. But the Empress rarely bids good night before eleven."



The Gardens at Fontainebleau.



Forest of Fontainebleau.

The gardens were laid out by Le Notre, and are very elaborate. They consist of a *Parterre*, in the style of Louis XIV., in the centre of which is a fine fountain in the midst of a pretty basin; the *English Garden*, near the Fountain Court, which was added in 1812; the *Garden of the Orangery*, upon which the apartments of Napoleon I. look out; and the *Park*, a heavily-wooded enclosure of two hundred acres. The grounds are handsome and the shubbery is well kept. There are walks and alleys innumerable in the *Park*, which very closely resembles those of Versailles, and this portion of the grounds contains a magnificent cascade, which supplies a canal over a mile in length. This was the work of Henry IV., and is called after him.

Just beyond the town is the magnificent *Forest of Fontainebleau*, covering an area of forty-two thousand acres, and having a boundary line sixty miles in length. It is one of the finest forests in France. The soil is sandy, and is traversed by eight or ten chains of rocks which give a constant diversity and picturesqueness to the scenery. You may wander for days under the old trees, where the branches are so thick that you can scarcely see the sun, and you will not be apt to meet a human being. You will find cozy nooks and lovely glens, bold, overhanging rocks, and long stretches of stony, broken ground, you may rest under the massive oaks which were aged in the days of Francis I.; you may climb up to the "Emperor's Fort," and command a view of the whole wood, with Paris shining in the far distance, if the day be bright and clear enough; you may listen to the constant dripping of the "Weeping Rock," whose silvery tears are never dried; you may wander down into the caves which a century ago formed the inaccessible dens of robbers; you may lie for hours on the soft, green grass and listen to the sighing of the winds through the grand old trees; you may spend whole days in investigating the beauties and the mysteries of the great wood, and you will come away at the end of your researches with a longing, half-satisfied feeling. You have seen only enough to make you eager to repeat the visit.

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